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LONGMANS' ENGLISH READING BOOKS  
FOR INDIAN STUDENTS



*BY THE SAME AUTHOR.*  
LONGMANS' ENGLISH READING BOOKS  
FOR INDIAN STUDENTS.

BOOK I.

xix + 220 Pages and 23 Illustrations.

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LONGMANS, GREEN, AND CO.,  
BOMBAY, CALCUTTA, LONDON, AND NEW YORK.

LONGMANS'  
ENGLISH READING BOOKS  
FOR INDIAN STUDENTS

BOOK II.

COMPILED BY  
A MEMBER OF THE INDIAN EDUCATIONAL SERVICE

*WITH TWENTY-THREE ILLUSTRATIONS*

*NEW IMPRESSION*

LONGMANS, GREEN, AND CO.  
8 HORNBY ROAD, BOMBAY  
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1912



## PREFATORY NOTE.

It is common to hear faults found with the English text-books selected for study in the higher forms of Indian schools. Their subject-matter, it is said, is remote and unfamiliar; their language is either too difficult or not practical enough for the general purposes of life. Every one who has any real acquaintance with the teaching of English in Indian schools must admit that there is much truth in the criticism, and will remember with mingled feelings his attempts to instil a comprehension of an unsuitable text into the minds of his pupils. It is, of course, easy to criticize; but if the critic be called upon to make positive suggestions of more suitable books, he will probably find himself faced with a problem, the toughness of which he did not realize when he cavilled at the choice of others, and may come at the end of much futile searching to a more chastened mood. The fact is the problem is not nearly so simple as it appears, and in the opinion of the compiler of this book will remain insoluble so long as people confine themselves to selecting a single complete work, long enough to furnish the necessary amount of material for boys preparing for University Matriculation or School Leaving Examinations. It is, he believes, impossible to select any one book which is free from all objections on the score of either matter or style.

What, then, is the alternative? Certainly not that of rushing to the opposite extreme of providing a literary pabulum

consisting of nothing but scraps and snippets. Such a diet would neither be wholesome nor nourishing. As usual, the best course is to pursue the middle path. This book of selections is an attempt at such a compromise, and will, it is hoped, supply a much-felt want in our schools, by furnishing reading matter, which is suitable in style, various in character, and sufficient in amount.

Its nature and scope are as follows:—

1. It contains one long piece for the earlier stages and for rapid reading. This piece, "Robinson Crusoe," has been carefully adapted and purged of all words and expressions which might prove stumbling-blocks to boys who desire to gain a mastery of English as it is or ought to be spoken to-day. As regards subject-matter, "good wine needs no bush". It is a straightforward, simple narrative of incidents well calculated to attract the imagination and compel the curiosity of schoolboys.

2. It contains also a number of passages carefully selected and adapted where necessary from modern English authors of acknowledged eminence. They are complete in themselves, and mostly of considerable length, each providing material for several consecutive lessons. As such they ought to furnish opportunities for cultivating the power of sustained attention. They are more than mere scraps or fragments. Altogether there should be sufficient material for class-reading for two years.

3. The subjects deal with a range of ideas which a boy will readily understand and appreciate. In reading these selections he ought not to feel that he has been introduced into a mental atmosphere which he is unable to breathe. Strange and difficult names, moreover, are reduced to a minimum.

4. The language is almost entirely modern and practical in the best sense of the word. It contains hardly anything that is obsolete, obscure, or difficult. Sometimes an unreal opposi-

tion is set up between the teaching of English and the teaching of English literature, and it is said that the latter effectually defeats the former. As a matter of fact the distinction is entirely sophistical. For you cannot teach English without teaching English literature of some kind. It all depends what kind you teach and how you adapt different kinds to different stages. At any rate, the compiler believes that the careful study of the contents of this book will enable the scholar to acquire a knowledge of English, which is at once literary and practical; and the standard of style, which he has sought to exemplify, is that which Aristotle long ago declared to be the most excellent, viz., "clear without being mean," "perspicuous and yet elegant".

5. The selections include both narrative and dialogue, and cover a wide range of subjects, not excepting the humorous. This variety of fare will, it is hoped, do something to dispel dullness and monotony from the studies of boys, to whom novelty and change are as the breath of life.

6. But besides being easily intelligible and interesting, a textbook ought to contain matter which is worth reading not only for examples of expression, but also for the sake of the ideas expressed. The compiler hopes that among these selections will be found something to improve the mind of the student by making him think, and to give him a real, if limited, introduction to the treasures of English literature.

7. There are also a few pieces of poetry. The difficulty of selecting suitable poetry for Indian schools is well known; and there are some who would go so far as to banish it altogether. This, however, seems too drastic a measure. A certain proportion of schoolboys passes on to the University, where, if they take a literary course, they will have to study a certain amount of English poetry. The few poems, which are given at the end of the book, are given to meet the wants of such students. They may be used or not according to the

will of the teacher. The Introduction and the Notes, which are somewhat fuller than usual, are intended to help the learner over the early difficulties in the path which leads to the "golden realms" of poetry.

8. Almost every passage has been provided with notes. Sometimes they may appear at first sight too full, sometimes not full enough. The principle which the compiler has observed is that of giving such help as will enable the reader to understand the text better; and the student should never allow the notes to assume a value they cannot claim. The all-important thing in the use of a reading-book is the text and the whole text. Wherever the notes appear to go beyond the primary function of elucidating the text, they are intended to stimulate a feeling for language and to arouse curiosity.

THE COMPILER.

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## NOTE ON THE TEACHING OF ENGLISH.

A READING-BOOK is one amongst several aids to the learning of a foreign language. It is a most important means to an end, and its value depends on the way it is used. In order to use it profitably it is necessary to keep clearly and constantly in mind what the mastery of a language by a schoolboy implies. What the teacher wishes his pupils to be able to do at the end of their school course may be thus summed up :—

First, to understand the language when spoken.

Secondly, to speak it correctly, and with a fair amount of fluency.

Thirdly, to read prose and verse of moderate difficulty.

Fourthly, to write clearly and easily.

All this implies a sound knowledge of the structure of the language, an ability to parse and analyse, and also a command of a sufficient vocabulary. In short, the object of learning a language is to know the words and to be able to put them in their right places. Various methods are adopted to produce this result, and nowadays there is a good deal of dispute as to which is the best, and frequently unreal and unnecessary opposition is set up between rival schools of teaching. There is, for example, much difference of opinion about the amount of grammar which should be taught, how it should be taught, and at what stage it should be begun. Into these vexed questions it is unnecessary to enter here. But certain things are clear : that the early stages of learning

a language involve a great deal of drudgery, much exercise of the memory, and a certain amount of grammatical study, as a necessary preliminary to further progress. But by the time a schoolboy reaches the upper classes he will have passed out of the preliminary stages, concerning which the votaries of rival methods chiefly wrangle, and the course and methods of study will not be dominated by any one particular principle. Indeed, it is better for the teacher not to be preoccupied with "methods". If the teacher keeps in mind that it is his business to give to his pupil a real start in the English language and literature, the methods will come of themselves, according as they are dictated by reason and common sense, and as occasion demands. There is a time to translate, and a time to compose; a time to explain carefully and minutely, and a time to withhold explanations altogether; a time to analyse, and a time to put together. It is the duty of the teacher to see that these things are done in due proportion. But there is no greater fallacy than the belief that there is any one royal road in the learning of a language, any one particular key to a very composite problem.

Let us see, then, what a teacher may do in dealing with the material chosen for a lesson. Sometimes, if the language is easy and readily intelligible, he will plunge without any preliminaries into the midst of things and will let the text explain itself. Each boy may read a short passage in turn, and difficulties may be explained briefly by the way as they crop up, till the whole piece is completed. Then books may be shut, and the teacher may start a conversation on any matters of interest arising out of the text. He should, of course, not adopt any stereotyped form of question so as to avoid monotony, for boys love novelty and hate monotony, and dislike being bored. Further, he should not only ask questions himself but encourage the boys to ask questions themselves. It is impossible to lay down any rule for this, or the whole

process becomes painfully mechanical. One thing, however, is quite clear. The conversation should not go on too long. After a while, the teacher will feel his conversational resources are being exhausted ; therefore, as soon as the process ceases to be spontaneous, it should be stopped, and the class should go on to something else. He may, then, perhaps arouse curiosity and interest by going into a question of etymology, or illustrating the meanings of words in different associations, or he may explain some grammatical point. Even in the upper classes grammar and syntax should not be neglected. At no stage are they learnt profitably, if learnt by the hour ; least of all, in the higher stages. Here especially they are best learnt in close connexion with the books read and with composition, and thus taught they are not distasteful, and provide moreover a good mental discipline. In such teaching, it may be remarked, in passing, that the blackboard is a useful adjunct. Again, he may get the boys to reproduce the substance of a passage orally, and gradually build up with the aid of the class a complete and correct summary. Thus the class will be practised in oral composition. Sometimes, he will find it a relief to stop the oral lesson altogether and make the class reproduce the story in writing, or write a brief piece of composition on some matter connected with it. During lessons conducted in such a way there will be abundant opportunities of teaching the language. During the reading aloud, he can draw attention to errors of pronunciation or accent ; or explain where the proper pauses occur in a sentence. He will make sure that the boys understand what they read, and for this translation will be found indispensable. If the boy can translate a passage into his own tongue, that is a final proof that he understands it, and care should be taken that the translation is not slovenly, but a correct and idiomatic rendering of the original.

If the passage is in the form of a dialogue it is a good

plan to let boys take parts. The different characters may be assigned to individual boys and the connecting narrative to another. This will keep boys on the alert and serve as a welcome variation of the ordinary lesson; but the same boys should not keep the same parts all through the lesson, lest those who do not take part let their faculties fall asleep.

When the lesson is harder in point of language or thought, it is useful for the teacher to lead the way by giving a few preliminary remarks about the subject-matter, so that attention may be attracted in the right direction. But his remarks should be brief, lucid, and to the point; otherwise the result will be tedious and the boys' attention will wander. He can easily supplement his first remarks by further comments as the lesson proceeds. It may be necessary sometimes to call attention to special difficulties of language or subject-matter before commencing the lesson, so as to avoid a tedious halt in the middle. Sometimes it may be well to go through the whole passage with explanations rapidly at the beginning. The piece may then be gone through more carefully by the class. A variant of this method is to set one boy to translate a difficult passage aloud, while the rest listen and prompt or help, and then the whole class may translate the passage on paper. In this way, the boy not only learns the meaning of the foreign language but gains practice in speaking and writing his own.

Ordinarily a lesson from the textbook will have been prepared beforehand by the class, but this need not always be the case. A later lesson in the book may be turned up, and may be treated as *viva voce* unseen. The teacher and the class will attack the piece together, the former leading the way or correcting mistakes as the case may be.

In the doing of unseen passages paraphrase should be used with discrimination. Paraphrasing has been so much misused, that some persons reject it altogether. Sometimes

a piece is given to be paraphrased which neither needs nor is capable of simpler presentation ; sometimes it is allowed to be merely a rewriting with synonyms. Such things are mere barren exercises and are rightly condemned. But properly used paraphrase is a profitable exercise. It ought not only to reveal an understanding of the language and its structure, but the meaning and literary beauty, if the passage to be paraphrased is beautiful, of the whole. No paraphrase should be accepted which does not fulfil this double function of doing full justice both to the form and sense of the original. If it degenerates into a destructive process of merely taking the bloom off the peach, it had better be left alone.

The study of language is, of course, dull and useless if it consists merely of grammar grinding, or of learning notes on peculiarities and allusions. In India especially it is too often dull and tedious in the extreme just because these mechanical exercises constitute the staple of the school lessons. The result is barrenness. No real mastery of the language is acquired nor are the powers of thought stimulated. It is not uncommon to find boys faultless in explaining phrases, supplying synonyms, and explaining allusions. But when you ask them a simple, straightforward question on what they have been reading or to give the substance of it in their own words, the majority are floored. It is extremely rare to extract an intelligent answer. They are either tongue-tied altogether or, instead of reproducing the whole, fasten themselves on some small and insignificant detail. What they cannot do as a rule is to give a general idea of the whole in due perspective. They cannot, in short, see the wood for the trees. They have not been properly practised in intelligent conversation and oral composition, yet for the acquisition of the spoken language, no exercise is more important. If the Indian student got more practice in oral composition of the proper kind, there would be fewer complaints of slipshod or halting English.



Equally important is written composition, and it may be remembered that this is not only an end in itself, but a most effective aid towards the spoken language. Most good speakers are good writers, and have practised good writing with a view to good speaking. But written composition is too often taught in schools in a very haphazard manner, and boys are left to pick it up for themselves. In consequence, many never pick it up at all. Yet it is perfectly clear that it can be taught, for every examiner knows that the pupils of different schools, though their general average ability is the same, differ enormously in their powers of composition. The reason must be that in some schools they are taught properly, and in others they are taught improperly or not taught at all. One great mistake is to begin teaching it too soon. The result is that the pupils, having no stock of ideas, resemble the Israelites making bricks without straw. Another fault is to set boys to write on subjects at random, having no connexion with their daily experience or lessons in school. One indispensable method is translation. There are, of course, not wanting many nowadays who consider the direct method has changed all this, and will have nothing to do with it. They will use only "free composition" in the language studied, without the intervention of the mother tongue. Translation may be too exclusively pursued, but there is no doubt that its opponents have allowed their idolatry of method to run away with them. There is nothing like translation for bringing the learner face to face with difficulties and making him overcome them, and in these days of soft options, it is to be feared that one of the common reasons for putting it under a ban is just the fact that it does not evade difficulties. As an eminent modern language teacher has said, "to translate the thought accurately into the other language without adding anything to it and without taking anything from it is a piece of work which a boy is generally capable of doing and which

it would be a thousand pities not to get him to do". The "direct method," as it is called, by its exclusive use of free original composition, is too often an attempt "to get to the kernel without cracking the nut". Translation, however, into the foreign tongue will generally go on apart from the use of the textbook. How, then, may the latter help in the teaching of written composition? In several ways. Questions may be answered on paper just as they may be answered viva voce; and the summary of the plot may be written down just as it may be reproduced by word of mouth. But, above all, the reading-book will supply useful subjects for essays, just as other subjects of the curriculum may do, e.g., history and geography. Essay writing often remains barren, because subjects are chosen so to speak *in vacuo* which are quite out of the range of the boys' ideas. It would be a much more valuable exercise if a boy were set to write about things which he comes across in his ordinary experience or in the lessons which he is trying to assimilate in school.

In order to understand a language, it is necessary to become accustomed to its sound both in the mouth of another and one's own, and there is an old-fashioned device for the attainment of this object, which it needs some hardihood to recommend at the present day. It is the fashion to make much of development of intelligence and interest at the expense of the memory. "Learning by heart" and "mere memorizing" are denounced as a waste of time. But it is possible to go too far in the opposite direction. Learning by rote can easily be abused, and may, if excessively used, become a deadening process. But it has its value. At any rate, it is quite true that no language can be learnt without exercising the memory a very great deal. A student must remember the appropriate forms and assimilate a large vocabulary, and the stronger his retentive powers, the more quickly will he get a grip of the language. But there is a further use. The learning by heart of selected

pieces of prose and poetry insensibly familiarizes the learner with the sound of the language, and not only with the elements, but with the elements in ordered conjunction. It would be no bad thing therefore for the student to commit to memory a few choice pieces of both prose and poetry. Besides getting accustomed to the sound and cadences of the language, he will have ready for use models of expression.

The method of memorizing is the method of repetition, that is to say, the method of going over things again and again. "*Repetez sans cesse*" is one of the most indispensable rules in linguistic study. It is not enough to range at large over a wide field of reading; it is necessary also to cultivate carefully a limited area. Side by side with the rapid reading of large quantities must go on the intensive study of particular pieces, which should be read closely and analysed minutely till they become insensibly part and parcel of the learner's mind. Macaulay's advice to those who wanted to write good Latin prose was, "*soak yourself in Cicero*". A similar process of soaking should be followed in the learning of English, and it is worth while remembering that a teacher has put it on record that a pupil who wrote the best French prose he ever saw written by a boy had read but three books, but he knew these three nearly all by heart.

Let the teacher remember throughout what his aim is in teaching English. His business is to turn out by all the means in his power good English scholars, i.e., pupils who can pronounce it correctly, understand it readily, and express their ideas either in speech or writing, clearly and elegantly without vulgarity and without bombast. If he keeps this end in view, and strives to attain it, he will succeed. He will acquaint himself with the best methods of teaching, but will keep them his servants, and never suffer them to become his master, and he will use them appropriately in their due place. But he will also remember that teaching implies

previous knowledge, and he will not only keep his knowledge fresh, but add to his stores. He will therefore continue the study of good literature, as becomes a man who is not only imparting a kind of verbal skill, but is leading his pupils through the gateway of knowledge. He will endeavour to give them some glimpses of literary beauty, and make them understand and appreciate the ideas which underlie it. The learning of a language is not merely for the sake of a utilitarian accomplishment, but also for the nourishment of the mind. "Abeunt studia in mores."<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Studies pass into character.



## INTRODUCTORY NOTE TO "ROBINSON CRUSOE".

THE scenes described in the following chapters are taken from perhaps the most famous book of adventures in the English language. It was first published in 1719 under the title, "The Life and Strange Surprising Adventures of Robinson Crusoe," and gained immediate popularity, running through five editions in as many months. Since then, edition has followed edition, it has been translated into several foreign languages, and it remains as popular as ever. The story appears to have been founded on the actual experiences of a Scotch sailor, whom Cowper has celebrated in his "Verses supposed to be written by Alexander Selkirk during his solitary abode in the island of Juan Fernandez". An account of Selkirk's life was published by Captain Rogers in 1712, seven years before the publication of "Robinson Crusoe," and contains some passages which may well have suggested not only the general idea of the story, but some of its details. "He told us," writes Captain Rogers of Selkirk, "that he was born in Scotland, and was bred a sailor from his youth. The reason of his being left here, was a difference between him and his captain, which, together with the ship's being leaky, made him willing rather to stay here, than go along with him at first; but when he was at last willing to go, the captain would not receive him."

This seems to be reproduced with variations in the marooning of the captain by the mutineers. "He had with him his clothes and bedding, with a firelock, some powder, bullets, and tobacco, a hatchet, a knife, a kettle, a Bible, his mathematical instruments, and his books. He diverted and provided

himself as well as he could ; but for the first eight months had much ado to bear up against melancholy and the terror of being left alone in such a desolate place. He built two huts with pimento-trees, covered them with long grass and lined them with the skins of goats, which he killed with his guns as he wanted, so long as his powder lasted."

Thus his equipment was much like Crusoe's, but he did not make so much out of it. The narrative continues: "He soon wore out all his shoes and clothes by running in the woods. So at last being forced to shift (i.e. manage) without them his feet became so hard that he ran everywhere without difficulty. . . . After he had conquered his melancholy, he diverted himself sometimes with cutting his name on the trees, and the time of his being left, and his continuance. . . . He likewise tamed some kids. . . . So that by the favour of Providence and vigour of his youth, being now but 30 years old, he came at last to conquer all the inconveniences of his solitude, and to be very easy." His personal appearance must have been very like Crusoe's. "When his clothes were worn out, he made himself a coat and a cap of goat-skins, which he stitched together with little thongs of the same, that he cut with his knife. . . . Having some linen cloth by him, he sewed him some shirts with a nail and stitched them with a worsted of his old stockings, which he pulled out on purpose. He had his last shirt on when we found him on the island."

The author was a man of singularly varied experience and must have heard many curious stories from the sailors and adventurers of that enterprising age. All these things, no doubt, provided useful materials for his story, but he was indebted most of all to his own lively imagination. Given an ordinary man cast adrift on a desert island with a few tools and implements, his problem was to describe how the cast-away by forethought, perseverance, ingenuity, and pluck came out victorious in his lonely struggle with nature to make his life comfortable and human. Out of these simple and commonplace elements the author succeeded in producing a most thrilling narrative. The most homely incidents arouse

the curiosity of the reader, the picturesqueness of the details save it from monotony, and the style is so plain, simple, and artless as to leave on the mind an impression of the most vivid reality. There is never any straining after literary effect, no attempt to impose on the reader's credulity by anything far-fetched or marvellous, and romance is entirely absent. But the situation of Crusoe is one which every one, young or old, can instinctively appreciate, and his disappointments, difficulties, and triumphs excite the liveliest interest and sympathy. The book is above all of the most intensely practical nature, and as such appeals straight to universal experience and imagination. Hence the book has always been a favourite with boys all the world over, and like most works of genius has sustained its popularity from age to age.

Its author, Daniel Defoe, wrote it quite late in life, after many ups and downs, when he was close upon 60 years old. He had been a merchant and a traveller, had seen something of fighting, had suffered imprisonment more than once, and was throughout his life a keen politician. He was a man of high character, steadfast, and consistent. His chief occupation was the writing of books, of which he produced an extraordinary amount and variety. Though much of his work was brilliant, he achieved the greatest success in fiction, and he is universally acknowledged to be a prince of story-tellers.



# ADVENTURES OF ROBINSON CRUSOE.

## CHAPTER I.

### EARLY LIFE AND ADVENTURES.

I WAS born in the year 1632, in the City of York, of a good family. Being the third son, and not bred to any trade, my head began to be filled very early with rambling thoughts. My father, who was very old, had given me a good education and designed me for the law ; but I would be satisfied with nothing but going to sea.

My father gave me serious and excellent counsel against what he foresaw was my design. He called me one morning into his chamber, where he was confined by the gout, and expostulated very warmly with me upon this subject, saying that if I did take this foolish step, God would not bless me, and I would have leisure hereafter to reflect upon having neglected his counsel when there might be none to assist in my recovery.

I was sincerely affected and resolved not to think of going abroad any more, but to settle at home according to my father's desire. But alas ! a few days wore it all off.

I became obstinately deaf to all proposals of settling to business, and frequently expostulated with my father and mother about their being so positively determined against what they knew to be my inclination. And being one day in Hull, and one of my companions who was going by sea to London, in his father's ship, prompting me to go with them, in an evil hour, God knows, on 1 September, 1651, I went on board a ship bound for London. Never did any young adventurer's misfortunes, I believe, begin sooner, or continue longer, than

mine. The ship was no sooner out of the Humber, than the wind began to blow, and the waves to rise in a most frightful manner; and as I had never been at sea before, I was most inexpressibly sick in body, and terrified in my mind. I began now seriously to reflect upon what I had done, and how justly I was overtaken by the judgment of heaven for wickedly leaving my father's house and abandoning my duty.

All this while the storm increased, and the sea, which I had never been upon before, went very high, though nothing like what I have seen many times since; no, nor like what I saw a few days after. I expected every wave would have swallowed us up, and that every time the ship fell down, as I thought, in the trough, or hollow of the sea, we should never rise again; and in this agony of mind I made many vows and resolutions, that if it would please God to spare my life this voyage, if ever I got my foot once upon dry land again, I would go directly home to my father, and never set it on a ship again as long as I lived.

These wise and sober thoughts continued all the while the storm continued, and indeed some time after; but the next day the wind abated and the sea grew calmer, and I began to be a little inured to it. However, I was very grave for all that day, being also a little sea-sick still; but towards night the weather cleared up, the wind was quite over, and a charming fine evening followed; the sun went down perfectly clear, and rose so the next morning; and with little or no wind, a smooth sea and the sun shining upon it, the sight was, as I thought, the most delightful that ever I saw.

The sixth day of our being at sea we came into Yarmouth Roads; the wind having been contrary and the weather calm, we had made but little way since the storm. Here we were obliged to come to anchor, and here we lay, the wind continuing contrary, for seven or eight days, during which time a great many ships from Newcastle came into the same roads.

We had not been here very long when the wind blew very hard. However, the roads being reckoned as good as a harbour and the anchorage good, our men were unconcerned,

and not in the least apprehensive of danger, but spent the time in rest and mirth. But the eighth day in the morning the wind increased, and we had all hands at work to strike our top-masts, that the ship might ride as easy as possible. By noon the sea went very high indeed, and we shipped several seas, and we thought once or twice our anchor had come home; upon which our master ordered out the sheet-anchor, so that we rode with two anchors ahead.

By this time it blew a terrible storm indeed, and now I began to see terror and amazement in the faces even of the seamen themselves. I was dreadfully frightened; I got up out of my cabin, and looked out. But such a dismal sight I never saw; the sea went mountains high, and broke upon us every three or four minutes; when I could look about, I could see nothing but distress round us. Two ships that rode near us we found had cut their masts by the board, being deeply laden; and our men cried out, that a ship about a mile ahead of us had foundered.

Towards evening the mate and boatswain begged the master of our ship to let them cut away the fore-mast, which he was very unwilling to do. But when the boatswain protested that, if he did not, the ship would founder, he consented; and when they had cut away the fore-mast, the main-mast stood so loose, and shook the ship so much, they were obliged to cut her away also, and make a clear deck.

But the worst was not come yet; the storm continued with such fury, that the seamen themselves acknowledged they had never known a worse. In the middle of the night, and amid all the rest of our distress, one of the men that had been down on purpose to see cried out we had sprung a leak; another said there were four feet of water in the hold. Then all hands were called to the pump. At that word my heart, as I thought, died within me, and I fell backwards upon the side of my bed where I sat, into the cabin. However, the men roused me, and told me that I was as well able to pump as another; whereupon I got up and went to the pump and worked very heartily. Meanwhile, the master,

seeing some light colliers, who were obliged to slip and run away to sea, and would not come near us, ordered a gun to be fired as a signal of distress. I, who knew not what that meant, thought the ship had broken, or some dreadful thing had happened. In a word, I was so surprised that I fell down in a swoon. As this was a time when everybody had his own life to think of, nobody minded me, or what had become of me ; but another man stepped up to the pump, and thrusting me aside with his foot, let me lie, thinking I was dead ; and it was a long while before I came to myself.

The master continued firing guns for help ; and a light ship, just ahead of us, ventured to send a boat out to help us. It was with the utmost peril the boat came near us, but it was impossible for us to get on board, or for the boat to lie near the ship's side, till at last, the men rowing very heartily, and venturing their lives to save ours, our men cast them a rope over the stern, which they after great labour and hazard took hold of, and we hauled them close under our stern, and got all into their boat. It was to no purpose for them or us after we were in the boat to think of reaching their own ship, so all agreed to let her drive, and only to pull her in towards the shore as much as we could, and our master promised them that if the boat was staved upon shore he would make it good to their master. So partly rowing and partly driving, our boat went away to the northward, almost as far as Winterton Ness.

But we made but slow way towards the shore, nor were we able to reach it till, past the lighthouse at Winterton, the shore falls off to the westward towards Cromer, and so the land broke a little the violence of the wind. Here we got in, and, though not without much difficulty, got all safe on shore, and walked afterwards on foot to Yarmouth, where we were treated with great humanity, and were given sufficient money to carry us either to London or back to Hull, as we thought fit.

Had I now had the sense to have gone back to Hull, and to have gone home, I should have been happy, but my ill fate pushed me on now with an obstinacy that nothing could

resist; and though I had several times loud calls from my reason and my better judgment to go home, I had no power to do it. I know not what to call this, nor will I urge that it is a secret overruling decree that hurries us on to be the instruments of our own destruction, even though it be before us, and we rush upon it with our eyes open.

My comrade, who had helped to harden me before, and who was the master's son, was now less forward than I. The first time he spoke to me after we were at Yarmouth his tone was altered, and looking very melancholy and shaking his head he asked me how I was, telling his father who I was, and how I had come this voyage only for a trial, in order to go farther abroad. His father turning to me with a very grave and concerned tone, "Young man," said he, "you ought never to go to sea any more, you ought to take this for a plain and visible token, that you are not to be a seafaring man".

We parted soon after; for I made him little answer, and I saw him no more; which way he went I know not. As for me, having some money in my pocket, I travelled to London by land; and there, as well as on the road, had many struggles with myself what course of life I should take, and whether I should go home, or go to sea.

## CHAPTER II.

### ADVENTURES AS A GUINEA TRADER.

It was my lot first of all to fall into pretty good company in London. I first became acquainted with the master of a ship who had been on the coast of Guinea, and who, having had very good success there, had resolved to go again; and who, taking a fancy to my conversation, and hearing me say I had a mind to see the world, told me if I would go the voyage with him I should be at no expense; I should be his messmate and his companion; and if I could carry anything with me, I should have all the advantage of it that trade would admit, and perhaps I might meet with some encouragement.

I embraced the offer, and I went the voyage with him.

This was the only voyage which, I may say, was successful in all my adventures, and this I owe to the integrity and honesty of my friend the captain; under whom also I got a competent knowledge of the mathematics and the rules of navigation, learned how to keep an account of the ship's course, take an observation, and, in short, to understand some things that were needful to be understood by a sailor. For, as he took delight in teaching me, I took delight in learning; and, in a word, this voyage made me both a sailor and a merchant; for I brought home five pounds nine ounces of gold dust for my adventure, which yielded me in London on my return almost £300.

I now set up for a Guinea trader; and my friend, to my great misfortune, dying soon after his arrival, I resolved to go the same voyage again, and I embarked in the same vessel with one who was his mate in the former voyage, and had now got the command of the ship. This was the unhappiest voyage that ever man made; while our ship was making her course towards the Canary Islands, or rather between those islands and the African shore, we were surprised in the grey of the morning by a Turkish rover of Sallee, who gave chase to us with all the sail she could make. We crowded also as much canvas as our yards would spread, or our masts carry; but about three in the afternoon he came up with us, and after a stubborn resistance we were obliged to yield, and all were carried prisoners into Sallee, a port belonging to the Moors.

The usage I had there was not so dreadful as at first I apprehended, nor was I carried up the country to the emperor's court, as the rest of our men were, but was kept by the captain of the rover as his own prize, and made his slave, as I was young and nimble, and fit for his business.

Here I meditated nothing but escape, and what method I might take to effect it, but found no way that had the least probability of success in it.

After about two years an odd circumstance presented itself, which put the old thought of making some attempt for my

liberty again into my head. My master used constantly, once or twice a week and sometimes oftener, if the weather was fair, to take the ship's pinnace, and go out into the road a-fishing; and as he always took me and a young Maresco with him to row the boat, we made him very merry, and I proved very dexterous in catching fish; insomuch, that sometimes he would send me with a Moor, one of his kinsmen, and the youth the Maresco, as they called him, to catch a dish of fish for him.

It happened one time that a fog rose so thick, that though we were not half a league from the shore we lost sight of it; and rowing we knew not whither or which way, we laboured all day, and all the next night, and when the morning came we found we had pulled off to sea instead of pulling in for the shore; and that we were at least two leagues from the shore. However, we got well in again, though with a great deal of labour, and some danger, for the wind began to blow pretty fresh in the morning; but particularly we were all very hungry.

But our master, warned by this disaster, resolved to take more care of himself for the future; and having the long-boat of our English ship which he had taken, he resolved he would not go a-fishing any more without a compass and some provision.

We frequently went out with this boat a-fishing, and as I was most dexterous in catching fish for him, he never went without me. It happened that he had appointed to go out in this boat, either for pleasure or for fish, with two or three Moors of some distinction in that place, for whom he had sent on board the boat overnight a larger store of provisions than ordinary.

I got all things ready as he had directed, and waited the next morning with the boat, washed clean, and everything to accommodate his guests; when by and by my master came on board alone, and told me his guests had put off going, and ordered me with the man and boy, as usual, to go out with the boat and catch them some fish, for his friends were to sup at his house; and commanded that as soon as I had got some fish I should bring it home to his house.

This moment my former notions of deliverance darted into my thoughts, for now I found I was likely to have a little ship at my command.

After we had fished some time and caught nothing, for, when I had fish on my hook I would not pull them up that he might not see them, I said to the Moor, "This will not do; our master will not be thus served; we must stand farther off". He, thinking no harm, agreed, and being in the head of the boat set the sails; and as I had the helm I ran the boat out nearly a league farther, and then brought her to as if I would fish. Then giving the boy the helm, I stepped forward to where the Moor was, and making as if I stooped for something behind him, I took him by surprise, and tossed him clear overboard into the sea. He rose immediately, for he swam like a cork, and called to me, begged to be taken in, told me he would go all the world over with me. He swam so strong after the boat, that he would have reached me very quickly, there being but little wind; upon which I stepped into the cabin, and fetching one of the fowling-pieces, I presented it at him, and told him I had done him no hurt, and if he would be quiet I would do him none. "But," said I, "you swim well enough to reach the shore, and the sea is calm; make the best of your way to shore, and I will do you no harm; but if you come near the boat I'll shoot you through the head, for I am resolved to have my liberty." So he turned himself about, and swam for the shore, and I have no doubt that he reached it with ease, for he was an excellent swimmer.

When he was gone I turned to the boy, whom they called Xury, and said to him, "Xury, if you will be faithful to me I'll make you a great man; but if you will not, I must throw you into the sea too". The boy smiled in my face, and spoke so innocently, that I could not mistrust him, and swore to be faithful to me, and go all over the world with me.

While I was in view of the Moor that was swimming, I stood out directly to sea with the boat; but as soon as it grew dusk in the evening, I changed my course, and steered directly



south and by east, bending my course a little towards the east, that I might keep in with the shore ; and having a fair, fresh gale of wind, and a smooth, quiet sea, I made such progress that I believe by the next day at three o'clock in the afternoon, when I first made the land, I could not be less than 150 miles south of Sallee; quite beyond the Emperor of Morocco's dominions, or indeed of any other king thereabouts, for we saw no people.

Yet such was the fright I had taken at the Moors, that I would not stop, or go on shore, or come to an anchor, till I had sailed in that manner five days ; and then the wind shifting to the southward, I concluded also that if any of our vessels were in chase of me, they also would now give over. So I ventured to make for the coast, and came to an anchor in the mouth of a little river, I knew not what, or where ; neither what latitude, what country, what nations, or what river. I neither saw, nor desired to see, any people ; the principal thing I wanted was fresh water. We came into this creek in the evening, resolving to swim on shore as soon as it was dark, and discover the country ; but as soon as it was quite dark we heard such dreadful noises of the barking, roaring, and howling of wild creatures, of we knew not what kinds, that the poor boy was ready to die with fear, and begged of me not to go on shore till day. This convinced me that there was no going on shore for us in the night upon that coast ; and how to venture on shore in the day was a question.

However, we were obliged to go on shore somewhere or other for water, for we had not a pint left in the boat ; when or where to get to it, was the point. Xury said if I would let him go on shore with one of the jars, he would find if there was any water and bring some to me. " We will both go," said I, " and if the wild men come, we will kill them, they shall eat neither of us." So we hauled in the boat as near the shore as we thought was proper, and so waded on shore, carrying nothing but our arms and two jars for water.

I did not care to go out of sight of the boat, fearing the

coming of canoes with savages down the river ; but the boy seeing a low place about a mile up the country rambled to it and by and by I saw him come running towards me. I thought he was pursued by some savage, or frightened by some wild beast, and I ran forward to help him ; but when I came nearer to him, I saw something hanging over his shoulders, which was a creature that he had shot, like a hare, but different in colour, and with longer legs. However, we were very glad of it, and it was very good meat ; but the great joy was that poor Xury came to tell me he had found good water.

After this we held on to the southward continually for ten or twelve days, living very sparingly on our provisions, which began to diminish very much, and going no oftener into the shore than we were obliged to for fresh water. My design was to make the River Gambia or Senegal—that is to say, anywhere about the Cape de Verde—where I was in hopes to meet with some European ship ; and if I did not, I knew not what course I had to take, but to seek out for the islands, or perish there among the negroes. I knew that all the ships from Europe, which sailed either to the coast of Guinea or to Brazil, or to the East Indies, made this cape, or those islands ; and in a word, I put the whole of my fortune upon this single point, either that I must meet with some ship, or must perish.

When I had pursued this resolution about ten days longer, as I have said, I began to see that the land was inhabited ; and in two or three places, as we sailed by, we saw people stand upon the shore to look at us ; we could also perceive they were quite black, and stark naked. I kept at a distance, but talked with them by signs as well as I could, and particularly made signs for something to eat ; they beckoned to me to stop my boat, and that they would fetch me some meat. Upon this I lowered the top of my sail and lay by, and two of them ran up into the country, and in less than half an hour came back, and brought with them two pieces of dried flesh and some corn, but how to come at it was our next dispute, for I was not inclined to venture on shore to them, and they

were as much afraid of us ; but they took a safe way for us all, for they brought it to the shore and laid it down, and went and stood a great way off till we fetched it on board, and then came close to us again.

I was now furnished with roots and corn, such as it was, and water ; and leaving my friendly negroes I sailed forward for about eleven days more, without offering to go near the shore, till I saw the land run out a great length into the sea, at about the distance of four or five leagues before me ; and the sea being very calm, I kept a large offing, to make this point. At length, doubling the point, at about two leagues from the land, I saw plainly land on the other side, to seaward ; then I concluded that this was the Cape de Verde, and those the islands, called from thence Cape de Verde Islands. However, they were at a great distance, and I could not well tell what I had best do.

In this dilemma, as I was very pensive, I stepped into the cabin, and sat down, Xury having the helm ; when suddenly the boy cried out, “ Master, master, a ship with a sail ! ” and the foolish boy was frightened out of his wits, thinking it must needs be some of his master’s ships sent to pursue us, when I knew we were far enough out of their reach. I jumped out of the cabin, and immediately saw, not only the ship, but what she was, viz. that it was a Portuguese ship, and, as I thought, was bound to the coast of Guinea, for negroes. But when I observed the course she steered, I was soon convinced they were bound some other way, and did not design to come any nearer to shore ; upon which I stretched out to sea, as much as I could, resolving to speak with them, if possible.

With all the sail I could make, I found I should not be able to come in their way, but that they would be gone by before I could make any signal to them ; but after I had begun to despair, they, it seems, saw me by the help of their glasses, and supposed that it was some European boat, which must belong to some ship that was lost ; so they shortened sail to let me come up. I was encouraged by this ; and as I

had my master's ensign on board, I waved it to them as a signal of distress, and fired a gun, both of which they saw ; for they told me they saw the smoke, though they did not hear the gun. Upon these signals they kindly brought to, and lay by for me ; and in about three hours' time I came up with them.

They asked me what I was, in Portuguese, and in Spanish, and in French, but I understood none of them ; but at last a Scotch sailor, who was on board, called to me, and I answered him, and told him I was an Englishman and had made my escape out of slavery from the Moors, at Sallee. Then they bade me come on board, and very kindly took me in, and all my goods.

It was an inexpressible joy to me that I was thus delivered, as I esteemed it, from such a miserable, and almost hopeless, condition as I was in ; and I immediately offered all I had to the captain of the ship, as a return for my deliverance. But he generously told me he would take nothing from me, but that all I had should be delivered safe to me when I came to the Brazils. "For," said he, "I have saved your life on no other terms than I would be glad to be saved myself, and it may, one time or other, be my lot to be taken up in the same condition. Besides, when I carry you to the Brazils, so far from your own country, if I should take from you what you have, you will be starved there, and then I only take away that life I have given. No, no, Seignior Inglese," says he, "Mr. Englishman, I will carry you thither in charity, and those things will help you to buy your subsistence there, and your passage home again."

He was not more charitable in his proposal than he was just in the performance to a tittle ; for he ordered the seamen that none should touch anything I had. Then he took everything into his own possession, and gave me back an exact inventory of them, that I might have them, even so much as my three earthen jars.

As to my boat, it was a very good one, and that he saw, and told me he would buy it of me for the ship's use, and

asked me what I would take for it? I told him he had been so generous to me in everything, that I could not put any price on the boat, but left it entirely to him; upon which he told me he would give me a note of his hand to pay me eighty pieces of eight for it at Brazil, and when it came there, if any one offered to give more, he would make it up.

We had a very good voyage to the Brazils, and arrived in All Saints' Bay, in about twenty-two days after.

The generous treatment of the captain I can never remember enough. He would take nothing of me for my passage, and caused everything I had in the ship to be punctually delivered me; and what I was willing to sell he bought.

Before I had been long here, I was recommended to the house of a good honest man like himself, who had a plantation and a sugar-house. I lived with him some time, and acquainted myself by that means with the manner of planting and making sugar; and seeing how well the planters lived, and how they grew rich suddenly, I resolved, if I could get leave to settle there, I would turn planter among them. To this purpose, I purchased as much land as my money would buy, and formed a plan for my plantation and settlement.

### CHAPTER III.

#### THE SHIPWRECK.

I went on with great success in my plantation. And as I increased in business and in wealth, my head began to be full of projects and undertakings beyond my reach, such as are, indeed, often the ruin of the best heads in business.

Having now lived almost four years in the Brazils, I had not only learned the language, but had made acquaintances and friends among my fellow-planters, as well as among the merchants of St. Salvador, which was our port, and in my conversation with them I had frequently given them an account of my two voyages to the coast of Guinea and the manner of trading with the negroes there.

It happened that three of them came to me one morning,

and told me they had been musing very much upon what I had told them, and said that they had a mind to fit out a ship to go to Guinea; and the question was, whether I would go in the ship, to manage the trading part upon the coast of Guinea.

I could no more resist the offer than I could restrain my first rambling designs, when my father's good counsel was lost upon me. I told them I would go with all my heart, if they would undertake to look after my plantation in my absence, and would dispose of it to such as I should direct if I miscarried.

Our ship was about 120 tons burden, carried six guns and fourteen men, besides the master, his boy, and myself. We had on board no large cargo of goods, except of such toys as were fit for our trade with the negroes—such as beads, bits of glass, shells, and odd trifles, especially little looking-glasses, knives, scissors, hatchets, and the like.

The same day I went on board we set sail, standing away to the northward upon our own coast, intending to stretch over for the African coast. We passed the line in about twelve days' time, and were, by our last observation, in seven degrees twenty-two minutes northern latitude, when a violent tornado, or hurricane, took us quite out of our knowledge. It began from the south-east, came about to the north-west, and then settled into the north-east, from whence it blew in such a terrible manner, that for twelve days together we could do nothing but drive, and, scudding away before it, let it carry us wherever fate and the fury of the winds directed; and during these twelve days, I need not say that I expected every day to be swallowed up, nor, indeed, did any in the ship expect to save their lives.

In this distress, the wind still blowing very hard, one of our men early in the morning cried out, "Land!" and we had no sooner run out of the cabin to look out, in hopes of seeing whereabouts in the world we were, than the ship struck upon a sand, and in a moment, her motion being thus stopped, the sea broke over her in such a manner that we expected we should all have perished immediately.

It is not easy for anyone, who has not been in a similar condition, to describe or conceive the consternation of men in such circumstances. We fancied the ship would break in pieces every minute, and some said she was actually broken already.

In this distress, the mate of our vessel laid hold of the boat, and with the help of the rest of the men they got her slung over the ship's side; and all getting into her, we let go, and committed ourselves, being eleven in number, to God's mercy and the wild sea.

And now our case was very dismal indeed, for we all saw plainly that the sea went so high, that the boat could not live, and that we should be inevitably drowned.

What the shore was, whether rock or sand, we knew not; but as we made nearer and nearer the shore, the land looked more frightful than the sea.

After we had rowed, or rather driven, about a league and a half as we reckoned it, a raging wave, mountain-like, came rolling astern of us, and struck us with such a fury that it overturned the boat at once; and separating us, as well from the boat as from one another, swallowed us all up in a moment.

Nothing can describe the confusion of thought which I felt when I sank into the water; for though I swam very well, I could not deliver myself from the waves so as to draw breath, till that wave having driven me, or rather carried me, a vast way on towards the shore, and having spent itself, went back, and left me upon the land almost dry, but half dead with the water I took in. I had enough presence of mind, as well as breath left, on seeing myself nearer the mainland than I expected, to get upon my feet, and endeavoured to make for the land as fast as I could, before another wave should return and take me up again. But I soon found it was impossible to avoid it; for I saw the sea come after me as high as a great hill, and as furious as an enemy, which I had no means or strength to contend with. My business was to hold my breath, and raise myself upon the water, if I could; and so

by swimming, to preserve my breathing, and pilot myself towards the shore, if possible; my greatest concern now being, that the sea, as it would carry me a great way towards the shore when it came on, might not carry me back again with it when it gave back towards the sea.

The wave that came upon me again buried me at once twenty or thirty feet deep in its own body, and I could feel myself carried with a mighty force and swiftness towards the shore a very long way; but I held my breath, and tried to swim still forward with all my might. I was ready to burst with holding my breath, when, as I felt myself rising up, to my immediate relief I found my head and hands shoot out above the surface of the water; and though it was not two seconds of time that I could keep myself so, yet it relieved me greatly, gave me breath and new courage. I was covered again with water a good while, but finding the water had spent itself, and began to return, I struck forward against the return of the waves, and felt ground again with my feet. I stood still a few moments to recover breath, and till the water went from me, and then took to my heels and ran with what strength I had farther towards the shore. But neither would this deliver me from the fury of the sea, which came pouring in after me again, and twice more I was lifted up by the waves and carried forward as before, the shore being very flat.

The last time of these two had nearly been fatal to me; for the sea, having hurried me along as before, landed me, or rather dashed me, against a piece of a rock, with such force that it left me senseless, and indeed helpless, as to my own deliverance; for the blow taking my side and breast, beat the breath as it were quite out of my body; and had it returned again immediately, I must have been choked in the water. But I recovered a little before the return of the waves, and seeing I should be covered again with the water, I resolved to hold fast by a piece of the rock, till the wave went back. Now as the waves were not so high as at first, I kept hold till the wave abated, and then made another run, which brought me



so near the shore, that the next wave, though it went over me, did not swallow me up, and the next run I took I got to the mainland, where, to my great comfort, I clambered up the cliffs of the shore, and sat down upon the grass, free from danger, and quite out of the reach of the water.

I was now safe on shore, and began to look up and thank God that my life was saved in a case wherein some minutes before there was scarcely any room to hope.

I walked about on the shore, reflecting upon all my comrades that were drowned, and that there should not be one soul saved but myself; for I never saw them afterwards, or any sign of them, except three of their hats, one cap, and two shoes that were not fellows.

After a while I began to look round me to see what kind of place I was in, and what was next to be done; I did not see any prospect before me but that of perishing with hunger, or being devoured by wild beasts. I had no weapon either to hunt and kill any creature for my sustenance, or to defend myself against any other creature that might desire to kill me for theirs. In a word, I had nothing about me but a knife, a tobacco-pipe, and a little tobacco in a box. Night coming upon me, I began, with a heavy heart, to consider what would be my lot if there were any ravenous beasts in that country, seeing that at night they always come abroad for their prey.

The only remedy that occurred to me at the time was to get up into a thick bushy tree like a fir, but thorny, which grew near. There I resolved to sit all night, and consider the next day what death I should die, for as yet I saw no prospect of life. I walked about a furlong from the shore, to see if I could find any fresh water to drink, which I did, to my great joy; and having drunk, and put a little tobacco in my mouth to prevent hunger, I went to the tree, and getting up into it, endeavoured to place myself so that if I should sleep I might not fall; and having cut a short stick, like a truncheon, for my defence, I took up my lodging, and having been excessively fatigued, I fell fast asleep, and slept as comfortably as, I believe, few could have done in my condition.

## CHAPTER IV.

## VISITS TO THE WRECK.

When I awoke it was broad day, the weather clear, and the storm abated, so that the sea did not rage and swell as before. But that which surprised me most was, that the ship had been lifted off in the night from the sand where she lay, by the swelling of the tide, and was driven up almost as far as the rock which I first mentioned, where I had been so bruised.

When I came down from my apartment in the tree I looked about me again, and the first thing I found was the boat, which lay as the wind and the sea had tossed her up upon the land, about two miles on my right hand. I walked as far as I could upon the shore to have got to her, but found a neck or inlet of water, which was about half a mile broad; so I came back for the present, being more intent upon getting at the ship, where I hoped to find something for my present subsistence.

A little after noon I found the sea very calm, and the tide ebbed so far out that I could come within a quarter of a mile of the ship; so I pulled off my clothes, for the weather was very hot, and plunged in the water. But when I came to the ship, my difficulty was to know how to get on board; for as she lay aground, and high out of the water, there was nothing within my reach to lay hold of. I swam round her twice, and the second time I spied a small piece of a rope, hanging down by the fore-chains. With great difficulty I got hold of it, and by the help of that rope got up into the fore-castle of the ship. Here I found that the ship was bulged, and had a great deal of water in her hold, but that she lay so on the side of a bank of hard sand, or rather earth, that her stern lay lifted up upon the bank, and her head low almost to the water. By this means all her quarter was free, and all that was in that part was dry; for you may be sure my first work was to search and see what was spoiled and what was free. And first I found that all the ship's provisions were dry and

untouched by the water ; and being very well disposed to eat, I went to the bread-room, and filled my pockets with biscuits, and ate them as I went about other things, for I had no time to lose. Now I wanted nothing but a boat, to furnish myself with many things which I foresaw would be very necessary to me.

It was in vain to sit still and wish for what was not to be had, and this extremity roused my application. We had several spare yards, and two or three large spars of wood, and a spare top-mast or two in the ship. I fell to work with these, and flung as many of them overboard as I could manage for their weight, tying every one with a rope, that they might not drift away. When this was done I went down the ship's side, and, pulling them to me, I tied four of them fast together at both ends as well as I could, in the form of a raft ; and laying two or three short pieces of plank upon them cross-ways, I found I could walk upon it very well, but that it was not able to bear any great weight, the pieces being too light. So I went to work, and with the carpenter's saw I cut a spare top-mast into three lengths, and added them to my raft, with a great deal of labour and pains ; but the hope of furnishing myself with necessaries encouraged me to do more than I could have done upon another occasion.

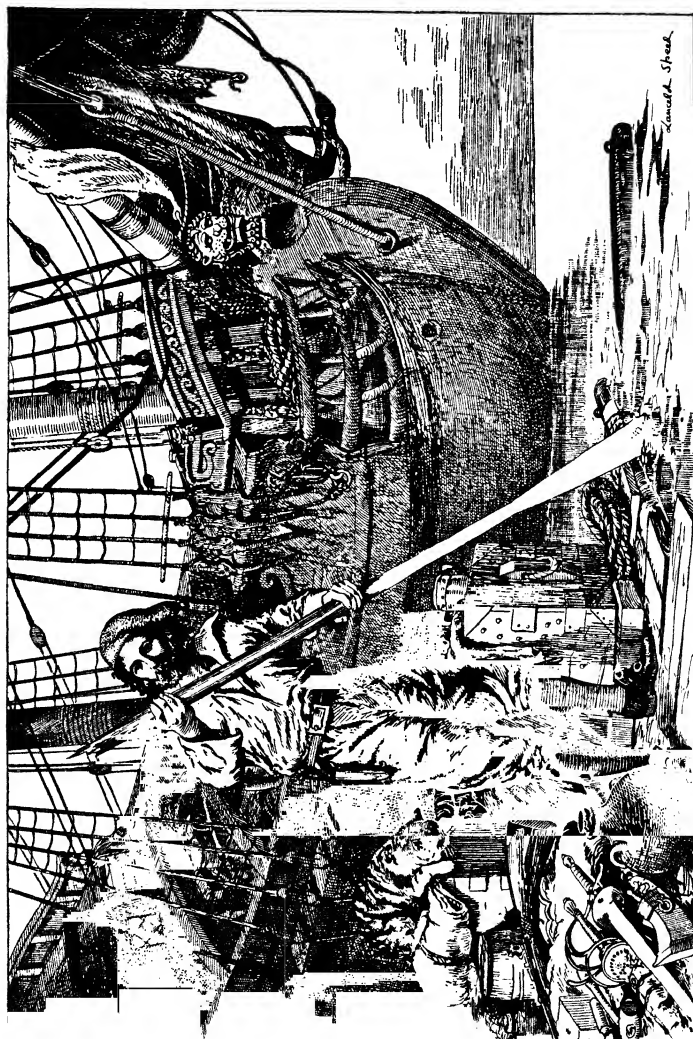
My raft was now strong enough to bear any reasonable weight. I got three of the seamen's chests, which I had broken open, and emptied, and lowered them down upon my raft. The first of these I filled with provisions, viz. bread, rice, three Dutch cheeses, five pieces of dried goat's flesh, which we lived much upon, and a little remainder of European corn. There had been some barley and wheat together, but, to my great disappointment, I found afterwards that the rats had eaten or spoiled it all. As for liquors, I found several cases of bottles belonging to our skipper, in which were some cordial waters. These I stowed by themselves, there being no need to put them into the chest, nor any room for them. While I was doing this, I found the tide began to flow, though very calm, and I had the mortification of seeing

my coat, shirt, and waistcoat, which I had left on shore upon the sand, swim away; as for my breeches, which were only linen, and open-kneed, I swam on board in them and my stockings. However, this caused me to rummage for clothes, of which I found enough, but took no more than I wanted for present use; for I had other things which my eye was more upon, as, first, tools to work with on shore; and it was after long searching that I found out the carpenter's chest, which was indeed a very useful prize to me, and much more valuable than a shipload of gold would have been at that time. I got it down to my raft, even whole as it was, without losing time to look into it, for I knew in general what it contained.

My next care was for some ammunition and arms; there were two very good fowling-pieces in the great cabin, and two pistols; these I secured first, with some powder-horns, and a small bag of shot, and two old rusty swords. I knew there were three barrels of powder in the ship, but knew not where our gunner had stowed them; but with much search I found them, two of them dry and good, which I got to my raft with the arms. And now I thought myself pretty well freighted, and began to think how I should get to shore with them, having neither sail, oar, nor rudder; and the least capful of wind would have upset all my navigation.

I had three encouragements. 1. A smooth, calm sea. 2. The tide rising and setting in to the shore. 3. What little wind there was blew me towards the land. And thus, having found two or three broken oars belonging to the boat, I put to sea. For a mile or thereabouts my raft went very well, only that I found it drift a little distance from the place where I had landed before, by which I perceived that there was some current of the water, and consequently I hoped to find some creek or river there, which I might make use of as a port to get to land with my cargo.

It was as I imagined. There appeared before me a little opening of the land, and I found a strong current of the tide set into it; so I guided my raft as well as I could to keep in the middle of the stream. I at length found myself in the



And now I thought myself pretty well freighted.

mouth of a little river, with land on both sides, and a strong current or tide running up. I looked on both sides for a proper place to get to shore, for I was not willing to be driven too high up the river, hoping in time to see some ship at sea, and therefore resolved to place myself as near the coast as I could.

At length I spied a little cove on the right shore of the creek, to which, with great difficulty, I guided my raft, and at last landed her and all my cargo safe on shore.

My next work was to view the country and seek a proper place for my habitation, and where to stow my goods to secure them from whatever might happen. Where I was, I yet knew not; whether on the continent, or on an island; whether inhabited or not inhabited; whether in danger of wild beasts or not. There was a hill, not above a mile from me, which rose up very steep and high, and which seemed to overtop some other hills. I took out one of the fowling-pieces and one of the pistols, and a horn of powder; and thus armed, I travelled for discovery up to the top of that hill, where I saw my fate, viz. that I was in an island environed every way with the sea, and no land was to be seen, except some rocks a long way off, and two small islands about three leagues to the west.

Coming back to my raft, I fell to work to bring my cargo on shore, which took up the rest of that day; at night I barricaded myself round with the chests and boards that I had brought on shore, and made a kind of a hut for that night's lodging.

I now began to consider, that I might yet get a great many things out of the ship, which would be useful to me, and particularly some of the rigging and sails, and such other things as might come to land; and I resolved to make another voyage on board the vessel, if possible. And as I knew that the first storm that blew must necessarily break her all in pieces, I resolved to set everything else aside till I got everything out of the ship that I could get.

I got on board the ship as before, and prepared a second

raft, and brought away several things which were very useful to me ; as, first, in the carpenter's stores I found two or three bags full of nails and spikes, a great screw-jack, a dozen or two of hatchets, and above all, that most useful thing called a grindstone. All these I secured, together with several things belonging to the gunner, particularly two or three iron crowbars, and two barrels of musket bullets, seven muskets, and another fowling-piece, with some small quantity of powder more ; a large bag full of small-shot, and a great roll of sheet lead ; but this last was so heavy, I could not hoist it up to get it over the ship's side. With these things I loaded my second raft, and brought them all safe on shore.

I then went to work to make a little tent with the sail and some poles which I cut for that purpose. When I had done this I blocked up the door of the tent with some boards within, and an empty chest set up on end without ; and spreading one of the beds upon the ground, laying my two pistols just at my head, and my gun at length by me, I went to bed for the first time, and slept very quietly all night, for I was very weary.

I had the biggest magazine of all kinds now that ever was laid up, I believe, for one man ; but I was not satisfied yet, for while the ship sat upright in that posture, I thought I ought to get everything out of her that I could. So every day at low water I went on board, and brought away something or other.

After I had made five or six such voyages as these, and thought I had nothing more to expect from the ship that was worth meddling with, I found a great hogshead of bread, and a box of sugar, and a barrel of fine flour. This was surprising to me, because I had given up expecting any more provisions, except what was spoilt by the water. I soon emptied the hogshead of the bread, and wrapped it up parcel by parcel in pieces of the sails, which I cut out ; and I got it all safe on shore.

I had now been thirteen days on shore, and had been eleven times on board the ship ; I had brought away all that

one pair of hands could well be supposed capable of bringing, though I really believe that, had the calm weather held, I should have brought away the whole ship piece by piece. But as I was preparing to go on board the twelfth time, I found the wind begin to rise. However, at low water I went on board, and though I thought I had rummaged the cabin so effectually that nothing more could be found, I discovered a locker with drawers in it, in one of which I found two or three razors, and one pair of large scissors, with some ten or a dozen good knives and forks; in another, I found about thirty-six pounds value in money, some European coin, some Brazil, some pieces of eight, some gold, some silver.

I smiled to myself at the sight of this money. "O drug!" said I aloud, "what art thou good for? Thou art not worth to me, no, not the taking off the ground; one of those knives is worth all this heap. I have no manner of use for thee; even remain where thou art, and go to the bottom as a creature whose life is not worth saving." However, upon second thoughts, I took it away; and wrapping it all in a piece of canvas, I began to think of making another raft; but I found the sky overcast, and the wind began to rise, and in a quarter of an hour it blew a fresh gale from the shore. Accordingly I let myself down into the water, and swam across the channel.

It blew very hard all that night, and in the morning, when I looked out, behold, no more ship was to be seen! I was a little surprised, but consoled myself with this satisfactory reflection, viz. that I had lost no time, nor abated no diligence, to get everything out of her that could be useful to me, and that indeed there was little left in her that I was able to bring away if I had had more time.

## CHAPTER V.

### SETTLEMENT ON THE ISLAND.

I now gave up any more thoughts of the ship, or of anything out of her, and was wholly employed in securing myself



against either savages, if any should appear, or wild beasts, if any were in the island; and I had many thoughts of the method how to do this, and what kind of dwelling to make, whether I should make a cave in the earth, or a tent upon the earth; and, in short, I resolved upon both, the manner and description of which it may not be improper to give an account of.

I soon found that the place I was in was not suitable, particularly because it was upon low ground near the sea, and I believed would not be healthy; and more particularly because there was no fresh water near it. So I resolved to find a more healthy and more convenient spot.

I consulted several things in my situation, which I found would be proper for me. First, health and fresh water. Secondly, shelter from the heat of the sun. Thirdly, security from ravenous creatures, whether men or beasts. Fourthly, a view to the sea, that if God sent any ship in sight I might not lose any chance of deliverance, of which I was not yet willing to banish all expectation.

Whilst in search of a suitable place, I found a little plain on the side of a rising hill, whose front towards this little plain was steep as a house-side, so that nothing could come down upon me from the top; on the side of this rock there was a hollow place, worn a little way in, like the entrance or door of a cave; but there was not really any cave, or way into the rock at all.

On the level ground, just before this hollow place, I resolved to pitch my tent. The plain was not above a hundred yards broad, and about twice as long, and lay like a green before my door, and at the end of it descended irregularly every way down into the low grounds by the seaside. It was on the N.N.W. side of the hill, so that I was sheltered from the heat every day, till it came to a W. and by S. sun, or thereabouts, which in those countries is near the setting.

Before I set up my tent, I drew a half-circle before the hollow place, which took in about ten yards in its semi-diameter from the rock, and twenty yards in its diameter

from its beginning and ending. In this half-circle I pitched two rows of strong stakes, driving them into the ground till they stood very firm like piles, the biggest end being out of the ground about five feet and a half, and sharpened on the top. The two rows did not stand above six inches from one another.

Then I took some pieces of cable which I had taken from the ship, and laid them in rows one upon another, within the circle, between these two rows of stakes, up to the top, placing other stakes in the inside leaning against them, about two feet and a half high, like a spur to a post; and this fence was so strong, that neither man nor beast could get into it or over it.

The entrance into this place I made to be not by a door, but by a short ladder to go over the top; which ladder, when I was in, I lifted over after me, and so I was completely fenced in, and fortified, as I thought, from all the world, and consequently slept secure in the night, which otherwise I could not have done; though as it appeared afterward, there was no need of all this caution from the enemies that I apprehended danger from.

Into this fence or fortress, with infinite labour, I carried all my riches, all my provisions, ammunition, and stores, of which you have the account above; and I made a large tent, which, to preserve me from the rains that in one part of the year are very violent there, I made double, viz. one smaller tent within, and one larger tent above it, and covered the uppermost with a large tarpaulin, which I had saved among the sails. And now I lay no more for a while in the bed which I had brought on shore, but in a hammock, which was indeed a very good one, and belonged to the mate of the ship.

When I had done this, I began to work my way into the rock; and bringing all the earth and stones that I dug down out through my tent, I laid them up within my fence in the nature of a terrace, so that it raised the ground within about a foot and a half; and thus I made a cave just behind my tent, which served me like a cellar to my house.

It cost me much labour, and time, before all these things were brought to perfection, and therefore I must go back to some other things which took up some of my thoughts. At the same time it happened, after I had laid my scheme for setting up my tent, and making the cave, that a storm of rain falling from a thick dark cloud, a sudden flash of lightning happened, and after that a great clap of thunder. I was not so much surprised with the lightning as I was with a thought which darted into my mind as swift as the lightning itself. Oh, my powder! My very heart sunk within me when I thought, that at one blast all my powder might be destroyed, on which, not my defence only, but the provision of food, as I thought, entirely depended. I was not nearly so anxious about my own danger; though, had the powder taken fire, I should have never known who had hurt me.

Such an impression did this make upon me, that after the storm was over I laid aside all my works, my building, and fortifying, and applied myself to make bags and boxes to separate the powder, and keep it in small parcels in the hope that come what might it might not all take fire at once. I finished this work in about a fortnight, and I think my powder, which in all was about 240 pounds weight, was divided into not less than a hundred parcels. As to the barrel that had been wet, I did not apprehend any danger from that, so I placed it in my new cave, which in my fancy I called my kitchen, and the rest I hid up and down in holes among the rocks, so that no wet might come to it, marking very carefully where I laid it.

In the interval of time while this was doing, I went out once, at least, every day with my gun, as well to amuse myself, as to see if I could kill anything fit for food, and as far as I could to acquaint myself with what the island produced. The first time I went out, I discovered that there were goats in the island, which was a great satisfaction to me; but they were so shy, so subtle, and so swift of foot, that it was the most difficult thing in the world to come near them. But I was not discouraged at this, not doubting but I might now

and then shoot one, as it soon happened ; for after I had found their haunts a little, I laid wait in this manner for them. I observed that if they saw me in the valleys, though they were upon the rocks, they would run away as in a terrible fright ; but if they were feeding in the valleys, and I was upon the rocks, they took no notice of me, from whence I concluded that, by the position of their eyes, their sight was so directed downward, that they did not readily see objects above them. So afterwards I always climbed the rocks first to get above them, and then had frequently a fair mark. With the first shot I fired among these creatures I killed a she-goat, which had a little kid by her, which she gave suck to, which grieved me heartily ; but when the old one fell, the kid stood stock-still by her till I came and took her up ; and not only so, but when I carried the old one with me upon my shoulders, the kid followed me quite to my enclosure ; upon which I laid down the dam, and took the kid in my arms, and carried it over my pale, hoping to tame it ; but it would not eat, so I was forced to kill it, and eat it myself. These two supplied me with flesh a long while, for I ate sparingly, and saved my provisions, my bread especially, as much as I possibly could.

After I had been there about ten or twelve days, it came into my thoughts that I should lose my reckoning of time for want of books and pen and ink, and should even forget the Sabbath days from the working days ; but to prevent this, I cut with my knife in capital letters, upon a large post, which I set up on the shore where I first landed, " I came on shore here on 30 September, 1659 ". Upon the sides of this square post I cut every day a notch with my knife, and every seventh notch was as long again as the rest, and every first day of the month as long again as that long one ; and thus I kept my calendar, of weekly, monthly, and yearly reckoning of time.

Among the many things which I brought out of the ship, I got several things of less value, but not less useful to me, which I omitted setting down before ; as in particular, pens, ink, and paper, several parcels in the captain's, mate's, gunner's, and carpenter's keeping, three or four compasses,

some mathematical instruments, dials, perspectives, charts, and books of navigation, all which I huddled together, whether I might want them or no. Also I found three very good Bibles, and several other books, which I had packed up among my things. And I must not forget, that we had in the ship a dog and two cats. I carried both the cats with me; and as for the dog, he jumped out of the ship of himself, and swam on shore to me the day after I went on shore with my first cargo, and was a trusty servant to me for many years. I wanted nothing that he could fetch me, nor any company that he could afford me; I only wanted to have him talk to me, but that he would not do. As I observed before, I found pen, ink, and paper, and I husbanded them to the utmost; and I shall show that while my ink lasted, I kept things very exact; but after that was gone, I could not, for I could not make any ink by any means that I could devise.

And this put me in mind that I wanted many things, notwithstanding all that I had amassed together; and of these, ink was one, as also spade, pickaxe, and shovel, to dig or remove the earth, needles, pins, and threads; as for linen, I soon learned to do without it.

This want of tools made every work I did go on slowly; and it was nearly a whole year before I had entirely finished my little pale or surrounded my habitation.

I have already observed how I brought all my goods into this pale, and into the cave which I had made behind me. But I must observe, too, that at first this was a confused heap of goods, which lay in no order, and took up much room. So I set myself to enlarge my cave and work farther into the earth; for it was a loose sandy rock, which yielded easily to the labour I bestowed on it. And so, when I found I was pretty safe from beasts of prey, I worked sideways to the right hand into the rock; and then, turning to the right again, worked quite out, and made a door to come out on the outside of my pale or fortification. This gave me not only egress and regress, as it were a backway to my tent and to my storehouse, but gave me room to stow my goods.

And now I began to apply myself to make such necessary things as I found I most wanted, as particularly a chair and a table; for without these I was not able to enjoy the few comforts I had in the world. I could not write or eat, or do several things with so much pleasure without a table.



I began to apply myself to make necessary things.

I had never handled a tool in my life; and yet in time, by labour, application, and contrivance, I found at last that I wanted nothing which I could not have made, especially if I

had had tools. However, I made abundance of things even without tools, and some with no more tools than an adze and a hatchet. For example, if I wanted a board, I had no other way but to cut down a tree, set it on edge before me, and hew it flat on either side with my axe, till I had made it as thin as a plank, and then smooth it with my adze. It is true, by this method I could make but one board out of a whole tree; but for this I had no remedy but patience, any more than I had for the prodigious amount of time and labour which it took me to make a plank or board. But my time or labour was little worth, and so it was as well employed one way as another.

However, I made a table and a chair, in the first place, and this I did out of the short pieces of boards that I brought on my raft from the ship. But when I had wrought out some boards, as above, I made large shelves of the breadth of a foot and a half, one over another, all along one side of my cave, to lay all my tools, nails, and ironwork; and, in a word, to separate everything in their places, that I might come easily at them. I knocked pieces of wood into the wall of the rock to hang my guns and all things that would hang up; so that had my cave been on view, it looked like a general magazine of all necessary things; and I had everything so ready at my hand, that it was a great pleasure to me to see all my goods in such order, and especially to find my stock of all necessaries so great.

## CHAPTER VI.

### HIS JOURNAL. ROBINSON FALLS ILL.

Haying settled my household stuff and habitation, made a table and a chair, and all as handsome about me as I could, I began to keep my journal as long as my ink lasted.

#### *Extracts from the Journal.*

Nov. 4.—This morning I began to order my times of work, of going out with my gun, time of sleep, and time of diversion, viz. every morning I walked out with my gun for two or three

hours if it did not rain; then employed myself to work till about eleven o'clock; then ate what I had to live on; and from twelve to two I lay down to sleep, the weather being excessively hot; and then in the evening to work again. The working part of this day and of the next were wholly employed in making my table; for I was yet but a very sorry workman, though time and necessity made me a complete natural mechanic soon after, as I believe it would do anyone else.

*Nov. 6.*—After my morning walk I went to work with my table again, and finished it, though not to my liking; nor was it long before I learned to mend it.

*Nov. 23.*—During all this time I worked to make my room or cave spacious enough to serve as a warehouse or magazine, a kitchen, a dining-room, and a cellar; as for my lodging, I kept to the tent, except that sometimes in the wet season of the year it rained so hard, that I could not keep myself dry, which caused me afterwards to cover all my place within my pale with long poles, in the form of rafters, leaning against the rock, and load them with rushes and large leaves of trees, like a thatch.

*Dec. 10.*—I began now to think my cave or vault finished, when suddenly (it seems I had made it too large) a great quantity of earth fell down from the top and one side, so much that, in short, it frightened me, and not without reason too; for if I had been under it, I should never have wanted a gravedigger. Upon this disaster I had a great deal of work to do over again; for I had the loose earth to carry out; and, which was of more importance, I had the ceiling to prop up, so that I might be sure no more would come down.

*Dec. 17.*—From this day to the 20th I placed shelves, and knocked up nails on the posts to hang everything up that could be hung up; and now I began to be in some order within doors.

*Dec. 24.*—Much rain all night and all day; no stirring out.

*Dec. 25.*—Rain all day.

*Dec. 27.*—Killed a young goat, and lamed another, so that I caught it, and led it home in a string. When I had it home,



I bound and splintered up its leg, which was broke. *N.B.*—I took such care of it, that it lived, and the leg grew well and as strong as ever ; but by my nursing it so long it grew tame, and fed upon the little green at my door, and would not go away. This was the first time that I entertained a thought of breeding up some tame creatures, that I might have food when my powder and shot was all spent.

*Dec. 28, 29, 30.*—Great heat and no breeze, so that there was no stirring abroad, except in the evening, for food. This time I spent in putting all my things in order within doors.

And now in the managing of my household affairs I found myself wanting in many things, which I thought at first it was impossible for me to make.

I was at a great loss for candles ; so that as soon as ever it was dark, which was generally by seven o'clock, I was obliged to go to bed. The only remedy I had was, that when I had killed a goat I saved the tallow, and with a little dish made of clay, which I baked in the sun, to which I added a wick of some oakum, I made a lamp ; and this gave me light, though not a clear steady light like a candle.

In the middle of all my labours it happened, that rummaging among my things, I found a little bag, which, as I hinted before, had been filled with corn for the feeding of poultry. What little remainder of corn had been in the bag was all devoured by the rats, and I saw nothing in the bag but husks and dust ; and wishing to have the bag for some other use, I shook the husks of corn out of it on one side of my fortification, under the rock. It was a little before the great rains, just now mentioned, that I threw this stuff away, taking no notice of anything, and not so much as remembering that I had thrown anything there ; when, about a month after, or thereabout, I saw some few stalks of something green shooting out of the ground, which I fancied might be some plant I had not seen ; but I was surprised, and perfectly astonished, when, after a little longer time, I saw about ten or twelve ears come out, which were perfect green barley of the same kind as our European, nay, as our English barley.

I carefully saved the ears of this corn, you may be sure, in their season, which was about the end of June; and laying up every grain of corn, I resolved to sow them all again, hoping in time to have some quantity sufficient to supply me with bread. But it was not till the fourth year that I could allow myself the least grain of this corn to eat, and even then but sparingly; for I lost all that I sowed the first season, by not observing the proper time; for I sowed it just before the dry season, so that it never came up at all, at least not as it would have done.

Besides this barley, there were also twenty or thirty stalks of rice, which I preserved with the same care. But to return to my journal.

I worked excessively hard these three or four months to get my wall done; and the 14th of April I closed it up, contriving to go into it, not by a door, but over the wall by a ladder, that there might be no sign on the outside of my habitation.

*April 16.*—The very next day after this wall was finished, I almost had all my labour overthrown at once, and myself killed. The case was thus: As I was busy in the inside, behind my tent, just in the entrance into my cave, all of a sudden I found the earth come crumbling down from the roof of my cave, and from the edge of the hill over my head, and two of the posts I had set up in the cave cracked in a frightful manner. I was heartily scared, but thought nothing of the real cause, only thinking that the top of my cave was falling in, as some of it had done before; and for fear I should be buried in it, I ran forward to my ladder; and got over my wall for fear of the pieces of the hill which I expected might roll down upon me. I had no sooner stepped down upon the firm ground, when I plainly saw it was a terrible earthquake; for the ground I stood on shook three times at about eight minutes' interval, with three such shocks, as would have overturned the strongest building that could be supposed to have stood on the earth; and a great piece of the top of a rock, which stood about half a mile from me next the sea, fell down with such a terrible noise as I never heard in all my life. I per-

ceived also the very sea was put into violent motion by it ; and I believe the shocks were stronger under the water than on the island.

After the third shock was over, and I felt no more for some time, I began to take courage ; and yet I had not heart enough to go over my wall again, for fear of being buried alive, but sat still upon the ground, greatly cast down and disconsolate, not knowing what to do.

While I sat thus, I found the air overcast, and grow cloudy, as if it would rain. Soon after that the wind rose by little and little, so that in less than half an hour it blew a most dreadful hurricane. The sea was suddenly covered over with foam and froth ; the shore was covered with the breakers ; the trees were torn up by the roots. It was indeed a terrible storm, and lasted about three hours, and then began to abate ; and in two hours more it was quite calm, and began to rain very hard.

I was forced to go into my cave, though very much afraid and uneasy, for fear it should fall on my head.

This violent rain forced me to a new work, viz. to cut a hole through my new fortification, like a sink, to let the water go out, which would else have drowned my cave.

It continued raining all that night and a great part of the next day, so that I could not stir abroad ; but my mind being more composed, I began to think of what I had best do, concluding that if the island was subject to these earthquakes, there would be no living for me in a cave, but I must build some little hut in an open place, which I might surround with a wall, as I had done here, and so make myself secure from wild beasts or men.

I spent the next two days, being the 19th and 20th of April, in contriving where and how to remove my habitation.

It occurred to me that it would require a vast deal of time for me to do this, and that I must be contented to run the risk where I was, till I had formed a camp for myself, and had secured it so as to remove to it. This was the 21st.

*April 22.*—The next morning I began to consider the means

to put this resolve in execution ; but I was at a great loss about my tools. I had three large axes, and abundance of hatchets, but with much chopping and cutting of knotty hard wood, they were all full of notches and dull ; and though I had a grindstone, I could not turn it and grind my tools too. This cost me as much thought as a statesman would have bestowed upon a grand point of politics, or a judge upon the life and death of a man. At length I contrived a wheel with a string, to turn it with my foot, that I might have both my hands at liberty.

*June 18.*—Rained all day, and I stayed within. I thought at this time the rain felt cold, and I was somewhat chilly, which I knew was not usual in that latitude.

*June 19.*—Very ill, and shivering, as if the weather had been cold.

*June 20.*—No rest all night ; violent pains in my head, and feverish.

*June 22.*—A little better, but under dreadful apprehensions of sickness.

*June 23.*—Very bad again ; cold and shivering, and then a violent headache.

*June 24.*—Much better.

*June 25.*—An ague very violent ; the fit held me seven hours ; cold fit, and hot with faint sweats after it.

*June 26.*—Better ; and having no food to eat, took my gun, but found myself very weak. However, I killed a she-goat, and with much difficulty got it home, and broiled some of it, and ate. I would fain have stewed it, and made some broth, but had no pot.

*June 27.*—The ague again so violent that I lay in bed all day and neither ate nor drank. I was ready to perish for thirst ; but so weak, I had not strength to stand up, or to get myself any water to drink.

*June 28.*—Having been somewhat refreshed with some sleep I had had, and the fit being entirely off, I got up ; yet I considered that the fit of the ague would return again the next day, and now was my time to get something to refresh

and support myself when I should be ill. And the first thing I did was to fill a large square case-bottle with water, and set it upon my table, in reach of my bed. I walked about, but was very weak, and withal very sad and heavy-hearted, dreading the return of my illness the next day. It grew now late, and I felt inclined to sleep. When I awoke I found myself exceedingly refreshed, and my spirits lively and cheerful. As my health and strength returned, I bestirred myself to furnish myself with everything that I wanted, and make my way of living as regular as I could.

## CHAPTER VII.

### EXPLORATION OF THE ISLAND.

I had been now in this unhappy island above ten months, and all possibility of deliverance from this condition seemed to be entirely taken from me ; and I firmly believed that no human shape had ever set foot upon that place. Having now secured my habitation, as I thought, fully to my mind, I had a great desire to gain a more perfect knowledge of the island, and to see what other productions I might find.

I went up the creek and found, after I came about two miles up, that the tide did not flow any higher, and that it was no more than a little brook of running water, and very fresh and good.

On the banks of this brook I found many pleasant meadows, plain, smooth, and covered with grass ; and on the rising parts of them, next to the higher grounds, where the water, as might be supposed, never overflowed, I found a great deal of tobacco, green ; and growing to a great and very strong stalk. There were other plants, which I did not know. But I saw several sugar-canes, but wild, and, for want of cultivation, imperfect.

The next day I went up the same way again ; and after going farther than I had gone the day before, I found the brook and the meadows began to cease, and the country became more woody than before. In this part I

found different fruits, and particularly melons upon the ground in great abundance, and grapes upon the trees. The vines had spread indeed over the trees, and the clusters of grapes were just now in their prime, very ripe and rich. I found an excellent use for these grapes; and that was, to cure or dry them in the sun, and keep them as dried grapes or raisins are kept.

In the night I used my first contrivance, and got up into a tree, where I slept well; and the next morning proceeded upon my way.

At the end of about four miles I came to an opening, where the country seemed to descend to the west; and a little spring of fresh water, which issued out of the side of the hill by me, ran the other way, that is, due east; and the country appeared so fresh, so green; so flourishing, that it looked like a planted garden.

I descended a little on the side of that delicious vale, surveying it with a secret kind of pleasure, though mixed with my other afflicting thoughts, to think that this was all my own; that I was king and lord of all this country infeasibly, and had a right of possession. I saw here abundance of coco-trees, orange- and lemon- and citron-trees; but all wild, and very few bearing any fruit, at least not then. However, the green limes that I gathered were not only pleasant to eat, but very wholesome; and I mixed their juice afterwards with water, which made it very wholesome, and very cool and refreshing.

I found now I had business enough to gather and carry home; and I resolved to lay up a store, as well of grapes as limes and lemons to furnish myself for the wet season, which I knew was approaching.

In order to do this, I gathered a great heap of grapes in one place, and a lesser heap in another place, and a great quantity of limes and lemons in another place; and, taking a few of each with me, I travelled homeward.

Having spent three days in this journey, I came home (for so I must now call my tent and my cave).

grew thereabouts had all sprouted, and were grown with long branches. I pruned them, and led them up to grow as much alike as I could. And it is scarcely credible how beautiful a figure they grew into in three years; so that though the hedge made a circle of about twenty-five yards in diameter, yet the trees, for such I might now call them, soon covered it, and it was a complete shade, sufficient to lodge under all the dry season.

This made me resolve to cut some more stakes, and make a hedge like this, in a semicircle, round my wall (I mean that of my first dwelling), which I did; and placing the rees or stakes in a double row, at about eight yards' distance from my first fence, they grew presently, and were at first a fine cover to my habitation, and afterwards served for a defence also.

I found now that the seasons of the year might generally be divided, not into summer and winter, as in Europe, but into the rainy seasons and the dry seasons. After I had found by experience the ill consequence of being abroad in the rain, I took care to furnish myself with provisions beforehand, that I might not be obliged to go out; and I sat within doors as much as possible during the wet months.

In this time I found much employment, and particularly I tried many ways of making a basket. It proved of much advantage to me now, that when I was a boy I used to take a great delight in standing at a basket-maker's in the town where my father lived, to see them make their wicker-ware; and being, as boys usually are, very officious to help, and a great observer of the manner how they worked those things, I had by this means full knowledge of the methods of it, so that I wanted nothing but the materials. It came into my mind that the twigs of that tree from which I cut my stakes that grew might possibly be as tough as the willows and osiers in England, and I resolved to try.

Accordingly, the next day I went to my country house, as I called it; and cutting some of the smaller twigs, I found them answer my purpose as much as I could desire; where-

upon I came the next time prepared with a hatchet to cut down a quantity. These I set up to dry within my circle or hedge, and when they were fit for use, I carried them to my cave; and here during the next season I employed myself in making, as well as I could, a great many baskets, both to carry earth, or to carry or lay up anything. And though I did not finish them very handsomely, yet I made them sufficiently serviceable for my purpose.

I mentioned before that I had a great mind to see the whole island, and that I had travelled up the brook, and so on to where I built my bower. I now resolved to travel right across to the seashore on that side. When I had passed the vale where my bower stood, I came within view of the sea to the west; and it being a very clear day, I fairly descried land about fifteen or twenty leagues off.

I saw abundance of parrots, and I would fain have caught one, if possible, to have kept it to be tame, and taught it to speak to me. I did, after taking some pains, catch a young parrot, for I knocked it down with a stick, and having recovered it, I brought it home; but it was some years before I could make him speak. However, at last I taught him to call me by my name very familiarly.

As soon as I came to the seashore, I was surprised to see that I had taken up my lot on the worst side of the island, for here indeed the shore was covered with innumerable turtles; whereas, on the other side, I had found but three in a year and a half. Here was also an infinite number of fowls of many kinds, some which I had seen, and some which I had not seen before, and many of them very good meat, but such as I knew not the names of, except those called penguins.

I confess this side of the country was much pleasanter than mine; but yet I had not the least inclination to remove, for as I was fixed in my habitation, it became natural to me, and I seemed all the while I was here to be as it were upon a journey, and from home. However, I travelled along the shore of the sea towards the east, I suppose about twelve



miles, and then setting up a great pole upon the shore for a mark, I concluded I would go home again.

In this journey my dog surprised a young kid, and seized upon it, and running in to take hold of it I caught it, and saved it alive from the dog. I had a great mind to bring it home if I could, for I had often been musing whether it might not be possible to get a kid or two, and so raise a breed of tame goats, which might supply me when my powder and shot should be all spent.

I made a collar to this little creature, and with a string, which I made of some rope-yarn, which I always carried about me, I led him along, though with some difficulty, till I came to my bower, and there I enclosed him and left him, for I was very impatient to be at home, from whence I had been absent more than a month, and I cannot express what a satisfaction it was to me to come into my old hutch, and lie down in my hammock-bed.

I stayed here a week, to rest and regale myself after my long journey; during which most of the time was taken up in the weighty affair of making a cage for my Poll, who began now to be a mere domestic, and to be mighty well acquainted with me. Then I began to think of the poor kid which I had penned in within my little circle, and resolved to go and fetch it home, or give it some food. Accordingly I went, and found it where I left it, for indeed it could not get out, but almost starved for want of food. Having fed it, I tied it as I did before, to lead it away; but it was so tame with being hungry, that I had no need to have tied it, for it followed me like a dog. And as I continually fed it, the creature became so loving, so gentle, and so fond, that it became from that time one of my domestics also, and would never leave me afterwards.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### FARMING AND POTTERY.

I was now, in the months of November and December, expecting my crop of barley and rice. The ground I had

manured or dug up for them was not great; for as I observed my seed of each was not above the quantity of half a peck; for I had lost one whole crop by sowing in the dry season. But now my crop promised very well, when suddenly I found I was in danger of losing it all again by enemies of several sorts, which it was scarcely possible to keep from it; as, first, the goats and wild creatures which I called hares, who, tasting the sweetness of the blade, lay in it night and day, as soon as it came up, and ate it so close, that it could get no time to shoot up into stalk.

I saw no remedy for this but by making an enclosure about it with a hedge, which I did with a great deal of toil, and the more, because it required speed. However, as my arable land was but small, and suited to my crop, I got it totally well fenced in about three weeks' time, and shooting some of the creatures in the daytime, I set my dog to guard it in the night, tying him up to a stake at the gate, where he would stand and bark all night long; so in a little time the enemies forsook the place, and the corn grew very strong and well, and began to ripen apace, and about the latter end of December, which was our second harvest of the year, I reaped my crop.

I was sadly put to it for a scythe or a sickle to cut it down, and all I could do was to make one as well as I could out of one of the broadswords, or cutlasses, which I saved among the arms out of the ship. However, as my first crop was but small, I had no great difficulty in cutting it down. I cut nothing off but the ears, and carried it away in a great basket which I had made, and so rubbed it out with my hands; and at the end of all my harvesting, I found that out of my half-peck of seed I had nearly two bushels of rice, and above two bushels and a half of barley.

This was a great encouragement to me. And yet here I was perplexed again, for I neither knew how to grind or make meal of my corn; nor, if made into meal, how to make bread of it. These things being added to my desire of having a good quantity for store, I resolved not to taste any of this crop, but to preserve it all for seed against the next season, and,

in the meantime, to employ all my study and hours of working to accomplish this great work of providing myself with corn and bread.

Within doors, that is, when it rained, and I could not go out, I diverted myself with talking to my parrot, and teaching him to speak, and I quickly taught him to know his own name, and at last to speak it out pretty loud, "Poll," which was the first word I ever heard spoken in the island by any mouth but my own. I had long studied, by some means or other, to make myself some earthen vessels, which indeed I wanted sorely, but knew not how to come at them.

It would make the reader pity me, or rather laugh at me, to tell what odd, misshapen, ugly things I made; how many of them fell in, and how many fell out, the clay not being stiff enough to bear its own weight; how many cracked by the over-violent heat of the sun, being set out too hastily; and how many fell in pieces merely with moving, as well before as after they were dried; and, in a word, how, after having laboured hard to find the clay, to dig it, to temper it, to bring it home, and work it, I could not make above two large earthen ugly things (I cannot call them jars) in about two months' labour.

Though I miscarried so much in my design for large pots, I made several smaller things with better success; such as little round pots, flat dishes, and pitchers, and any things my hand turned to; and the heat of the sun baked them very hard. But all this would not answer my end, which was to get an earthen pot to hold what was liquid, and bear the fire, which none of these could do. It happened some time after, when I went to put the fire out after I had done with it, I found a broken piece of one of my earthenware vessels in the fire, burnt as hard as a stone, and red as a tile. I was agreeably surprised to see it, and said to myself, that certainly they might be made to burn whole, if they would burn broken.

This set me to studying how to order my fire, so as to make it burn me some pots. I had no notion of a kiln, such as the

potters burn in, or of glazing them with lead, though I had some lead to do it with; but I placed three large pipkins, and two or three pots in a pile, one upon another, and placed my firewood all round it, with a great heap of embers under them. I plied the fire with fresh fuel round the outside, and upon the top, till I saw the pots in the inside red-hot quite through, and observed that they did not crack at all. When I saw them clear red, I let them stand in that heat about five or six hours, till I found one of them, though it did not crack, melt or run, for the sand which was mixed with the clay melted by the violence of the heat, and would have run into glass, if I had gone on; so I slacked my fire gradually till the pots began to lose the red colour; and watching them all night, that I might not let the fire cool too fast, in the morning I had three very good, I will not say handsome, pipkins, and two other earthen pots, as hard burnt as could be desired, and one of them perfectly glazed with the running of the sand. After this experiment, I need not say that I wanted no sort of earthenware for my use.

No joy at a thing of so mean a nature was ever equal to mine, when I found I had made an earthen pot that would bear the fire; and I had hardly patience to stay till they were cold, before I set one upon the fire again, with some water in it, to boil me some meat, which it did admirably well.

My next concern was to get a stone mortar to stamp or beat some corn in. But after a great deal of time lost in searching for a stone I gave it up, and resolved to look out for a great block of hard wood, which I found much easier; and getting one as big as I had strength to stir, I rounded it, and formed it on the outside with my axe and hatchet, and then, with the help of fire, and infinite labour, made a hollow place in it, as the Indians in Brazil make their canoes. After this, I made a great heavy pestle, or beater, of the wood called the iron-wood; and this I prepared and laid by against my next crop of corn, when I proposed to myself to grind, or rather pound, my corn into meal, to make my bread.

My next difficulty was to make a sieve to dress my meal,

and to part it from the bran and the husk, without which I did not see the possibility of having any bread. And here I was at a full stop for many months, nor did I really know what to do. But at last I remembered I had, among the seamen's clothes which were saved out of the ship, some neckcloths of calico or muslin ; and with some pieces of these I made three small sieves, but suitable enough for the work ; and thus I made shift for some years.

The baking was the next thing to be considered, and how I should make bread when I came to have corn. At length I found out an experiment for that also, which was this : I made some earthen vessels very broad, but not deep ; these I burned in the fire, as I had done the other, and laid them by ; and when I wanted to bake, I made a great fire upon my hearth, which I had paved with some square tiles of my own making and burning.

When the firewood was burned pretty much into embers, or live coals, I drew them forward upon this hearth, so as to cover it all over, and there I let them lie till the hearth was very hot ; then sweeping away all the embers, I set down my loaf, or loaves, and pressing down the earthen pot upon them, drew the embers all round the outside of the pot, to keep in and add to the heat. And thus, as well as in the best oven in the world, I baked my barley-loaves, and became, in a little time, a pastry-cook into the bargain ; for I made myself several cakes of the rice, and puddings.

## CHAPTER IX.

### BOATBUILDING AND TAILORING.

All this while you may be sure my thoughts ran many times upon the prospect of the land which I had seen from the other side of the island, and I was not without secret wishes that I were on shore there, and might find perhaps at last some means of escape.

At length I began thinking whether it was not possible to make myself a canoe, such as the natives of those climates

make, of the trunk of a great tree. This I not only thought possible, but easy, and pleased myself extremely with the thoughts of making it, but I completely forgot to consider the want of hands to move it, when it was made, into the water. For what use was it to me that, when I had chosen a vast tree in the woods, I might with much trouble cut it down, might be able with my tools to hew and trim the outside into the proper shape of a boat, might burn or cut out the inside to make it hollow and so make a boat of it; if, after all this, I must leave it just there where I found it, and was not able to launch it into the water?

One would have thought I could not have reflected the least on my circumstances, while I was making this boat, without thinking how I should get it into the sea; but my thoughts were so intent upon my voyage over the sea in it, that I never once considered how I should get it off the land.

I went to work upon this boat more like a fool than ever man did who had any of his senses awake. Not but that the difficulty of launching my boat came often into my head; but I put a stop to my own inquiries into it, by this foolish answer which I gave myself, "Let's first make it; I'll warrant I'll find some way or other to get it along when 'tis done".

This was a most preposterous method; but the eagerness of my fancy prevailed, and to work I went. I felled a cedar-tree, five feet ten inches in diameter at the lower part next the stump, and four feet eleven inches in diameter at the end of twenty-two feet, after which it lessened for a while, and then parted into branches. It was not without infinite labour that I felled this tree. I was twenty days hacking and hewing it at the bottom; I was fourteen more getting the branches and limbs and the vast spreading head of it cut off. After this, it cost me a month to shape it and proportion it that it might swim upright as it ought to do. It cost me nearly three months more to clear the inside, and work it so as to make an exact boat of it. This I did, indeed, without fire, by mere mallet and chisel, and by dint of hard labour, till I had

fashioned it into a very handsome canoe, and big enough to have carried six-and-twenty men.

When I had gone through this work, there remained nothing but to get the canoe into the water ; and had I got it into the water, I make no question but I should have begun the maddest voyage, and the most unlikely to be performed, that ever was undertaken.

But all my devices to get it into the water failed me. It lay about one hundred yards from the water, and not more ; but the first inconvenience was, it was uphill towards the creek. Well, to take away this discouragement, I resolved to dig into the surface of the earth, and so make a declivity. This I began, and it cost me a prodigious deal of pains ; but who grudges pains, that has his deliverance in view ? But when this was worked through, and this difficulty overcome, I could no more stir the canoe than before.

Then I measured the distance of ground, and resolved to cut a dock or canal, to bring the water up to the canoe, seeing I could not bring the canoe down to the water. Well, I began this work ; and when I began to calculate how deep it was to be dug, how broad, and how the stuff was to be thrown out, I found that it would have been ten or twelve years before I should have gone through with it ; so at length, though with great reluctance, I gave up this attempt also.

This grieved me heartily ; and now I saw, though too late, the folly of beginning a work before we count the cost, and before we judge rightly of our own strength to go through with it.

My clothes now began to decay mightily. As to linen, I had none for a good while, except some shirts which I found in the chests of the other seamen, and which I carefully preserved, because many times I could bear no other clothes on but a shirt ; and it was a very great help to me that I had, among all the men's clothes of the ship, almost three dozen shirts. There were also several thick watch-coats of the seamen's which were left indeed, but they were too hot to wear ; and though it is true that the weather was so violently hot

that there was no need of clothes, yet I could not go quite naked.

For I could not bear the heat of the sun so well when quite naked as with some clothes on; nay, the very heat frequently blistered my skin; whereas, with a shirt on, the air itself made some motion, and whistling under the shirt, was two-fold cooler than without it.

Accordingly, I began to think of putting the few rags I had, which I called clothes, into some order. I had worn out all the waistcoats I had, and my business was now to try if I could not make jackets out of the great watch-coats which I had by me, and with such other materials as I had; so I set to work a-tailoring, or rather, indeed, a-botching, for I made most piteous work of it. However, I managed to make two or three new waistcoats, which I hoped would serve me a long while. As for breeches, or drawers, I made but a very sorry shift indeed till afterwards.

I had saved the skins of all the creatures that I killed, I mean four-footed ones, and I had hung them up stretched out with sticks in the sun, by which means some of them were so dry and hard that they were fit for little, but others were very useful. The first thing I made of these was a great cap for my head, with the hair on the outside, to shoot off the rain; and this I performed so well, that after this I made a suit of clothes wholly of these skins, that is to say, a waistcoat, and breeches open at the knees, and both loose, for they were rather wanted to keep me cool than to keep me warm. I must not omit to acknowledge that they were wretchedly made; for if I was a bad carpenter, I was a worse tailor. However, they were very useful; and when I was abroad, if it happened to rain, the hair of my waistcoat and cap being outermost, I was kept very dry.

After this I spent a great deal of time and pains in making an umbrella. I had seen them made in the Brazils, where they are very useful in the great heat; and I felt the heat every jot as great here and even greater. Besides, as I was obliged to be much abroad, it was a most useful thing to me, as well



for the rains as for the heat. I took a world of pains at it, and was a long while before I could make anything likely to hold; nay, after I thought I had hit upon the way, I spoiled two or three before I made one to my mind; but at last I made one that answered fairly well. The main difficulty I found was to make it close up. I could make it spread; but if it did not let down too, and draw in, it was not portable for me any way but just over my head, which would not do. However, at last, as I said, I made one to answer, and covered it with skins, the hair upwards, so that it cast off the rains like a pent-house, and kept off the sun so effectually, that I could walk out in the hottest weather with greater advantage than I could before in the coolest; and when I had no need of it, could close it, and carry it under my arm.

I cannot say that after this, for five years, any extraordinary thing happened to me; but I lived on in the same course, in the same position and place, just as before. The chief things I was employed in, besides my yearly labour of planting my barley and rice, and curing my raisins, of both of which I always kept up one year's provisions in hand—I say, besides this yearly labour, and my daily labour of going out with my gun, I had one labour, to make a canoe, which at last I finished; so that by digging a canal to it of six feet wide, and four feet deep, I brought it into the creek, almost half a mile.

## CHAPTER X.

### VOYAGE ROUND THE ISLAND.

However, the size of the boat was not at all answerable to the design which I had in view when I made the first; I mean, of venturing over to the terra firma, where the sea was about forty miles broad. Accordingly, the smallness of my boat assisted to put an end to that design, and now I thought no more of it. But as I had a boat, my next design was to make a tour round the island; for as I had been on the other side in one place, by crossing over the land, the discoveries I made in that little journey made me very eager to see other

parts of the coast ; and now that I had a boat, I thought of nothing but sailing round the island.

For this purpose, that I might do everything with discretion, I fitted up a little mast in my boat, and made a sail for it out of some of the pieces of the ship's sail, which lay in store, and of which I had a great stock by me.

Having fitted my mast and sail, and tried the boat, I found she would sail very well. Then I made little lockers, or boxes, at either end of my boat, to put provisions, necessaries, and ammunition, etc., into, to be kept dry, either from rain or the spray of the sea ; and a little long hollow place I cut in the inside of the boat, where I could lay my gun, making a flap to hang down over it to keep it dry.

I fixed my umbrella also in the stern, like a mast, to stand over my head, and keep the heat of the sun off of me, like an awning ; and thus I every now and then took a little voyage upon the sea, but never went far out, nor far from the little creek. But at last, being eager to view the circumference of my little kingdom, I resolved upon my tour ; and accordingly I victualled my ship for the voyage.

It was 6 November, in the sixth year of my reign, or my captivity, which you please, that I set out on this voyage, and I found it much longer than I expected ; for though the island itself was not very large, yet when I came to the east side of it I found a great ledge of rocks lie out above two leagues into the sea, some above water, some under it, and beyond that a shoal of sand, lying dry half a league more ; so that I was obliged to go a great way out to sea to double the point.

When I discovered this, I was going to give up my enterprise and come back again, not knowing how far it might oblige me to go out to sea, and, above all, doubting how I should get back again, so I came to an anchor ; for I had made a kind of an anchor with a piece of a broken grappling which I got out of the ship.

Having secured my boat, I took my gun and went on shore, climbing up upon a hill, which seemed to overlook that point, where I saw the full extent of it, and resolved to venture.



I thought of nothing but sailing round the island.

In viewing the sea from that hill, where I stood, I perceived a strong current, which ran to the east, and even came close to the point; and I took the more notice of it, because I saw there might be some danger that when I came into it I might be carried out to sea by the strength of it, and not be able to make the island again. And indeed, had I not first climbed up upon this hill, I believe it would have been so; for there was the same current on the other side of the island and a strong eddy under the shore; so I had nothing to do but to get in out of the first current, and I should presently be in an eddy. I lay here two days, because the wind blew hard.

The third day, in the morning, the wind having abated overnight, the sea was calm, and I ventured. But I am a warning again to all rash and ignorant pilots; for no sooner was I come to the point, when even I was not my boat's length from the shore, than I found myself in a great depth of water, and a current like the sluice of a mill. It carried my boat along with it with such violence, that all I could do could not keep her so much as on the edge of it, but I found it hurried me farther and farther out from the eddy, which was on my left hand. There was no wind stirring to help me, and all I could do with my paddlers signified nothing. And now I began to give myself over for lost; for, as the current was on both sides of the island, I knew in a few leagues' distance they must join again, and then I was irrecoverably gone. Nor did I see any possibility of avoiding it; so that I had no prospect before me but of perishing; not by the sea, for that was calm enough, but of starving for hunger.

Now I looked back upon my desolate solitary island as the most pleasant place in the world, and all the happiness my heart could wish for was to be there again. However, I worked hard, till indeed my strength was almost exhausted, and kept my boat as much to the northward, that is, towards the side of the current which the eddy lay on, as I possibly could; when about noon, as the sun passed the meridian, I thought I felt a little breeze of wind in my face, springing up from the S.S.E. This cheered my heart a little, and especially

when, in about half an hour more, it blew a gentle gale. By this time I was at a frightful distance from the island; and had the least cloud or hazy weather intervened, I should have been undone another way too; for I had no compass on board, and should never have known how to have steered towards the island if I had but once lost sight of it. But the weather continuing clear, I applied myself to get up my mast again, and spread my sail, standing away to the north as much as possible, to get out of the current, north-west; and in about an hour came within about a mile of the shore, where there was smooth water, and I soon got to land.

When I was on shore I fell on my knees, and gave God thanks for my deliverance, resolving to lay aside all thoughts of my deliverance by my boat; and refreshing myself with such things as I had I lay down to sleep, being quite spent with the labour and fatigue of the voyage.

I resolved in the morning to make my way westward along the shore. In about three miles, I came to a very good inlet or bay, about a mile across, which narrowed till it came to a very little rivulet or brook, where I found a very convenient harbour for my boat, and where she lay as if she had been in a little dock made on purpose for her. Here I put in, and went on shore to look about me, and see where I was.

I soon found I had just passed by the place where I had been before, when I travelled on foot to that part of the shore; so taking nothing out of my boat but my gun and my umbrella, for it was exceedingly hot, I began my march and reached my old bower in the evening, where I found everything standing as I left it.

I got over the fence, and lay down in the shade to rest my limbs, for I was very weary, and fell asleep. But judge, if you can, what a surprise it was, when I was awakened out of my sleep by a voice calling me by my name several times, "Robin, Robin, Robin Crusoe, poor Robin Crusoe! Where are you, Robin Crusoe?"

I was so dead asleep at first, being fatigued, that I did not wake thoroughly. But the voice continued to repeat "Robin

Crusoe, Robin Crusoe," and at last I began to wake more perfectly, and was at first dreadfully frightened, and started up in the utmost consternation. But no sooner were my eyes open, than I saw my Poll sitting on the top of the hedge, and immediately knew that it was he that spoke to me.

I had now had enough of going to sea for some time, and had enough to do for many days to sit still, and reflect upon the danger I had been in.

In this temper I remained nearly a year, living a very quiet, retired life; and improving myself in all the mechanic exercises which my necessities forced upon me, I arrived at an unexpected perfection in my earthenware, and contrived well enough to make them with a wheel, which I found infinitely easier and better, because I made things round and shapeable which before were filthy things indeed to look on. But I think I was never more vain of my own performance, or more joyful for anything I found out, than for my being able to make a tobacco-pipe. And though it was a very ugly, clumsy thing when it was done, and only burnt red, like other earthenware, yet, as it was hard and firm, and would draw the smoke, I was exceedingly comforted with it.

## CHAPTER XI.

### DAILY LIFE AND PERSONAL APPEARANCE.

Being now in the eleventh year of my residence, and my ammunition growing low, I set myself to study some art to trap and snare the goats, to see whether I could not catch some of them alive.

To this purpose, I made snares for them, and I do believe they were more than once taken in them; but my tackle was not good, for I had no wire, and I always found them broken, and my bait devoured. At length I resolved to try a pitfall; so I dug several large pits in the earth, in places where I had observed the goats used to feed, and over these pits I placed hurdles, of my own making too, with a great weight upon them; and several times I put ears of barley and dry rice, with-

out setting the trap, and I could easily perceive that the goats had gone in and eaten up the corn, for I could see the mark of their feet. At length I set three traps in one night, and going the next morning, I found them all standing, and yet the bait eaten and gone; this was very discouraging. However, I altered my trap; and, going one morning to see my trap, I found in one of them a large old he-goat, and in one of the other three kids.

As to the old one, I knew not what to do with him, he was so fierce I durst not go into the pit to him; that is to say, to attempt to bring him away alive, which was what I wanted. So I even let him out, and he ran away, as if he had been frightened out of his wits. Then I went to the three kids, and taking them one by one, I tied them with strings together, and with some difficulty brought them all home.

And now I found that if I expected to supply myself with goat-flesh when I had no powder or shot left, breeding some up tame was my only way.

But then it presently occurred to me that I must keep the tame from the wild, or else they would always run wild when they grew up; and the only way for this was to have some enclosed piece of ground, well fenced with a hedge to keep them in so effectually, that those within might not break out, nor those without break in.

This was a great undertaking for one pair of hands; yet, as I saw there was an absolute necessity to do it, my first piece of work was to find out a suitable piece of ground, viz. where there was likely to be herbage for them to eat, water for them to drink, and cover to keep them from the sun.

I was about three months hedging in the first piece, and, till I had done it, I tethered the three kids in the best part of it, and accustomed them to feed as near me as possible, to make them familiar; and very often I would go and carry them some ears of barley, or a handful of rice; so that after my enclosure was finished, and I let them loose, they would follow me up and down, bleating after me for a handful of corn.

This answered my end, and in about a year and a half I had a flock of about twelve goats, kids, and all; and in two years more I had three-and-forty, besides several that I took and killed for my food.

But this was not all, for now I not only had goat's flesh to feed on when I pleased, but milk too, a thing which, at first, I did not so much as think of, and which, when it came into my thoughts, was really an agreeable surprise. For now I set up my dairy, and had sometimes a gallon or two of milk in a day; and as Nature, who gives supplies of food to every creature, dictates even naturally how to make use of it, so I that had never milked a cow, much less a goat, or seen butter or cheese made, very readily and handily, though after a great many attempts and miscarriages, made both butter and cheese at last, and never wanted it afterwards.

It would have made a stoic smile, to have seen me and my little family sit down to dinner. There was my majesty, the prince and lord of the whole island; I had the lives of all my subjects at my absolute command. I could hang, draw, give liberty, and take it away; and had no rebels among all my subjects.

Then to see how like a king I dined, too, all alone, attended by my servants. Poll, as if he had been my favourite, was the only person permitted to talk to me. My dog, who was now grown very old and crazy, sat always at my right hand, and two cats, one on one side the table, and one on the other, expecting now and then a bit from my hand, as a mark of special favour.

With this a tendance, and in this plentiful manner, I lived; nor could I be said to want anything but society; and of that some time after this, I was like to have too much.

Had anyone in England met such a man as I was, it must either have frightened them, or raised a great deal of laughter; and as I frequently stood still to look at myself, I could not but smile at the notion of my travelling through Yorkshire with such an equipage, and in such a dress. Be pleased to take a sketch of my figure, as follows.





Robinson Crusoe and his pets.

I had on a great high, shapeless cap, made of a goat's skin, with a flap hanging down behind, as well to keep the sun from me, as to shoot the rain off from running into my neck.

I had a short jacket of goat-skin, the skirts coming down to about the middle of my thighs ; and a pair of open-kneed breeches of the same. The breeches were made of the skin of an old he-goat, whose hair hung down such a length on either side, that, like pantaloons, it reached to the middle of my legs. Stockings and shoes I had none, but I had made myself a pair of somethings, I scarce know what to call them, to flap over my legs, and lace on either side.

I had on a broad belt of dried goat's skin, which I drew together with two thongs of the same, instead of buckles ; and in a kind of a frog on either side of this, instead of a sword and a dagger, hung a little saw and a hatchet, one on one side, one on the other. I had another belt, not so broad, and fastened in the same manner, which hung over my shoulder ; and at the end of it, under my left arm, hung two pouches, both made of goat's skin too ; in one of which hung my powder, in the other my shot. At my back I carried my basket, on my shoulder my gun, and over my head a great clumsy ugly goat-skin umbrella, but which, after all, was the most necessary thing I had about me, next to my gun. As for my face, the colour of it was really not so brown as one might expect from a man not at all careful of it, and living within nineteen degrees of the equinox. My beard I had once suffered to grow till it was about a quarter of a yard long ; but as I had both scissors and razors, I had cut it pretty short, except what grew on my upper lip, which I had trimmed into a large pair of moustaches.

You are to understand that now I had, as I may call it, two plantations in the island ; one, my little fortification or tent, with the wall about it, under the rock, with the cave behind me, which, by this time, I had enlarged into several apartments or caves, one within another. As for my wall, the long stakes grew all like trees, and were by this time grown so big, and spread so very much, that there was not

the least appearance, to anyone's view, of any habitation behind them.

Near this dwelling of mine, but a little farther within the land, and upon lower ground, lay my two pieces of corn ground, which I kept duly cultivated and sowed.

Besides this, I had my country seat, and I had now a tolerable plantation there also; for, first, I had my little bower, as I called it, which I kept in repair; that is to say, I kept the hedge, which circled it in, constantly fitted up to its usual height, the ladder standing always in the inside. In the middle of this, I had my tent always standing, and under this I had made a couch, with the skins of the creatures I had killed, and a blanket laid on them, such as belonged to our sea-bedding, which I had saved, and a great watch-coat to cover me; and here, whenever I had occasion to be absent from my chief seat, I took up my country habitation. Adjoining this I had my enclosures for my goats.

In this place also I had my grapes growing, which I principally depended on for my winter store of raisins, and which I never failed to preserve very carefully, as the best and most agreeable dainty of my whole diet. And indeed they were not agreeable only, but wholesome, nourishing, and refreshing in the extreme.

As this was also about half-way between my other habitation and the place where I had laid up my boat, I generally stayed here in my way thither; for I used frequently to visit my boat, and I kept all things about, or belonging to her, in very good order. Sometimes I went out in her to amuse myself, but no more hazardous voyages would I go, nor scarcely ever above a stone's cast or two from the shore. But now I come to a new scene of my life.

## CHAPTER XII.

### THE FOOTPRINT ON THE SAND.

It happened one day, about noon, while I was going towards my boat, I was exceedingly surprised to see the print of a

man's naked foot very plain in the sand. I stood like one thunderstruck, or as if I had seen an apparition. I listened, I looked round me, I could hear nothing, nor see anything. I went up to a piece of rising ground, to look farther. I went up the shore, and down the shore, but I could see no other impression but that one. I went to it again to see if there were any more, and to observe if it might not be my fancy; but there was no room for that, for there was exactly the very print of a foot—toes, heel, and every part of a foot. How it came thither I knew not, nor could in the least imagine. So like a man perfectly confused and beside myself, I came home to my fortification, not feeling, as we say, the ground I trod on, but terrified to the last degree, looking behind me at every two or three steps, mistaking every bush and tree, and fancying every stump at a distance to be a man; nor is it possible to describe how many various shapes affrighted imagination represented to me, how many wild ideas came every moment into my fancy, and what strange unaccountable notions came into my thoughts by the way.

When I came to my castle, for so I think I called it ever after this, I fled into it like one pursued. Whether I went over by the ladder, as first contrived, or went in at the hole in the rock, which I called a door, I cannot remember; no, nor could I remember the next morning, for never frightened hare fled to cover, or fox to earth, with more terror of mind than I to this retreat.

I did not sleep that night. Sometimes I fancied it must be the devil, and reason joined in with me upon this supposition; for how should any other thing in human shape come into the place? Where was the vessel that brought them? What marks were there of any other footsteps? And how was it possible a man should come there?

In the middle of these reflections, it occurred to me one day that all this might be a mere chimera of my own; and that this foot might be the print of my own foot, when I came on shore from my boat. This cheered me up a little, and I began to persuade myself it was all a delusion, that it was nothing

else than my own foot ; and why might not I come that way from the boat, as well as I was going that way to the boat ? Again, I considered also, that I could by no means tell, for certain, where I had trod, and where I had not ; and that if, at last, this was only the print of my own foot, I had played the part of those fools who strive to make stories of spectres and apparitions, and then are frightened at them more than anybody.

Now I began to take courage, and to peep abroad again, for I had not stirred out of my castle for three days and nights, so that I began to starve for provisions ; for I had little or nothing within doors but some barley-cakes and water. Then I knew that my goats wanted to be milked too, which usually was my evening diversion ; and the poor creatures were in great pain and inconvenience for want of it ; and, indeed, it almost spoiled some of them, and almost dried up their milk.

Heartening myself, therefore, with the belief that this was nothing but the print of one of my own feet, I began to go abroad again, and went to my country house to milk my flock. But to see with what fear I went forward, how often I looked behind me, how I was ready, every now and then, to lay down my basket and run for my life, it would have made anyone think I was haunted with an evil conscience.

However, as I went down thus two or three days, and had seen nothing, I began to be a little bolder, and to think there was really nothing in it but my own imagination. But I could not persuade myself fully of this till I should go down to the shore again, and see this print of a foot, and measure it by my own, and see if there was any similitude or fitness, that I might be assured it was my own foot. But when I came to the place, first, it appeared evident to me, that when I laid up my boat I could not possibly be on shore anywhere thereabouts ; secondly, when I came to measure the mark with my own foot, I found my foot not so large by a great deal. Both these things filled my head with new imaginations ; and I went home again, filled with the belief that some man or men had been on shore there ; or, in short,

that the island was inhabited, and I might be surprised before I was aware. \* And what course to take for my security, I knew not.

Now I began sorely to repent that I had dug my cave so large as to bring a door through again, which door, as I said, came out beyond where my fortification joined to the rock. Therefore, I resolved to draw a second fortification, in the same manner of a semicircle, at a distance from my wall, just where I had planted a double row of trees about twelve years before.

So that I had now a double wall ; and my outer wall was thickened with pieces of timber, old cables, and everything I could think of, to make it strong, having in it seven little holes, big enough to put my arm through. In the inside of this I thickened my wall to a width of ten feet with earth out of my cave, laying it at the foot of the wall, and walking upon it ; and through the seven holes I contrived to plant the muskets, of which I had got seven out of the ship. These I planted like cannon, and fitted them into frames, that held them like a carriage, that so I could fire all the seven guns in two minutes' time. This wall I was many a weary month in finishing, and yet never thought myself safe till it was done.

When this was done, I stuck all the ground without my wall, for a great distance every way, full with stakes, or sticks, of the osier-like wood, which I found so apt to grow.

Thus in two years' time I had a thick grove ; and in five or six years' time I had a wood before my dwelling, growing so thick and strong, that it was perfectly impassable ; and no men would ever imagine that there was anything beyond it, much less a habitation. As for the way which I proposed to myself to go in and out, for I left no avenue, it was by setting two ladders, one to a part of the rock which was low, and then broke in, and left room to place another ladder upon that ; so when the two ladders were taken down, no man living could come down to me without hurting himself ; and if they had come down, they were still on the outside of my outer wall.

Thus I took all the measures human prudence could suggest for my own preservation ; and it will be seen, at length, that they were not altogether without just reason ; though I foresaw nothing at that time more than fear suggested to me. —

All this time I was not altogether careless of my other affairs ; for I was much concerned for my little herd of goats.

Accordingly I spent some time in finding out the most retired parts of the island ; and I pitched upon one which was as private indeed as my heart could wish for. It was a little damp piece of ground in the middle of the hollow and thick woods, where I found a clear piece of land, nearly three acres, so surrounded with woods, that it was almost an enclosure by Nature, and in less than a month's time I had so fenced it round, that my flock was well enough secured in it. So, without any further delay, I removed ten young she-goats and two he-goats to this piece.

### CHAPTER XIII.

#### ROBINSON DISCOVERS THAT THE ISLAND HAS BEEN VISITED BY SAVAGES.

After I had thus secured one part of my little living stock, I went about the whole island, searching for another private place to make such another deposit ; when, wandering more to the west point of the island than I had ever done yet, and looking out to sea, I thought I saw a boat upon the sea at a great distance.

When I was come down the hill to the shore I was perfectly confounded and amazed ; nor is it possible for me to express my horror at seeing the shore spread with skulls, hands, feet, and other bones of human bodies ; and particularly, I observed a place where there had been a fire made, and a circle dug in the earth, like a cockpit, where the savage wretches must have sat down to their inhuman feastings upon the bodies of their fellow-creatures.

I was so astonished with the sight of these things, that I entertained no notion of any danger to myself from it for

a long while. All my apprehensions were buried in the thoughts of such a pitch of inhuman brutality, and the horror of the degeneracy of human nature, which, though I had heard of often, yet I had never seen before. I turned away my face from the horrid spectacle, and got up the hill again with all the speed I could, and walked on towards my own habitation.

I continued close within my own circle for almost two years after this. When I say my own circle, I mean my three plantations, viz. my castle, my country seat, which I called my bower, and my enclosure in the woods.

Time, however, and the knowledge that I was in no danger of being discovered by these people, began to wear off my uneasiness about them; and I began to live just in the same composed manner as before; only with this difference, that I used more caution, and kept my eyes more about me, than I did before, lest I should happen to be seen by any of them; and particularly, I was more cautious of firing my gun, lest any of them being on the island should happen to hear it. And it was, therefore, a very good thing that I had furnished myself with a tame breed of goats, so that I had no need to hunt any more about the woods, or shoot at them.

I believe the reader will not think it strange if I confess that the anxieties and the constant dangers I lived in, put an end to all invention, and to all contrivances for my future accommodation and convenience. I had the care of my safety more now upon my hands than that of my food. I cared not to drive a nail, or chop a stick of wood now, for fear the noise I should make should be heard; much less would I fire a gun, for the same reason; and, above all, I was intolerably uneasy at making any fire, lest the smoke, which is visible at a great distance in the day, should betray me; and for this reason I removed that part of my business which required fire, such as burning of pots and pipes, etc., into my new apartment in the woods; where, after I had been some time, I found, to my unspeakable consolation, a mere natural cave in the earth, which went in a long way, and where, I dare say, no savage,



had he been at the mouth of it, would be so hardy as to venture in.

The mouth of this hollow was at the bottom of a great rock, and while I was cutting down some wood here, I perceived that behind a very thick branch of low brushwood, or underwood, there was a kind of hollow place. I was curious to look into it; and getting with difficulty into the mouth of it, I found it was pretty large; that is to say, sufficient for me to stand upright in it. But I must confess I made more haste out than I did in when, looking farther into the place, which was perfectly dark, I saw two broad shining eyes of some creature, whether devil or man I knew not, which twinkled like two stars, the dim light from the cave's mouth shining directly in, and making the reflection.

But plucking up my spirits as well as I could, I stepped forward again, and by the light of a firebrand, I saw lying on the ground a most monstrous, frightful, old he-goat, just making his will, as we say, and gasping for life; and dying indeed, of mere old age.

I stirred him a little to see if I could get him out, and he tried to get up, but was not able to raise himself; and I thought with myself he might even lie there; for if he had frightened me so, he would certainly frighten any of the savages, if any of them should be so bold as to come in there while he had any life in him.

I had now recovered from my surprise, and began to look round me when I found the cave was but very small. There was, however, a place at the farther side of it that went in farther, but was so low, that it required me to creep upon my hands and knees to go into it, and whither it went I knew not.

The next day I came provided with six large candles of my own making, for I made very good candles now of goat's tallow; and going into this low place, I was obliged to creep upon all fours, almost ten yards. When I had got through the straight, I found the roof rose higher up, I believe to nearly twenty feet. But never was such a glorious sight seen

in the island, I dare say, as it was to look round the sides and roof of this vault or cave; the walls reflected a hundred thousand lights to me from my two candles.

The floor was dry and level, and had a sort of small loose gravel upon it, nor was there any damp or wet on the sides or roof. I resolved, therefore, without any delay, to bring some of those things which I was most anxious about to this place; particularly, I resolved to bring hither my magazine of powder, and all my spare arms, viz. two fowling-pieces, for I had three in all, and three muskets, for of them I had eight in all. So I kept at my castle only five, which stood ready-mounted, like pieces of cannon, on my outermost fence; and were ready also to take out upon any expedition.

#### CHAPTER XIV.

##### SAVAGES ON THE ISLAND. RESCUE OF FRIDAY.

I was now in my twenty-third year of residence in this island; and was so naturalized to the place, and to the manner of living, that could I have but enjoyed the certainty that no savages would come to disturb me, I could have been content to spend the rest of my time there. But it was otherwise directed. Going out early one morning, I was surprised to see a light of some fire upon the shore, at a distance of about two miles, and on my side of the island.

I stopped short within my grove, not daring to go out, lest I might be surprised. But after sitting a while longer, and reflecting what I should do in this case, I was not able to bear sitting in ignorance any longer, so I mounted to the top of the hill; and pulling out my glass, which I had taken on purpose, I lay down flat on the ground, and began to look for the place. I presently found there were no less than nine naked savages sitting round a small fire they had made, not to warm themselves, for they had no need of that, the weather being extremely hot, but, as I supposed, to dress some of their barbarous diet of human flesh which they had brought with them, whether alive or dead, I could not tell.

They had two canoes with them, which they had hauled up upon the shore; and as it was then ebb tide, they seemed to me to wait for the return of the flood to go away again. It is not easy to imagine what confusion this sight put me into, especially seeing them come on my side of the island, and so near me too. But when I observed their coming must be always with the current of the ebb, I began afterwards to be more composed in my mind, being satisfied that I might go abroad with safety all the time of the tide of flood, if they were not on shore before; and having made this observation, I went abroad about my harvest-work with the more composure.

It turned out as I expected; for as soon as the tide made to the westward, I saw them all take boat, and row (or paddle, as we call it) away.

About a year and a half after this I was surprised, one morning early, to see no less than five canoes all on shore together on my side of the island, and the people who belonged to them all landed, and out of my sight. Seeing so many, and knowing that they always came four, or six, or sometimes more, in a boat, I could not tell what to think of it, or how to take my measures to attack twenty or thirty men single-handed; so I lay still in my castle, perplexed and discomforted. However, I put myself into the same posture for an attack that I had formerly provided, and was ready for action if anything had presented. After waiting a good while, to hear if they made any noise, I became at length very impatient, set my guns at the foot of my ladder, and clambered up to the top of the hill. Here I observed, by the help of my glass, that they were no less than thirty in number, that they had a fire kindled, that they had had meat dressed. How they had cooked it, I knew not, or what it was; but they were all dancing, in I know not how many barbarous gestures and figures, round the fire.

While I was thus looking on them, I perceived two miserable wretches dragged from the boats, where, it seems, they were laid by, and were now brought out for the slaughter.



Crusoe sees the cannibals.

I perceived that one of them immediately fell, being knocked down, I suppose, with a club or wooden sword, for that was their way, and two or three others set to work immediately, cutting him open for their cookery, while the other victim was left standing by himself, till they should be ready for him. In that very moment this poor wretch seeing himself a little at liberty, Nature inspired him with hopes of life, and he started away from them, and ran with incredible swiftness along the sands directly towards me, I mean towards that part of the coast where my habitation was.

I was dreadfully frightened (that I must acknowledge) when I perceived him run my way, and especially when, as I thought, I saw him pursued by the whole body of them. However, I kept my station, and my spirits began to recover when I found that only three men followed him; and still more was I encouraged when I found that he outstripped them exceedingly in running, and gained ground of them; so that if he could but keep it up for half an hour, I saw easily he would fairly get away from them all.

There was between them and my castle the creek, which I mentioned often at the first part of my story, when I landed my cargoes out of the ship; and this I saw plainly he must necessarily swim over, or the poor wretch would be taken there. But when the savage escaping came thither he made nothing of it, though the tide was then up; but plunging in, swam across in about thirty strokes, landed, and ran on with great strength and swiftness. When the three pursuers came to the creek, I found that two of them could swim, but the third could not, and that, standing on the other side, he went no farther, and soon after went quietly back, which, as it happened, was very well for him.

I observed that the two who swam were more than twice as long swimming over the creek as the fellow that fled from them. It now occurred to me that this was my time to get a servant, and perhaps a companion or assistant, and that I was called plainly by Providence to save this poor creature's life. I immediately ran down the ladders with all possible expedi-

tion, fetched my two guns, for they were both at the foot of the ladders, and getting up again, with the same haste, to the top of the hill, I crossed towards the sea, and having a very short cut, and all down hill, stationed myself between the pursuers and the pursued, hallooing aloud to him that fled, who, looking back, was at first perhaps as much frightened at me as at them; but I beckoned with my hand to him to come back; and, in the meantime, I slowly advanced towards the two that followed; then rushing at once upon the foremost, I knocked him down with the stock of my piece. I was loth to fire, because I would not have the rest hear; though, at that distance, it would not have been easily heard, and being out of sight of the smoke too, they would not have easily known what to make of it. When I had knocked this fellow down, the other who pursued with him stopped, as if he had been frightened, and I advanced apace towards him; but as I came nearer, I perceived that he had a bow and arrow, and was fitting it to shoot at me; so I was then forced to shoot at him first, which I did, and killed him at the first shot.

The poor savage, though he saw both his enemies fallen and killed, was so frightened by the fire and noise of my piece, that he stood stock-still, and neither came forward nor went backward, though he seemed rather inclined to fly still than to come on. I hallooed again to him, and made signs to come forward, which he easily understood, and came a little way, then stopped again, and then a little farther, and stopped again; and I could then perceive that he stood trembling, as if he had been taken prisoner, and was to be killed, as his two enemies were. I beckoned to him again to come to me, and gave him all the signs of encouragement that I could think of; and he came nearer and nearer, kneeling down every ten or twelve steps, in token of acknowledgment for my saving his life. I smiled at him, and looked pleasantly, and beckoned to him to come still nearer. At length he came close to me, and then he kneeled down again, kissed the ground, and laid his head upon the ground, and taking me by the foot, set my foot upon his head. This, it seems, was in token of swearing to



I knocked him down with the stock of my piece.

be my slave for ever. I took him up, and made much of him, and encouraged him all I could. I now turned to go away, and beckoned to him to follow me, making signs to him that more might come after them.

Upon this he signed to me that he should bury the dead savages with sand, that they might not be seen by the rest if they followed; and so I made signs again to him to do so. He fell to work, and he quickly scraped a hole in the sand with his hands big enough to bury the first in, and then dragged him into it, and covered him, and did so also by the other. Then calling him away, I carried him, not to my castle, but quite away to my cave, on the farther part of the island.

Here I gave him bread and a bunch of raisins to eat, and a draught of water, which I found he was in great need of; and having refreshed him, I made signs for him to lie down and sleep, pointing to a place where I had laid a great heap of rice-straw, covered with a blanket, upon which I used to sleep myself sometimes; so the poor creature lay down, and went to sleep.

He was a comely, handsome fellow, perfectly well made, with straight strong limbs, not too large, tall, and well-shaped, and, as I reckon, about 26 years of age. He had a very good countenance, not a fierce and surly aspect, but seemed to have something very manly in his face. His hair was long and black, not curled like wool; his forehead very high and large; and a great vivacity and sparkling sharpness in his eyes. The colour of his skin was not quite black, but very tawny. His face was round and plump; his nose small, not flat like a negro's; a very good mouth, thin lips, and his fine teeth well set, and white as ivory.

After he had slumbered, rather than slept, about half an hour, he woke up again, and came out of the cave to me, for I had been milking my goats, which I had in the enclosure close by. When he espied me, he came running to me, laying himself down again upon the ground, with all the signs of a humble, thankful disposition, making many strange gestures to show it. At last he laid his head flat upon the ground,



close to my foot, and set my other foot upon his head, as he had done before, and after this made all the signs to me of subjection, servitude, and submission imaginable, to let me know how he would serve me as long as he lived. I understood him in many things, and let him know I was very well pleased with him. In a little time I began to speak to him, and teach him to speak to me; and, first, I made him know his name should be Friday, which was the day I saved his life. I likewise taught him to say master, and then let him know that was to be my name. I likewise taught him to say Yes and No, and to know the meaning of them. I gave him some milk in an earthen pot, and let him see me drink it before him, and dip my bread in it; and I gave him a cake of bread to do the like, which he quickly complied with, and made signs that it was very good for him.

I stayed there with him all that night; but as soon as it was day, I beckoned to him to come with me, and let him know I would give him some clothes; at which he seemed very glad, for he was stark naked. As we went by the place where he had buried the two men, he pointed exactly to the place, and showed me the marks that he had made to find them again, making signs to me that we should dig them up again, and eat them. At this I appeared very angry, expressed my abhorrence of it, made as if I would vomit at the thoughts of it, and beckoned with my hand to him to come away; which he did immediately, with great submission. I then led him up to the top of the hill, to see if his enemies were gone; and pulling out my glass, I looked, and saw plainly the place where they had been, but no appearance of them or of their canoes; so that it was plain that they were gone, and had left their two comrades behind them, without any search after them.

## CHAPTER XV.

### TEACHING A SAVAGE.

I now fell to work for my man Friday; and, first of all, I gave him a pair of linen drawers, which, with a little alteration,

fitted him very well. Then I made him a coat of goat's-skin, as well as my skill would allow, and I had now become a tolerably good tailor; and I gave him a cap, which I made of a hare-skin, very convenient and fashionable enough; and thus he was clothed for the present tolerably well, and was mightily well pleased to see himself almost as well clothed as his master. It is true he went awkwardly in these things at first; wearing the drawers was very awkward to him, and the sleeves of the waistcoat galled his shoulders, and the inside of his arms; but at length he took to them very well.

The next day after I came home with him, I began to consider where I should lodge him. And that I might do well for him, and yet be perfectly easy myself, I made a little tent for him in the vacant place between my two fortifications; and as there was a door or entrance there into my cave, I made a door to it of boards, and set it up in the passage, a little within the entrance; and causing the door to open on the inside. I barred it up in the night, taking in my ladders too; so that Friday could not come at me in the inside of my innermost wall without making enough noise in getting over to waken me. As to weapons, I took them all into my side every night.

But I needed none of all this precaution; for never had man a more faithful, loving, sincere servant than Friday was to me; his very affections were tied to me, like those of a child to a father; and I dare say he would have sacrificed his life to save mine, upon any occasion whatsoever.

I was greatly delighted with my new companion, and made it my business to teach him everything that was proper to make him useful, handy, and helpful; but especially to make him speak, and understand me when I spoke. And he was the aptest scholar that ever was; and particularly was so merry, so constantly diligent, and so pleased when he could understand me, or make me understand him, that it was very pleasant to me to talk to him. And now my life began to be so easy, that I began to say to myself, that could I but have been safe from more savages, I cared not if I were never to remove from the place while I lived.

Two or three days after I had returned to my castle, I thought that, in order to cure Friday of his horrid way of feeding, I ought to let him taste other flesh; so I took him out with me one morning to the woods. I went, indeed, intending to kill a kid out of my own flock, and bring him home and dress it; but as I was going, I saw a she-goat lying down in the shade, and two young kids sitting by her. I caught hold of Friday. "Hold," said I, "stand still," and made signs to him not to stir. Immediately I presented my piece, shot and killed one of the kids. The poor creature, who had, at a distance indeed, seen me kill the savage, his enemy, but did not know, nor could imagine, how it was done, trembled and shook and looked so amazed, that I thought he would have fallen down. He did not see the kid I had shot at, or perceive I had killed it, but ripped up his waistcoat to feel if he was not wounded; and, as I found presently, thought I was resolved to kill him; for he came and kneeled down to me, and embracing my knees, said a great many things I did not understand; but I could easily see that the meaning was to pray me not to kill him.

I brought home the kid, and the same evening I took the skin off, and cut it out as well as I could; and having a pot for that purpose, I boiled some of the flesh, and made some very good broth; and after I had begun to eat some, I gave some to my man, who seemed very glad of it, and liked it very well; but that which was strangest to him, was to see me eat salt with it. He made a sign to me that the salt was not good to eat, and putting a little into his own mouth, would spit and splutter at it, washing his mouth with fresh water after it. On the other hand, I took some meat into my mouth without salt, and I pretended to spit and splutter for want of salt, as fast as he had done at the salt. But it would not do; he would never care for salt with his meat or in his broth.

Having thus fed him with boiled meat and broth, I was resolved to feast him the next day with roasting a piece of the kid. This I did by hanging it before the fire in a string, setting two poles up, one on each side of the fire, and one cross on the top,

and tying the string to the cross stick, letting the meat turn continually. This Friday admired very much. But when he came to taste the flesh, he took so many ways to tell me how well he liked it, that I could not but understand him; and at last he told me he would never eat man's flesh any more, which I was very glad to hear.

The next day I set him to work to beating some corn out, and sifting it in the manner I used to do, as I observed before; and he soon understood how to do it as well as I, especially after he had seen what the meaning of it was, and that it was to make bread of; for after that I let him see me make my bread, and bake it too; and in a little time Friday was able to do all the work for me, as well as I could do it myself.

I began now to consider that, having two mouths to feed instead of one, I must provide more ground for my harvest, and plant a larger quantity of corn than I used to do; so I marked out a larger piece of land, and began the fence in the same manner as before, in which Friday not only worked very willingly and very hard, but did it very cheerfully. When I told him it was for corn to make more bread, because he was now with me, he appeared to understand very well, and let me know that he thought I had much more labour upon me on his account than I had for myself; and that he would work the harder for me, if I would tell him what to do.

This was the pleasantest year of all the life I led in this place. Friday began to talk pretty well, and understand the names of almost everything I had occasion to call for, and of every place I had to send him to, and talked a great deal to me; so that I began now to have some use for my tongue again. Besides the pleasure of talking to him, I had a singular satisfaction in the fellow himself. His simple, unfeigned honesty appeared to me more and more every day, and I began really to love the creature; and, on his side, I believe he loved me more than it was possible for him ever to love anything before.

I once tried to find out if he had any hankering to return to his own country again; and having taught him English so well that he could answer me almost any questions, I asked him

whether the nation that he belonged to never conquered in battle? At which he smiled, and said, "Yes, yes, we always fight the better"; that is, he meant, always get the better in fight; and so we began the following conversation. "You always fight the better," said I. "How came you to be taken prisoner then, Friday?"

*Friday.* My nation beat much for all that.

*Master.* How beat? If your nation beat them, how came you to be taken?

*Friday.* They more many than my nation in the place where me was; they take one, two, three, and me. My nation overbeat them in the yonder place, where me no was; there my nation take one, two, great thousand.

*Master.* But why did not your side recover you from the hands of your enemies then?

*Friday.* They run one, two, three, and me, and make go in the canoe; my nation have no canoe that time.

*Master.* Well, Friday, and what does your nation do with the men they take? Do they carry them away and eat them, as these did?

*Friday.* Yes, my nation eats mans too; eat all up.

*Master.* Where do they carry them?

*Friday.* Go to other place, where they think.

*Master.* Do they come hither?

*Friday.* Yes, yes, they come hither; come other else place.

*Master.* Have you been here with them?

*Friday.* Yes, I been here. (*Points to the N.W. side of the island which, it seems, was their side.*)

By this I understood that my man Friday had formerly been among the savages who used to come on shore on the farther part of the island; and, some time after, when I took him to that side, he told me he was there once when they ate up twenty men, two women, and one child. He could not tell twenty in English, but he numbered them by laying so many stones in a row.

I asked him how far it was from our island to the shore, and whether the canoes were not often lost. He told me there

was no danger, and no canoes were ever lost ; but that, after a little way out to the sea, there was a current and a wind, always one way in the morning, the other in the afternoon.

I inquired if he could tell me how I might come from this island and get among white men. He told me, " Yes, yes, I might go in two canoe ". I could not understand what he meant, or make him describe to me what he meant by two canoe ; till at last, with great difficulty, I found he meant it must be in a large great boat, as big as two canoes.

From this time I entertained some hopes that, one time or other, I might find an opportunity to make my escape from this place, and that this poor savage might be a means to help me to do it.

During the long time that Friday had now been with me, and that he began to speak to me, and understand me, I did not omit to lay a foundation of religious knowledge in his mind ; particularly I asked him one time, Who made him ? The poor creature did not understand me at all, so I began another way, and asked him who made the sea, the ground we walked on, and the hills and woods ? He told me it was one old Benamuckee, that lived beyond all. He could describe nothing of this great person, but that he was very old, much older, he said, than the sea or the land, than the moon or the stars. I asked him then, if this old person had made all things, why did not all things worship him ? He looked very grave, and with a perfect look of innocence said, " All things do say O to him ". I asked him if the people who die in his country went away anywhere. He said, " Yes, they all went to Benamuckee ".

From these things I began to instruct him in the knowledge of God. I told him that the great Maker of all things lived up there, pointing up towards heaven ; that He governs the world by the same power and providence by which He had made it ; that He was omnipotent, could do everything for us, give everything to us, take everything from us ; and thus, by degrees, I opened his eyes.

After Friday and I became more intimately acquainted, and

he could understand almost all I said to him, and speak fluently, though in broken English, to me, I acquainted him with my own story, or at least so much of it as related to my coming into the place; how I had lived there, and how long. I let him into the mystery, for such it was to him, of gunpowder and bullet, and taught him how to shoot; I gave him a knife, which he was wonderfully delighted with, and I made him a belt, with a frog hanging to it, and gave him a hatchet to put in the frog.

I showed him the ruins of our boat, which we lost when we escaped, and which was now fallen almost all to pieces. Upon seeing this boat, Friday stood musing a long while, and said nothing. I asked him what he was thinking about. At last said he, "Me see such boat like come to place at my nation".

I did not understand him for a good while; but at last I understood that a similar boat had come on shore upon the country where he lived; that is, as he explained it, was driven thither by stress of weather.

Friday described the boat to me well enough; but brought me better to understand him when he added with some warmth, "We save the white mans from drown". Then I asked him if there were any white mans, as he called them, in the boat. "Yes," he said, "the boat full of white mans." I asked him how many. He told upon his fingers seventeen. I asked him then what became of them. He told me, "They live, they dwell at my nation".

This put new thoughts into my head, and I inquired of him more critically what was become of them. He assured me they lived still there; that they had been there about four years; that the savages let them alone, and gave them victuals to live on. I asked him how it came to pass they did not kill them, and eat them. He said, "No, they make brother with them"; that is, as I understood him, a truce; and then he added, "They no eat mans but when make the war fight"; that is to say, they never eat any men but such as come to fight with them and are taken in battle.

From this time I had a mind to venture over, and see if I could possibly join these men, who, I made no doubt, were Spaniards or Portuguese; not doubting that if I could, we might find some means of escaping from thence, better than I could from an island forty miles off the shore, and alone, without help. So, some days after, I took and told Friday I would give him a boat to go back to his own nation; and accordingly I carried him to my frigate, which lay on the other side of the island, and having cleared it of water, for I always kept it sunk in the water, I brought it out, showed it him, and we both went into it.

I found he was a most dexterous fellow at managing it, would make it go almost as swift and fast again as I could. So when he was in I said to him, "Well now, Friday, shall we go to your nation?" Friday told me such a boat would do very well, and would carry "much enough victual, drink, bread"; that was his way of talking.

I was by this time so determined to go over with him to the continent, that I told him we would go and make one as big as that, and he should go home in it. He answered not one word, but looked very grave and sad. I asked him what was the matter with him. He asked me again thus, "Why you angry mad with Friday? what me done?" I asked him what he meant. I told him I was not angry with him at all. "No angry! no angry!" said he, repeating the words several times. "Why send Friday home away to my nation?" "Why," said I, "Friday, did you not say you wished you were there?" "Yes, yes," said he, "wish be both there, no wish Friday there, no master there." In a word, he would not think of going there without me.

There were trees enough in the island to have built a little fleet, not merely of canoes, but even of good large vessels. But the main thing I looked at was, to get one so near the water that we might launch it when it was made, to avoid the mistake I committed at first.

At last Friday pitched upon a tree, for I found he knew much better than I what kind of wood was fittest for it.



Friday was for burning the hollow or cavity of this tree out, to make it for a boat, but I showed him how to cut it out with tools ; which he used very handily ; and in about a month's hard labour we finished it. After this, however, it cost us nearly a fortnight's time to get her along, as it were inch by inch, upon great rollers into the water ; but when she was in, she would have carried twenty men with great ease.

When she was in the water, and though she was so big, it amazed me to see with what dexterity my man Friday would amange her, turn her, and paddle her along. So I asked him if we might venture over in her. "Yes," he said, "he venture over in her very well, though great blow wind." However, I had a further design that he knew nothing of, and that was to make a mast and sail, and to fit her with an anchor and cable. As to a mast, that was easy enough to get ; so I pitched upon a straight young cedar-tree, which I found near the place, and I set Friday to work to cut it down, and gave him directions how to shape and order it. But as to the sail, that was my particular care. I knew I had old sails, or rather pieces of old sails enough ; but as I had had them now twenty-six years by me, and had not been very careful to preserve them, most of them were rotten. However, I found two pieces which appeared pretty good, and with these I went to work, and with a great deal of pains, and awkward tedious stitching for want of needles, I, at length, made a three-cornered ugly thing, like what we call in England a shoulder-of-mutton sail.

I was nearly two months performing this last work, viz. rigging and fitting my mast and sails, and, what was more than all, I fixed a rudder to the stern to steer with.

After all this was done, I had to teach my man Friday the navigation of my boat ; for though he knew very well how to paddle a canoe, he knew nothing about a sail or a rudder ; and was most amazed when he saw me work the boat by the rudder, and how the sail jibbed, and filled this way, or that way, as the course we sailed changed. However, with a little use he became an expert sailor, except that I could make him understand very little of the compass.

So we waited for the month of November and December, in which I designed to make my adventure.

## CHAPTER XVI.

### RETURN OF THE SAVAGES. PREPARATIONS FOR DEPARTURE.

When the settled season began, as the thought of my design returned with the fair weather, I was preparing daily for the voyage; and the first thing I did was to lay by a certain quantity of provisions for our voyage; and intended, in a week or a fortnight's time, to launch our boat. I was busy one morning upon something of this kind, when I called to Friday, and bid him go to the seashore and see if he could find a turtle, a thing which we generally got once a week, for the sake of the eggs as well as the flesh. Friday had not been long gone when he came running back, and flew over my outer wall, or fence, like one that felt not the ground, or the steps he set his feet on; and before I had time to speak to him, he cried out to me, "O master! O master! O sorrow! O bad!" "What's the matter, Friday?" said I. "O yonder, there," said he, "one, two, three canoe! one, two, three!" I saw the poor fellow was most terribly scared; for nothing ran in his head but that they were come to look for him, and would cut him in pieces, and eat him; and the poor fellow trembled so, that I scarcely knew what to do with him. I comforted him as well as I could, and told him I was in as much danger as he, and that they would eat me as well as him. "But, Friday," said I, "we must resolve to fight them."

I took my glass, and went up to the side of the hill to see what I could discover; and found that there were one-and-twenty savages, three prisoners, and three canoes, and that their whole business seemed to be the triumphant banquet upon these three human bodies; a barbarous feast indeed, but nothing more than was usual with them.

I observed also that they had landed, not where they had done when Friday made his escape, but nearer to my creek, where the shore was low, and where a thick wood came close

almost down to the sea. I was so filled with indignation, that I came down again to Friday, and told him I was resolved to go down to them, and kill them all, and asked him if he would stand by me. He had now got over his fright, and told me he would die when I bid him die.

Then I divided the arms which I had charged between us. I gave Friday one pistol to stick in his girdle, and three guns upon his shoulder; and I took one pistol, and the other three myself. I also took a small bottle of rum in my pocket, and gave Friday a large bag with more powder and bullets; and I charged him to keep close behind me, and not to stir, or shoot, or do anything, till I bid him, and in the meantime not to speak a word. Fetching a compass to my right hand of nearly a mile, so that I might come within shot of them before I should be discovered, I marched till I came to the skirts of the wood, on the side which was next to them. Here I called softly to Friday, and showing him a great tree, which was just at the corner of the wood, I bade him go to the tree and bring me word if he could see there plainly what they were doing. He did so, and came immediately back to me, and told me they might be plainly viewed there; that they were all about their fire, eating the flesh of one of their prisoners, and that another lay bound upon the sand, a little way from them, whom he said they would kill next; this fired all the very soul within me. He told me it was not one of their nation, but one of the bearded men, whom he had told me of, that came to their country in the boat. I was filled with horror; and going to the tree, I saw plainly, by my glass, a white man, who lay upon the beach of the sea, with his hands and his feet tied with rushes, and that he was a European, and had clothes on.

I had now not a moment to lose, for nineteen of the wretches sat upon the ground, all close huddled together, and had just sent the other two to butcher the poor prisoner, and bring him, perhaps limb by limb, to their fire; and they were stooping down to untie the bonds at his feet. I turned to Friday: "Now, Friday," said I, "do exactly as you see me do; fail in nothing". So I set down one of the muskets and the fowl-

ing-piece upon the ground, and Friday did the like with his; and with the other musket I took my aim at the savages, bidding him do the like. Then asking him if he was ready, he said, "Yes". "Then fire at them," said I; and the same moment I fired also.

Friday took his aim so much better than I that he killed two of them, and wounded three more; and on my side I killed one, and wounded two. They were, you may be sure, in a dreadful consternation; and all of them who were not hurt jumped up upon their feet, but did not immediately know which way to run, or which way to look, for they knew not whence their destruction came. Friday kept his eyes close upon me, that, as I had bid him, he might observe what I did; so as soon as the first shot was made I threw down the piece, and took up the fowling-piece, and Friday did the like. "Let fly," said I, "in the name of God!" and with that I fired again, and so did Friday. We found only two drop, but so many were wounded, that they ran about yelling and screaming like mad creatures, all bleeding and most of them miserably wounded, and three more fell quickly after, though not quite dead.

"Now, Friday," said I, taking up the musket which was yet loaded, "follow me," which he did with a great deal of courage. I rushed out of the wood, and showed myself, and Friday close at my heels. As soon as I perceived they saw me, I shouted as loud as I could, and bade Friday do so too; and running as fast as I could, which, by the way, was not very fast, being loaded with arms as I was, I made directly towards the poor victim, who was, as I said, lying upon the beach, between the place where they sat and the sea. The two butchers, who were just going to work with him, had left him at the surprise of our first fire, and fled in a terrible fright to the seaside, and had jumped into a canoe, and three more of the rest made the same way. I turned to Friday, and bid him step forwards and fire at them. He understood me immediately, and running about forty yards, to be near them, he shot at them, and I thought he had killed them all, for I saw them all fall in a heap into the boat; though I saw

two of them up again quickly. However, he killed two of them, and wounded the third, so that he lay down in the bottom of the boat as if he had been dead.

While my man Friday fired at them, I pulled out my knife and cut the rushes that bound the poor victim; and loosing his hands and feet, I lifted him up and asked him in the Portuguese tongue what he was. But he was so weak and faint, that he could scarcely stand or speak. I took my bottle out of my pocket and gave it him, making signs that he should drink, and I gave him a piece of bread, which he ate. Then I asked him what countryman he was; and he said, Spanish; and being a little recovered, let me know, by all the signs he could possibly make, how much he was in my debt for his deliverance. "Signor," said I, with as much Spanish as I could make up, "we will talk afterwards, but we must fight now. If you have any strength left, take this pistol and sword, and lay about you." He took them very thankfully, and no sooner had he the arms in his hands than, as if they had put new vigour into him, he flew upon his murderers like a fury, and had cut two of them in pieces in an instant.

Then I called to Friday, and bade him run up to the tree from whence we first fired, and fetch the arms which lay there that had been discharged, which he did with great swiftness. While I was loading these pieces, a fierce engagement took place between the Spaniard and one of the savages, who made at him with one of their great wooden swords, the same weapon that was to have killed him before if I had not prevented it. The Spaniard, who was as bold and as brave as could be imagined, though weak, had fought this Indian a good while, and had given him two great wounds on his head; but the savage being a stout, lusty fellow, closing in with him, had thrown him down, and was wringing my sword out of his hand, when the Spaniard, though undermost, wisely dropping the sword, drew the pistol from his girdle, shot the savage through the body, and killed him upon the spot, before I, who was running to help him, could come near him.

Friday, being now at liberty, pursued the flying wretches

with no weapon in his hand but his hatchet; and with that he dispatched those three who were wounded at first, and fallen, and all the rest he could come up with; and the Spaniard coming to me for a gun, I gave him one of the fowling-pieces, with which he pursued two of the savages, and wounded them both; but as he was not able to run, they both got away from him into the wood, where Friday pursued them, and killed one of them; but the other was too nimble for him, and though wounded, plunged into the sea and swam with all his might off to those two who were left in the canoe. These three in the canoe, with one wounded, were all that escaped out of one-and-twenty.

Those who were in the canoe worked hard to get out of gun-shot; and though Friday fired two or three shots at them he did not hit any of them. Friday wished me to take one of their canoes, and pursue them; and, indeed, I was very anxious about their escape, lest they should come back perhaps with two or three hundred of their canoes, and devour us by mere multitude. So I consented to pursue them by sea, and running to one of their canoes I jumped in, and bade Friday follow me. But when I was in the canoe, I was surprised to find another poor creature lying there alive, bound hand and foot, as the Spaniard was, and almost dead with fear, not knowing what the matter was; for he had not been able to look up over the side of the boat, and had been tied so long, that he had really but little life in him.

I immediately cut the twisted rushes, which they had bound him with, and would have helped him up; but he could not stand or speak, but groaned most piteously, believing, it seems, still that he was only unbound in order to be killed.

When Friday came to him, I bade him speak to him, and tell him of his deliverance; and pulling out my bottle, made him give the poor wretch a drink; which, with the news of his being delivered, revived him, and he sat up in the boat. But when Friday came to hear him speak, and look in his face, it would have moved anyone to tears to have seen how Friday kissed him, embraced him, hugged him, cried, laughed,

hallooed, jumped about, danced, sung; then cried again, wrung his hands, beat his own face and head, and then sung and jumped about again, like a distracted creature. It was a good while before I could make him speak to me, or tell me what was the matter; but when he came a little to himself, he told me that it was his father.

It is not easy for me to express what filial affection this poor savage showed at the sight of his father, and at his deliverance from death; nor, indeed, can I describe half the extravagances of his affection.

This action put an end to our pursuit of the canoe with the other savages, who were now almost out of sight; and it was lucky for us that we did not, for it blew so hard within two hours after, that I could not suppose their boat could live, or that they ever reached their own coast.

As soon as I had secured my two weak rescued prisoners, and given them shelter and a place to rest them upon, I began to think of making some provision for them. After we had dined, or rather supped, I entered into a little conversation with my two new subjects; and first, I set Friday to inquire of his father what he thought of the escape of the savages in the canoe, and whether we might expect a return of them, with a power too great for us to resist. His first opinion was that the savages in the boat would be drowned, or driven south to those other shores, where they were as sure to be devoured as they were to be drowned if they were cast away. But as to what they would do if they came safe on shore, he said he knew not; but it was his opinion that they were so dreadfully frightened with the manner of the attack, the noise, and the fire, that he believed they would tell their people they were all killed by thunder and lightning, not by the hand of man; and that the two who appeared, viz. Friday and I were two heavenly spirits, or furies, come down to destroy them, and not men with weapons.

In a little time, however, no more canoes appearing, the fear of their coming wore off, and I began to take my former thoughts of a voyage to the mainland into consideration; being

likewise assured, by Friday's father, that I might depend upon good usage from their nation, on his account, if I would go.

I had a serious conversation with the Spaniard, and learned that there were sixteen more of his countrymen and Portuguese who, having been cast away, and made their escape to that side, lived there at peace, indeed, with the savages, but were very sore put to it for necessaries, and indeed for life.

He told me they had some arms with them, but they were perfectly useless, for that they had neither powder nor ball.

I asked him what he thought would become of them there, and if they had formed no design of making any escape. He said they had had many consultations about it; but that having neither vessel nor tools to build one, or provisions of any kind, their councils always ended in despair.

I asked him how he thought they would receive a proposal from me, which might tend towards an escape; and whether, if they were all here, it might not be done.

He told me they were all of them very civil, honest men, and they were under the greatest distress imaginable, having neither weapons, nor clothes, nor any food. They were at the mercy and discretion of the savages and out of all hope of ever returning to their own country; and that he was sure, if I would undertake their relief, they would live and die by me.

Upon these assurances I resolved to venture to relieve them, if possible, and to send the old savage and this Spaniard over to them to treat. But when we had got everything in readiness to go, the Spaniard himself started an objection, which had so much prudence in it on the one hand, and so much sincerity on the other hand, that by his advice I put off the deliverance of his comrades for at least half a year. The case was thus.

He saw evidently what stock of corn and rice I had laid up; which, though it was more than sufficient for myself, was not sufficient, at least without good husbandry, for my family, now increased to four; much less would it be sufficient if his



countrymen should come over ; and least of all would it be sufficient to victual our vessel, if we should build one, for a voyage to any of the colonies of America. So he told me he thought it would be more advisable to let him and the two others dig and cultivate some more land, as much as I could spare seed to sow ; and that we should wait another harvest, that we might have a supply of corn for his countrymen when they should come.

So we fell to digging all four of us, as well as our wooden tools permitted ; and in about a month's time, by the end of which it was seed-time, sowed twenty-two bushels of barley, and sixteen jars of rice ; which was, in short, all the seed we had to spare.

Our harvest was not the best I had seen in the island, but enough to answer our end.

And now as there was a full supply of food for all the guests I expected the Spaniard and the old savage, the father of Friday, went away in one of the canoes in which they were brought, when they came as prisoners to be devoured by the savages.

I gave them provisions of bread and of dried grapes sufficient for themselves for many days, and sufficient for all their countrymen for about eight days' time ; and wishing them a good voyage, I saw them go, agreeing with them about a signal they should hang out at their return, by which I should know them again, when they came back, at a distance, before they came on shore.

## CHAPTER XVII.

### MORE VISITORS ON THE ISLAND. DEFEAT OF THE MUTINEERS.

I had waited for them eight days when a strange and unforeseen accident occurred, of which the like has not perhaps been heard of in history. I was fast asleep one morning, when my man Friday came running in to me, and called aloud, " Master, master, they are come, they are come ! "

I jumped up, and, regardless of danger, went out as soon as I could get my clothes on, without my arms; but I was surprised when, turning my eyes to the sea, I presently saw a boat at about a league and a half's distance standing in for the shore, with a shoulder-of-mutton sail, as they call it, and the wind blowing pretty fair to bring them in. Upon this I called Friday in, and bid him lie close, for these were not the people we looked for, and we did not know yet whether they were friends or enemies.

Next I went in to fetch my glass, to see what I could make of them; and having taken the ladder out, I climbed up to the top of the hill.

I had scarce set my foot on the hill, when my eye plainly discovered a ship lying at anchor at about two leagues and a half's distance from me, south-south-east, but not above a league and a half from the shore. By my observation, it appeared plainly to be an English ship, and the boat appeared to be an English longboat.

I cannot express the confusion I was in; though the joy of seeing a ship, and one which I had reason to believe was manned by my own countrymen, and consequently friends, was such as I cannot describe. But yet some secret doubts hung about me, bidding me keep upon my guard. In the first place, it occurred to me to consider what business an English ship could have in that part of the world, since it was not the way to or from any part of the world where the English had any traffic; and I knew there had been no storms to drive them in there as in distress; and that if they were English really, it was most probable that they were here upon no good design; and that I had better continue as I was, than fall into the hands of thieves and murderers.

Before long I saw the boat draw near the shore, as if they looked for a creek. However, as they did not come quite far enough, they did not see the little inlet where I formerly landed my rafts; but run their boat on shore upon the beach, at about half a mile from me, which was very lucky for me; for otherwise they would have landed just, as I may say, at

my door, and would soon have beaten me out of my castle, and perhaps have plundered me of all I had.

When they were on shore, I was fully satisfied that they were Englishmen, at least most of them. There were in all eleven men, of whom three were unarmed and, as I thought, bound; and when the first four or five of them jumped on shore, they took those three out of the boat, as prisoners.

All this while I had no thought of what the matter really was, but stood trembling with horror at the sight, expecting every moment that the three prisoners would be killed; nay, once I saw one of the villains lift up his arm with a great cutlass, as the seamen call it, or sword, to strike one of the poor men; and I expected to see him fall every moment, at which all the blood in my body seemed to run chill in my veins.

After I had observed the outrageous usage of the three men by the insolent seamen, I observed the fellows run scattering about the land, as if they wanted to see the country. The three other men had liberty to go also where they pleased; but they sat down all three upon the ground, very sadly, and looked like men in despair.

This reminded me of the first time when I came on shore, and began to look about me; how I gave myself over for lost; how wildly I looked round me; what dreadful apprehensions I had; and how I lodged in the tree all night, for fear of being devoured by wild beasts.

As I knew nothing that night of the supply I was to receive by the providential driving of the ship nearer the land by the storms and tide, by which I have since been so long nourished and supported; so these three poor desolate men knew not how certain of deliverance they were, how near it was to them, and how effectually and really they were in a condition of safety, at the very time that they thought themselves lost, and their case desperate.

It was just at the top of high-water when these people came on shore; and while they stood parleying with the prisoners they brought, or rambled about to see what kind of

a place they were in, they had carelessly stayed till the tide was spent, and the water was ebbcd considerably away, leaving their boat aground.

They had left two men on the boat, who, as I found afterwards, having drunk a little too much brandy, fell asleep. However, one of them waking sooner than the other, and finding the boat too fast aground for him to stir it, hallooed for the rest, who were straggling about, upon which they all soon came to the boat ; but it was past all their strength to launch her, the boat being very heavy, and the shore on that side being a soft oozy sand, almost like a quicksand.

In this condition, like true seamen, who are perhaps the least of all mankind given to forethought, they gave it up and away they strolled about the country again ; and I heard one of them say aloud to another, calling them off from the boat, " Why, let her alone, Jack ; she will float next tide ".

All this while I kept myself very close, not once daring to stir out of my castle, any further than to my place of observation near the top of the hill ; and very glad I was to think how well it was fortified. I knew it was no less than ten hours before the boat could be afloat again, and by that time it would be dark, and I might be at more liberty to see their movements.

In the meantime, I prepared myself for a battle, as before, though with more caution, knowing I had to do with another kind of enemy than I had at first. I ordered Friday also, whom I had made an excellent marksman with his gun, to load himself with arms. I took myself two fowling-pieces, and I gave him three muskets.

It was my design not to make any attack till it was dark ; but about two o'clock, in the heat of the day, I found that they were all gone straggling into the woods, and, as I thought, were laid down to sleep. The three poor distressed men, too anxious for their condition to get any sleep, had, however, sat down under the shelter of a great tree, at about a quarter of a mile from me, and, as I thought, out of sight of any of the rest. Upon this I resolved to discover myself to them, and

learn something of their condition. I came as near them undiscovered as I could, and then, before any of them saw me, I called aloud to them in Spanish, "What are ye, gentlemen?"

They started up at the noise, but were ten times more confounded when they saw me. They made no answer at all, but I thought I perceived them just going to fly from me, when I spoke to them in English. "Gentlemen," said I, "do not be surprised at me; perhaps you may have a friend near you, when you did not expect it." "He must be sent directly from heaven then," said one of them very gravely to me, and pulling off his hat at the same time to me, "for our condition is past the help of man." "All help is from heaven, sir," said I. "But can you put a stranger in the way how to help you, for you seem to me to be in some great distress? I saw you when you landed; and when you seemed to make applications to the brutes that came with you, I saw one of them lift up his sword to kill you. Pray lay aside your fears; I am a man, an Englishman, and disposed to assist you, you see. I have one servant only; we have arms and ammunition; tell us freely, can we serve you? What is your case?"

"Our case," said he, "sir, is too long to tell you while our murderers are so near; but in brief, sir, I was commander of that ship; my men have mutinied against me, they have been hardly prevailed on not to murder me; and at last have set me on shore in this desolate place, with these two men with me, one my mate, the other a passenger, where we expected to perish, believing the place to be uninhabited, and know not yet what to think of it."

"Where are those brutes, your enemies?" said I. "Do you know where they are gone?" "There they lie, sir," said he, pointing to a thicket of trees. "My heart trembles for fear lest they have seen us, and heard you speak. If they have, they will certainly murder us all."

"Have they any firearms?" said I. He answered, they had only two guns, and one which they left in the boat. "Well then," said I, "leave the rest to me, I see they are all

asleep ; it is an easy thing to kill them all ; but shall we rather take them prisoners ? ”

He said very modestly that he was loath to kill them, if he could help it ; but that two were incorrigible villains, and had been the authors of all the mutiny in the ship, and if they escaped, we should be undone still ; for they would go on board and bring the whole ship’s company, and destroy us all.

In the middle of this conversation we heard some of them awake, and soon after we saw two of them on their feet. I asked him if either of them were of the men who, he had said, were the heads of the mutiny. He said, “ No ”. “ Well then,” said I, “ you may let them escape ; and Providence seems to have wakened them on purpose to save themselves. Now,” said I, “ if the rest escape you, it is your fault.”

Thus encouraged, he took the musket I had given him in his hand, and a pistol in his belt, and his two comrades with him, each man with a gun in his hand. The two men who were with him going first made some noise, at which one of the seamen who was awake turned about, and seeing them coming cried out to the rest ; but it was too late then, for the moment he cried out they fired. They had so well aimed their shot at the men they knew that one of them was killed on the spot, and the other very much wounded ; but not being dead, the latter started up upon his feet, and called eagerly for help to the others. But the captain stepping up to him, told him it was too late to cry for help, he should call upon God to forgive his villainy ; and with that word knocked him down with the stock of his musket, so that he never spoke more. There were three more in the company, and one of them was also slightly wounded. By this time I had come up ; and when they saw their danger, and that it was in vain to resist, they begged for mercy. The captain told them he would spare their lives if they would assure him of their abhorrence of the treachery they had been guilty of, and would swear to be faithful to him in recovering the ship, and afterwards in carrying her back to Jamaica, from whence they came. They gave him all the protestations of their sincerity that could be

desired, and he was willing to believe them, and spare their lives. To this I did not object, only I obliged him to keep them bound hand and foot while they were upon the island.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### CAPTURE OF THE SHIP. DEPARTURE FROM THE ISLAND. HOME AT LAST.

It soon occurred to me that in a little while the ship's crew, wondering what was become of their comrades, and of the boat, would certainly come on shore in their other boat to seek for them; and that then, perhaps, they might come armed, and be too strong for us.

So I told him the first thing we had to do was to stave the boat, which lay upon the beach, so that they might not carry her off; and taking everything out of her, leave her so far useless as not to be fit to swim. Accordingly we went on board, took the arms which were left on board out of her, and whatever else we found there.

When we had carried everything on shore we knocked a great hole in her bottom, so that even if they came strong enough to master us, they could not carry off the boat.

When we had heaved the boat up upon the beach so high that the tide would not float her off at high-water mark, we heard the ship fire a gun, and saw her make a signal for the boat to come on board. But no boat stirred; and they fired several times, making other signals for the boat.

At last, when all their signals and firing proved fruitless, and they found the boat did not stir, we saw them, by the help of my glasses, hoist another boat out, and row towards the shore; and we found, as they approached, that there were no less than ten men in her, and that they had firearms with them.

As the ship lay almost two leagues from the shore, we had a full view of them as they came, and a plain sight of the men, even of their faces. And the captain knew the persons and characters of all the men in the boat, of whom he said

that there were three very honest fellows, who, he was sure, were led into this conspiracy by the rest, being overpowered and frightened ; but that as for the boatswain, who, it seems, was the chief officer among them, and all the rest, they were as outrageous as any of the ship's crew.

We had, upon the first appearance of the boat's coming from the ship, considered about separating our prisoners, and had, indeed, secured them effectually.

Two of them, whom the captain was not sure of, I sent with Friday and one of the three delivered men to my cave. Here they left them bound, but gave them provisions, and promised, if they stayed there quietly, to give them their liberty in a day or two ; but that if they attempted their escape, they would be put to death without mercy. They promised faithfully to bear their confinement with patience, and were very thankful that they had such good usage as to have provisions and a light left them ; for Friday gave them candles (such as we made ourselves) for their comfort ; and they did not know but that he stood sentinel over them at the entrance.

The other prisoners had better usage. Two of them were kept pinioned, because the captain did not trust them ; but the other two were taken into my service, upon their captain's recommendation, and upon their solemnly engaging to live and die with us ; so with them and the three honest men we were seven men well armed ; and I had no doubt that we should be able to deal well enough with the ten that were coming, considering that the captain had said there were three or four honest men among them also.

As soon as they got to the place where their other boat lay, they ran their boat on the beach, and came all ashore, hauling the boat up after them, which I was glad to see ; for I was afraid they would rather have left the boat at an anchor some distance from the shore, with some hands in her to guard her, and so we should not be able to seize the boat.

The first thing they did was to run to their other boat ; and it was easy to see that they were greatly surprised to find



her stripped of all that was in her, and with a great hole in her bottom.

After a while, they set up two or three great shouts, hallooing with all their might, to try if they could make their companions hear; but all was to no purpose. Then they came all close in a ring, and fired a volley of their small arms, which, indeed, we heard, and the echoes made the woods ring. But it was all one; those in the cave we were sure could not hear, and those in our keeping, though they heard it well enough, dared not answer them.

They were so astonished at this, that, as they told us afterwards, they resolved to go all on board again to their ship, and let them know there that the men were all murdered, and the longboat staved. Accordingly, they immediately launched their boat again, and got on board.

They had not long put off in the boat when we perceived them all coming ashore again; but three men were left in the boat, and the rest went on shore, to go up into the country to look for their fellows.

Those who came on shore kept close together, marching towards the top of the little hill under which my habitation lay; and we could see them plainly, though they could not perceive us. We should have been very glad if they had come nearer to us, so that we might have fired at them, or if they had gone farther off, that we might have come abroad.

But when they were come to the brow of the hill, where they could see a long way into the valleys and woods which lay towards the north-east part, and where the island lay lowest, they shouted and halloosed till they were weary; and then sat down together under a tree, to take counsel. Then we saw them start all up, and march down towards the sea.

As soon as I perceived them go towards the shore, I imagined that they had given up their search, and were for going back again; but I presently thought of a stratagem to fetch them back again.

I ordered Friday and the captain's mate to go over the little creek westward, towards the place where the savages

came on shore when Friday was rescued, and as soon as they came to a little rising ground, at about half a mile distance, I bade them halloo as loud as they could, and wait till they found the seamen heard them; and as soon as ever they heard the seamen answer them, return it again.

They were just going into the boat when Friday and the mate halloood; and they presently heard them, and answering, ran along the shore westward, towards the voice they heard, when they were stopped by the creek, where the water being up, they could not get over, and called for the boat to come up and put them over, as, indeed, I expected.

When they had crossed, I observed that the boat having gone up a good way into the creek, and, as it were, in a harbour within the land, they took one of the three men out of her to go along with them, and left only two in the boat, having fastened her to the stump of a little tree on the shore.

That was what I wished for; and immediately leaving Friday and the captain's mate to their business, I took the rest with me, and crossing the creek out of their sight, we surprised the two men before they were aware, and they yielded readily.

In the meantime, Friday and the captain's mate managed their business so well with the rest, that they drew them, by hallooding and answering, from one hill to another, and from one wood to another, till they not only heartily tired them, but left them where they were very sure they could not get back to the boat before it was dark; and, indeed, they were heartily tired themselves also by the time they came back to us.

We had nothing now to do but to watch for them in the dark, and to fall upon them, so as to make sure work with them.

It was several hours after Friday came back to me before they came back to their boat; and we could hear the foremost of them, long before they came up, calling to those behind to come along, and could also hear them answer and

complain how lame and tired they were, and unable to come any faster.

At length they came up to the boat; but it is impossible to express their confusion when they found the boat fast aground in the creek, the tide ebbed out, and their two men gone.

My men were anxious to fall upon them at once in the dark; but I wished to take them at some advantage, so as to spare them, and kill as few of them as I could; and especially I was unwilling to risk killing any of our own men, knowing the others were very well armed. I resolved to wait, to see if they did not separate; and, therefore, to make sure of them, I drew my ambuscade nearer, and ordered Friday and the captain to creep upon their hands and feet as close to the ground as they could, that they might not be discovered, and get as near them as they possibly could, before they offered to fire.

They had not been long in that posture when the boatswain, who was the principal ringleader of the mutiny, and had now shown himself the most dejected and dispirited of all the rest, came walking towards them, with two more of their crew. The captain was so eager that he hardly had patience to let the principal rogue come so near as to be sure of him, but when they came nearer, the captain and Friday, starting up on their feet, let fly at them.

The boatswain was killed upon the spot; the next man was shot in the body, and fell just by him, though he did not die till an hour or two after; and the third ran for it.

At the noise of the fire I immediately advanced with my whole army of eight men. We came upon them in the dark, so that they could not see our number; and I made the man we had left in the boat, who was now one of us, call to them by name, to try if I could bring them to a parley, and so might perhaps reduce them to terms. So he called out as loud as he could to one of them, "Tom Smith! Tom Smith!" Tom Smith answered immediately, "Who's that? Robinson?" For it seems he knew his voice. The other answered, "Ay, ay;

for God's sake, Tom Smith, throw down your arms and yield, or you are all dead men this moment".

"Who must we yield to? Where are they?" said Smith again. "Here they are," said he; "here's our captain, and fifty men with him, have been hunting you these two hours; the boatswain is killed, Will Fry is wounded, and I am a prisoner; and if you do not yield, you are all lost."

"Will they give us quarter then," said Tom Smith, "and we will yield?" "I'll go and ask, if you promise to yield," said Robinson. So he asked the captain, and the captain then called out himself, "You, Smith, you know my voice, if you lay down your arms immediately, and submit, you shall have your lives, all but Will Atkins."

Upon this Will Atkins cried out, "For God's sake, captain, give me quarter; what have I done? They have been all as bad as I;" which, by the way, was not true. However, the captain told him he must lay down his arms at discretion, and trust to the governor's mercy; by which he meant me, for they all called me governor.

In a word, they all laid down their arms, and begged for their lives; and I sent the man that had parleyed with them and two more, who bound them all; and then my great army of fifty men, who, with those three, were but eight in all, came up and seized upon them all, and upon their boat; only that I kept myself and one more out of sight for reasons of state.

Our next work was to repair the boat, and think of seizing the ship; and the captain, now that he had leisure to parley with them, expostulated with them upon the villainy of their conduct towards him, saying that it must bring them to misery and distress in the end, and perhaps to the gallows.

They all appeared very penitent, and begged hard for their lives. As for that, he told them they were none of his prisoners, but of the commander of the island. Atkins fell upon his knees, to beg the captain to intercede with the governor for his life; and all the rest begged of him, for God's sake, that they might not be sent to England.

It now occurred to me that the time of our deliverance was come, and that it would be a most easy thing to induce these fellows to help in getting possession of the ship ; so I retired in the dark from them, that they might not see what kind of a governor they had, and called the captain to me. When I called, as at a good distance, one of the men was ordered to speak again, and say to the captain, "Captain, the commander calls for you ". And presently the captain replied, "Tell his excellency I am just coming". And they all believed that the commander was close by with his fifty men.

I told the captain my project for seizing the ship, which he liked wonderfully well, and resolved to put it into execution the next morning. But in order to execute it with more art, and be secure of success, I told him we must divide the prisoners, and that he should go and take Atkins and two more of the worst of them, and send them pinioned to the cave where the others lay. This was committed to Friday and the two men who came on shore with the captain.

The others I ordered to my bower, of which I have given a full description ; and as it was fenced in, and they pinioned, the place was secure enough, considering they were upon their behaviour.

To these in the morning I sent the captain, who was to enter into a parley with them ; in a word, to try them, and tell me whether he thought they might be trusted or no to go on board and surprise the ship. He talked to them of the injury done him, of the condition they were brought to ; and that though the governor had given them quarter for their lives they would all be hanged in chains if they were sent to England ; but that if they would join in an attempt to recover the ship, he would get the governor's promise for their pardon.

Any one may guess how readily such a proposal would be accepted by men in their condition. They fell down on their knees to the captain, and promised to be faithful to him to the last drop of their blood, and that they would owe their lives to him, and would go with him all over the world ; that they would own him for a father to them as long as they lived.

"Well," said the captain, "I must go and tell the governor what you say, and see what I can do to bring him to consent to it." So he brought me an account of the temper he found them in, and that he truly believed they would be faithful.

However, that we might be very secure, I told him that he should go back again and choose out five of them to be his assistants, and that the governor would keep the other two and the three that were sent prisoners to the castle, my cave, as hostages for their fidelity.

The captain now had no difficulty before him but to furnish his two boats, stop the hole in one, and man them. He made his passenger captain of one, with four other men; and himself, and his mate, and five more went in the other. As soon as they came within call of the ship, he made Robinson hail them, and tell them they brought off the men and the boat, but that it was a long time before they had found them, and the like, holding them in conversation till they came to the ship's side; when the captain and the mate entering first, with their arms, immediately knocked down the second mate and carpenter with the butt-end of their muskets, and were very faithfully seconded by their men. They secured all the rest that were upon the main and quarter decks, and began to fasten the hatches to keep down those who were below. Then the men from the other boat entering at the forechains, secured the forecastle of the ship, making three men they found there prisoners.

When this was done, and all was safe upon deck, the captain ordered the mate, with three men, to break into the round-house, where the new rebel captain, having taken the alarm, had got up, and with two men and a boy had got fire-arms in their hands; and when the mate with a crowbar split open the door, the new captain and his men fired boldly among them, and wounded the mate with a musket-ball, which broke his arm, and wounded two more of the men, but killed nobody.

The mate calling for help, rushed, however, into the round-

house wounded as he was, and with his pistol shot the new captain through the head, whereupon the rest yielded, and the ship was taken, without any more lives lost.

As soon as the ship was thus secured, the captain ordered seven guns to be fired, which was the signal agreed upon with me to give me notice of his success. And you may be sure I was very glad to hear it, having sat watching upon the shore for it till nearly two o'clock in the morning.

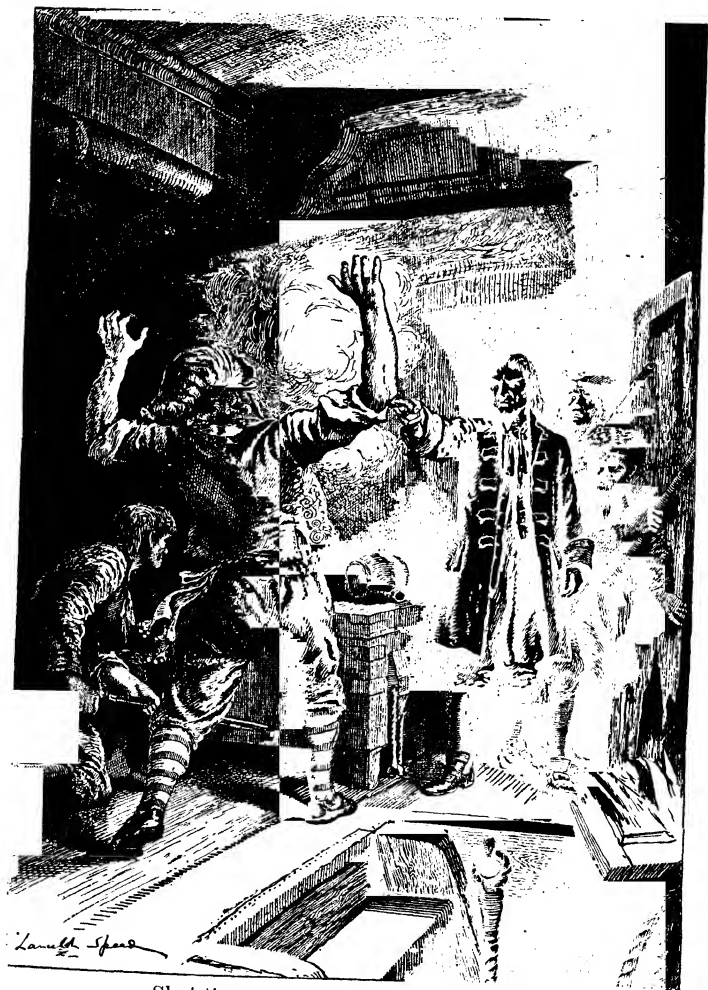
Having thus heard the signal plainly, I lay down; and as it had been a day of great fatigue to me, I slept very soundly till I was surprised at the noise of a gun; and presently starting up, I heard a man call me by the name of "Governor, Governor," and presently I recognized the captain's voice; when climbing up to the top of the hill, there he stood; and pointing to the ship, he embraced me in his arms. "My dear friend and deliverer," said he, "there's your ship, for she is all yours, and so are we, and all that belong to her."

I was at first ready to sink down with the surprise; for I saw my deliverance, indeed, visibly put into my hands, and a large ship just ready to carry me away wherever I pleased. At first, for some time, I was not able to answer him one word; but as he had taken me in his arms, I held fast to him, or I should have fallen to the ground.

He said a thousand kind tender things to me, to compose me and bring me to myself. But such was the flood of joy in my breast, that it put all my spirits into confusion. At last it broke out into tears, and in a little while after I recovered my speech.

I did not forget to lift up my heart in thankfulness to heaven; and what heart could forbear to bless Him, Who had not only in a miraculous manner provided for one in such a wilderness, and in such a desolate condition, but from Whom every deliverance must always be acknowledged to proceed?

When we had talked a while, the captain told me he had brought me some little refreshment from the ship; but what was a thousand times more useful to me, he brought me six clean new shirts, six very good neck-cloths, two pairs of gloves,



Shot the new captain through the head.



one pair of shoes, a hat, and one pair of stockings and a very good suit of clothes of his own, which had been worn very little; in a word, he clothed me from head to foot.

It was a very kind and agreeable present, as anyone may imagine, to one in my circumstances; but never was anything in the world of that kind so unpleasant, awkward, and uneasy, as it was to me to wear such clothes at their first putting on.

After this we began to consult what was to be done with the prisoners; for it was worth considering whether we might venture to take them away with us or no, especially two of them, whom we knew to be incorrigible and refractory; and the captain said he knew they were such rogues, that if he did carry them away, it must be in irons, as criminals, to be delivered over to justice at the first English colony we reached.

Upon this I told him that, if he desired it, I would bring the two men he spoke of to make it their own request that he should leave them upon the island. "I should be very glad of that," said the captain, "with all my heart."

"Well," said I, "I will send for them and talk with them for you." So I caused Friday and the two hostages, who were now discharged, their comrades having performed their promise, to go to the cave and bring up the five men, pinioned as they were, to the bower, and keep them there till I came.

After some time I came thither, dressed in my new habit; and now I was called governor again. I caused the men to be brought before me, and I told them that I wanted to know what they had to say why I should not execute them as pirates taken in the act.

One of them answered in the name of the rest that they had nothing to say but this, that when they were taken the captain promised them their lives, and they humbly implored my mercy. But I told them I knew not what mercy to show them; for as for myself, I had resolved to quit the island with all my men, and had taken passage with the captain for England. And as for the captain, he could not carry them to England other than as prisoners in irons, to be tried for

mutiny, and running away with the ship ; the consequence of which, they must needs know, would be the gallows ; so that I could not tell which was best for them, unless they had a mind to take their fate in the island.

They seemed very thankful, and said they would much rather venture to stay there than be carried to England to be hanged.

When they all declared their willingness to stay, I then told them I would let them into the story of my living there, and put them into the way of making it easy to them. Accordingly I gave them the whole history of the place, and of my coming to it, showing them my fortifications, the way I made my bread, planted my corn, cured my grapes ; and in a word, all that was necessary to make them comfortable. I told them the story also of the sixteen Spaniards that were to be expected, for whom I left a letter, and made them promise to treat them in common with themselves.

I left them my firearms, viz. five muskets, three fowling-pieces, and three swords. I had more than a barrel and a half of powder left ; for after the first year or two I used but little, and wasted none. I gave them a description of the way I managed the goats, and directions to milk and fatten them, and to make both butter and cheese.

Having done all this, I left them the next day, and went on board the ship. We prepared immediately to sail, but did not weigh that night. The next morning early two of the five men came swimming to the ship's side, and making a most lamentable complaint of the other three, begged the captain to take them on board, even though he hanged them immediately. After their solemn promises of amendment, they were taken on board, and were some time after soundly whipped, after which they proved very honest and quiet fellows.

When I took leave of this island, I carried on board, for relics, the great goatskin cap I had made, my umbrella, and my parrot ; nor did I forget to take the money I formerly mentioned, which had lain by me so long useless that it was

grown rusty or tarnished, and could hardly pass for silver till it had been a little rubbed and handled.

And thus I left the island, the 19th of December as I found by the ship's account, in the year 1686, after I had been upon it eight-and-twenty years, two months, and nineteen days, being delivered from this second captivity the same day of the month that I first made my escape from among the Moors of Sallee.

In this vessel, after a long voyage, I arrived in England, the 11th of June, in the year 1687, having been thirty-five years absent.

## I.

### A FIGHT WITH A BEAR.

ONE day, while they were walking in a forest, his companion laid a hand on his shoulder and strung his cross-bow with glittering eye. - "Hush!" said he, in a low whisper that startled Gerard more than thunder. Gerard grasped his axe tight, and shook a little; he heard a rustling in the wood hard by, and at the same moment Denys sprang into the wood, and his cross-bow went to his shoulder, even as he jumped. Twang! went the metal string; and after an instant's suspense, he roared, "Run forward, guard the road, he is hit! he is hit!"

Gerard darted forward, and as he ran a young bear burst out of the wood right upon him; finding itself intercepted, it went upon its hindlegs with a snarl, and though not half grown, opened formidable jaws and long claws. Gerard, in a fury of excitement and agitation, flung himself on it, and delivered a tremendous blow on its nose with his axe, and the creature staggered; another, and it lay grovelling, with Gerard hacking it.

"Hallo! stop! you are mad to spoil the meat."

"I took it for a robber," said Gerard, panting. "I mean, I had made ready for a robber, so I could not hold my hand."

"Ay, these chattering travellers have stuffed your head full of thieves and assassins; they have not got a real live robber in their whole nation. Nay, I'll carry the beast; bear thou my cross-bow."

"We will carry it by turns then," said Gerard, "for 'tis a heavy load; poor thing, how its blood drips. Why did we slay it?"

"For supper and the reward the bailie of the next town shall give us."

They walked on silently, each thinking of the approaching separation from one another; the thought checked trifling conversation. Suddenly Gerard's ear was attracted by a sound behind them. It was a peculiar sound, too, like something heavy, but not hard, rushing softly over the dead leaves. He turned round with some little curiosity. A colossal creature was coming down the road at about sixty paces distance.

He looked at it in a sort of calm stupor at first, but the next moment he turned ashy pale. "Denys!" he cried. "O God! Denys!"

Denys whirled round.

It was as big as a cart-horse.

It was tearing along with its huge head down, running on a hot scent.

The very moment he saw it, Denys said in a whisper:—

"THE CUB!"

Oh! the concentrated horror of that one word, whispered hoarsely, with dilating eyes! For in that syllable it all flashed upon them both like a sudden stroke of lightning in the dark—the bloody trail, the murdered cub, the mother upon them, *and it*—DEATH. All this in a moment of time. The next, she saw them. Huge as she was, she seemed to double herself (it was her long hair bristling with rage); she raised her head big as a bull's, her swine-shaped jaws opened wide at them, her eyes turned to blood and flame, and she rushed upon them, scattering the leaves about her like a whirlwind as she came.

"Shoot!" screamed Denys, but Gerard stood shaking from head to foot, useless.

"Shoot, man! ten thousand devils, shoot! too late! tree! tree!" and he dropped the cub, pushed Gerard across the

road, and flew to the first tree and climbed it, Gerard the same on his side; and as they fled, both men uttered inhuman howls like savage creatures grazed by death.

With all their speed one or other would have been torn to fragments at the foot of his tree; but the bear stopped a moment at the cub. Without taking her bloodshot eyes off those she was hunting, she smelt it all round, and found, how, her Creator only knows, that it was dead, quite dead. She gave a yell, such as neither of the hunted ones had ever heard nor dreamed to be in nature, and flew after Denys. She reared and struck at him as he climbed. He was just out of reach.

Instantly she seized the tree, and with her huge teeth tore a great piece out of it with a crash. Then she reared again, dug her claws deep into the bark, and began to mount it slowly, but surely as a monkey.

Denys' evil star had led him to a dead tree, a mere shaft, and of no very great height. He climbed faster than his pursuer, and was soon at the top. He looked this way and that for some bough of another tree to spring to. There was none; and if he jumped down, he knew the bear would be upon him ere he could recover the fall, and make short work of him. Moreover, Denys was little used to turning his back on danger, and his blood was rising at being hunted. He turned at bay.

"My hour is come," thought he. "Let me meet death like a man." He kneeled down and grasped a small shoot to steady himself, drew his long knife, prepared to stab the huge brute as soon as it should mount within reach.

Of this combat the result was not doubtful. The monster's head and neck were scarce vulnerable for bone and masses of hair. The man was going to sting the bear, and the bear to crack the man like a nut.

Gerard's heart was better than his nerves. He saw his friend's mortal danger, and passed at once from fear to blindish rage. He slipped down his tree in a moment, caught up the cross-bow, which he had dropped in the road, and running furiously up, sent a bolt into the bear's body with a loud shout.



He kneeled down, grasped a small shoot to steady himself, and drew his long knife.

She gave a snarl of rage and pain, and turned her head irresolutely.

"Keep aloof!" cried Denys, "or you are a dead man."

"I care not;" and in a moment he had another bolt ready and shot it fiercely into the bear, screaming "Take that! take that!"

Denys poured a volley of oaths down at him. "Get away, idiot!"

He was right; the bear finding so formidable and noisy a foe behind her, slipped growling down the tree, rending deep furrows in it as she slipped. Gerard ran back to his tree and climbed it swiftly. But while his legs were dangling some eight feet from the ground, the bear came rearing and struck with her forepaw, and out flew a piece of bloody cloth from Gerard's hose. He climbed, and climbed; and presently he heard as it were in the air a voice say, "Go out on the bough!" He looked, and there was a long massive branch before him shooting upwards at a slight angle; he threw his body across it, and by a series of convulsive efforts worked up it to the end.

Then he looked round panting.

The bear was mounting the tree on the other side. He heard her claws scrape, and saw her bulge on both sides of the massive tree. Her eye not being very quick, she reached the fork and passed it, mounting the main stem. Gerard drew breath more freely. The bear either heard him, or found by scent she was wrong; she paused; presently she caught sight of him. She eyed him steadily, then quietly descended to the fork. Slowly and cautiously she stretched out a paw and tried the bough. It was a stiff oak branch, sound as iron. Instinct taught the creature this; it crawled carefully out on the bough, growling savagely as it came.

Gerard looked wildly down. He was forty feet from the ground. Death below. Death moving slow but sure on him in a still more horrible form. His hair bristled. The sweat poured from him. He sat helpless, fascinated, tongue-tied.

The bear crawled on. And now the stupor of death fell on



the doomed man ; he saw the open jaws and bloodshot eyes coming, but in a mist. As in a mist he heard twang ! He glanced down ; Denys, white and silent as death, was shooting up at the bear. The bear snarled at the twang, but crawled on. Again the cross-bow twanged, and the bear snarled and came nearer. Again the cross-bow twanged ; and the next moment the bear was close upon Gerard, where he sat, with hair standing stiff on end and eyes starting from their sockets, palsied. The bear opened her jaws like a grave, and hot blood spouted from them upon Gerard as from a pump. The bough rocked. The wounded monster was reeling ; it clung, it stuck its claws deep into the wood ; it toppled, its claws held firm, but its body rolled off, and the sudden shock to the branch shook Gerard forward on his stomach with his face upon one of the bear's straining paws. At this, by a convulsive effort, she raised her head up, up, till he felt her hot fetid breath. Then huge teeth snapped together loudly close below him in the air, with a last effort of baffled hate. The ponderous carcass rent the claws out of the bough, then pounded the earth with a tremendous thump. There was a shout of triumph below, and the very next instant a cry of dismay, for Gerard had swooned, and without an attempt to save himself, rolled headlong from the perilous height.

Denys caught at Gerard, and somewhat checked his fall ; but it may be doubted whether this alone would have saved him from breaking his neck or a limb. His best friend now was the dying bear, on whose hairy carcass his head and shoulders descended. Denys tore him off her. It was needless. She panted still, and her limbs quivered, but a hare was not so harmless ; and soon she breathed her last ; and the judicious Denys propped up Gerard against her, being soft, and fanned him.

Charles Reade, "The Cloister and the Hearth"  
(adapted).

## II.

## AN ATTEMPT AT HIGHWAY ROBBERY.

[In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries travelling in England and other European countries was dangerous owing to the risk of attack by highwaymen, who infested the public roads. Macaulay in his "History of England" writes, "Whatever might be the way in which a journey was performed, the travellers, unless they were numerous and well-armed, ran considerable risk of being stopped and plundered. The mounted highwayman, a marauder known to our generation only from books, was to be found on every main road. The waste tracts which lay on the great routes near London were especially haunted by plunderers of this class. . . . The public authorities seem to have been often at a loss how to deal with these plunderers. At one time it was announced in the 'Gazette' that several persons, who were strongly suspected of being highwaymen, but against whom there was no sufficient evidence, would be paraded at Newgate in riding dresses; their horses would also be shown; and all gentlemen who had been robbed were invited to inspect this singular exhibition. . . . A short time after appeared another proclamation warning the innkeepers that the eye of the government was upon them. Their criminal connivance, it was affirmed, enabled banditti to infest the roads with impunity. . . .

"It was necessary to the success and even to the safety of the highwayman that he should be a bold and skilful rider, and that his manners and appearance should be such as suited the master of a fine horse. He therefore held an aristocratical position in the community of thieves, appeared at fashionable coffee-houses and gaming-houses, and betted with men of quality on the race-ground. Sometimes he was a man of good family and education. A romantic interest therefore attached, and perhaps still attaches, to the names of freebooters of this class. The vulgar eagerly drank in tales of their ferocity and audacity, of their occasional acts of generosity and good nature. . . ."

In the incident described in the text Tom Jones accompanied by his friend Partridge and a guide are travelling to London. Between Barnet, a town to the north of London and Highgate, one of its suburbs, they are joined by a stranger.]

They were about two miles beyond Barnet, and it was now the dusk of the evening, when a genteel-looking man, but upon a very shabby horse, rode up to Jones, and asked him whether he was going to London, to which Jones answered in the affirmative. The gentleman replied, "I should be obliged to you, sir, if you will accept of my company; for it is very late, and I am a stranger to the road". Jones readily complied with the request; and on they travelled together, holding that sort of discourse which is usual on such occasions.

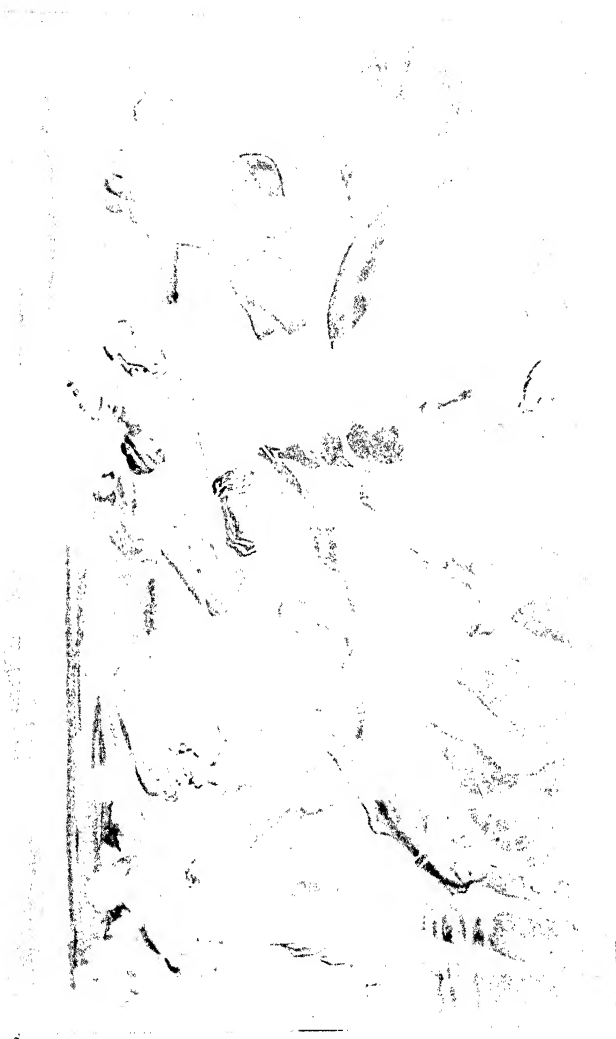
Of this, indeed, robbery was the principal topic, upon which subject the stranger expressed great apprehensions; but Jones declared he had very little to lose, and consequently as little to fear. Here Partridge could not forbear putting in his word. "Your honour," said he, "may think it little; but I am sure, if I had a £100 bank-note in my pocket, as you have, I should be very sorry to lose it; but for my part, I never was less afraid in my life; for we are four of us, and if we all stand by one another, the best man in England can't rob us. Suppose he should have a pistol; he can kill but one of us, and a man can die but once—that's my comfort; a man can die but once." Besides the reliance on superior numbers, a kind of valour which has raised a certain nation among the moderns to a high pitch of glory, there was another reason for the extraordinary courage which Partridge now discovered; for he had at present as much of that quality as was in the power of liquor to bestow.

Our company were now arrived within a mile of Highgate, when the stranger turned short upon Jones, and pulling out a pistol, demanded that little bank-note which Partridge had mentioned. Jones was at first somewhat shocked at this unexpected demand; however, he presently recollected himself, and told the highwayman all the money he had in his pocket was entirely at his service; and so saying, he pulled out

upwards of three guineas, and offered to deliver it; but the other answered, with an oath, that would not do. Jones answered coolly, he was very sorry for it, and returned the money into his pocket. The highwayman then threatened, if he did not deliver the bank-note that moment, he must shoot him; holding the pistol at the same time very near to his breast. Jones instantly caught hold of the fellow's hand, which trembled so that he could scarce hold the pistol in it, and turned the muzzle from him. A struggle then ensued, in which the former wrested the pistol from the hand of his antagonist, and both came from their horses on the ground together, the highwayman upon his back, and the victorious Jones upon him. The poor fellow now began to implore mercy of the conqueror: for, to say the truth, he was in strength by no means a match for Jones. "Indeed, sir," says he, "I could have had no intention to shoot you; for you will find the pistol is not loaded. This is the first robbery I ever attempted, and I have been driven by distress to this."

At this instant, at about 150 yards distance, lay another person on the ground roaring for mercy in a much louder voice than the highwayman; this was no other than Partridge himself, who, endeavouring to make his escape from the engagement, had been thrown from his horse, and lay flat on his face, not daring to look up, and expecting every minute to be shot. In this posture he lay, till the guide, who was no otherwise concerned than for his horse, having secured the stumbling beast, came up to him, and told him his master had got the better of the highwayman. Partridge leaped up at this news and ran back to the place where Jones stood with his sword drawn in his hand to guard the poor fellow; which Partridge no sooner saw than he cried out, "Kill the villain, sir; run him through the body; kill him this instant".

Luckily, however, for the poor wretch, he had fallen into more merciful hands; for Jones having examined the pistol and found it to be really unloaded, began to believe all the man had told him before Partridge came up; namely, that he was a novice in the trade, and that he had been driven to it by the distress he mentioned; the greatest indeed imaginable, of



A struggle then ensued.

five hungry children and a wife in the utmost want and misery: the truth of all which the highwayman most vehemently asserted, and offered to convince Mr. Jones of it, if he would take the trouble to go to his house, which was not above two miles off; saying, that he desired no favour, but upon condition of proving all he had alleged. Jones at first pretended that he would take the fellow at his word, and go with him, declaring that his fate should depend entirely on the truth of his story. Upon this the poor fellow immediately expressed so much alacrity, that Jones was perfectly satisfied with his veracity, and began now to entertain sentiments of compassion for him. He returned the fellow his empty pistol, advised him to think of honest means of relieving his distress, and gave him a couple of guineas for the immediate support of his wife and family; adding, he wished he had more for his sake, for the £100 that had been mentioned was not his own.

Our readers will probably be divided in their opinions concerning this action; some may applaud it perhaps as an act of extraordinary humanity, while those of a more saturnine temper will consider it as a want of regard to that justice which every man owes to his country. Partridge certainly saw it in that light; for he testified much dissatisfaction on the occasion, quoted an old proverb, and said he should not wonder if the rogue attacked them again before they reached London. The highwayman was full of expressions of thankfulness and gratitude; he actually dropped tears, or pretended to do so; he vowed he would immediately return home, and would never afterwards commit such a transgression: whether he kept his word or no perhaps may appear hereafter.

Henry Fielding, "Tom Jones".

### III.

#### THE SHOOTING MATCH.

THE sound of the trumpets soon recalled those spectators who had already begun to leave the field; and proclamation was

made that Prince John, suddenly called by high and peremptory public duties, held himself obliged to discontinue the entertainments of to-morrow's festival; nevertheless, that, being unwilling so many good yeomen should depart without a trial of skill, he was pleased to appoint them, before leaving the ground, presently to execute the competition of archery intended for the morrow. To the best archer a prize was to be awarded, being a bugle-horn, mounted with silver, and a silken baldric richly ornamented with a medallion of St. Hubert, the patron of sylvan sport.

More than thirty yeomen at first presented themselves as competitors, several of whom were rangers and under-keepers in the royal forests of Needwood and Charnwood. When, however, the archers understood with whom they were to be matched, upwards of twenty withdrew themselves from the contest, unwilling to encounter the dishonour of almost certain defeat.

The diminished list of competitors for sylvan fame still amounted to eight. Prince John stepped from his royal seat to view more nearly the persons of these chosen yeomen, several of whom wore the royal livery. Having satisfied his curiosity by this investigation, he looked for the object of his resentment, whom he observed standing on the same spot, and with the same composed countenance which he had exhibited upon the preceding day.

"Fellow," said Prince John, "I guessed by thy insolent babble thou wert no true lover of the long-bow, and I see thou darest not adventure thy skill among such merry-men as stand yonder."

"Under favour, sir," replied the yeoman, "I have another reason for refraining to shoot besides the fearing discomfiture and disgrace."

"And what is thy other reason?" said Prince John, who, for some cause, which perhaps he could not himself have explained, felt a painful curiosity respecting this individual.

"Because," replied the woodman, "I know not if these yeomen and I are used to shoot at the same marks; and

because, moreover, I know not how your Grace might relish the winning of a third prize by one who has unwittingly fallen under your displeasure."

Prince John coloured as he put the question, "What is thy name, yeoman?"

"Locksley," answered the yeoman.

"Then, Locksley," said Prince John, "thou shalt shoot in thy turn, when these yeomen have displayed their skill. If thou carriest the prize I will add to it twenty nobles; but if thou lovest it, thou shalt be stript of thy Lincoln green, and scourged out of the lists with bowstrings for a wordy and insolent braggart."

"And how if I refuse to shoot on such a wager?" said the yeoman. "Your Grace's power, supported, as it is, by so many men-at-arms, may indeed easily strip and scourge me, but cannot compel me to bend or to draw my bow."

"If thou refusest my fair proffer," said the Prince, "the provost of the lists shall cut thy bowstring, break thy bow and arrows, and expel thee from the presence as a faint-hearted craven."

"This is no fair chance you put on me, proud Prince," said the yeoman, "to compel me to peril myself against the best archers of Leicester and Staffordshire, under the penalty of infamy if they should overshoot me. Nevertheless, I will obey your pleasure."

"Look to him close, men-at-arms," said Prince John, "his heart is sinking; I am jealous lest he attempt to escape the trial. And do you, good fellows, shoot boldly round; a buck and a butt of wine are ready for your refreshment in yonder tent when the prize is won."

A target was placed at the upper end of the southern avenue which led to the lists. The contending archers took their station in turn, at the bottom of the southern access, and having previously determined by lot their order of precedence, were to shoot each three shafts in succession. The sports were regulated by an officer of inferior rank, termed the Provost of the Games; for the high rank of the marshals of the list



would have been held degraded had they condescended to superintend the sports of the yeomanry.

One by one the archers, stepping forward, delivered their shafts yeomanlike and bravely. Of twenty-four arrows, shot in succession, ten were fixed in the target, and the others ranged so near it, that, considering the distance of the mark, it was accounted good archery. Of the ten shafts which hit the target, two within the inner ring were shot by Hubert, a forester, who was accordingly pronounced victorious.

"Now, Locksley," said Prince John to the bold yeoman, with a bitter smile, "wilt thou try conclusions with Hubert, or wilt thou yield up bow, baldric, and quiver, to the provost of the sports?"

"Sith it be no better," said Locksley, "I am content to try my fortune, on condition that when I have shot two shafts at yonder mark of Hubert's, he shall be bound to shoot one at that which I shall propose."

"That is but fair," answered Prince John, "and it shall not be refused thee. If thou dost beat this braggart, Hubert, I will fill the bugle with silver pennies for thee."

"A man can do but his best," answered Hubert; "but my grandsire drew a long-bow at Hastings, and I trust not to dishonour his memory."

The former target was now removed, and a fresh one of the same size placed in its room. Hubert, who, as victor in the first trial of skill, had the right to shoot first, took his aim with great deliberation, long measuring the distance with his eye, while he held in his hand his bended bow, with the arrow placed on the string. At length he made a step forward, and raising the bow at the full stretch of his left arm, till the centre or grasping-place was nigh level with his face, he drew his bowstring to his ear. The arrow whistled through the air, and lighted within the inner ring of the target, but not exactly in the centre.

"You have not allowed for the wind, Hubert," said his antagonist, bending his bow, "or that had been a better shot."

So saying, and without showing the least anxiety to pause upon his aim, Locksley stepped to the appointed station, and shot his arrow as carelessly in appearance as if he had not even looked at the mark. He was speaking almost at the instant that the shaft left the bowstring, yet it alighted in the target two inches nearer to the white spot which marked the centre than that of Hubert.

"By the light of heaven!" said Prince John to Hubert, "an thou suffer that runagate knave to overcome thee, thou art worthy of the gallows!"

Hubert had but one set speech for all occasions. "An your Highness were to hang me," he said, "a man can but do his best. Nevertheless, my grandsire drew a good bow——"

"The foul fiend on thy grandsire and all his generation!" interrupted John. "Shoot, knave, and shoot thy best, or it shall be the worse for thee!"

Thus exhorted, Hubert resumed his place, and not neglecting the caution which he had received from his adversary, he made the necessary allowance for a very light air of wind, which had just arisen, and shot so successfully that his arrow alighted in the very centre of the target.

"A Hubert! a Hubert!" shouted the populace, more interested in a known person than in a stranger. "In the clout!—in the clout! a Hubert for ever!"

"Thou canst not mend that shot, Locksley," said the Prince, with an insulting smile.

"I will notch his shaft for him, however," replied Locksley.

And letting fly his arrow with a little more precaution than before, it lighted right upon that of his competitor, which it split to shivers. The people who stood around were so astonished at his wonderful dexterity, that they could not even give vent to their surprise in their usual clamour.

"This must be the devil, and no man of flesh and blood," whispered the yeomen to each other; "such archery was never seen since a bow was first bent in Britain."

"And now," said Locksley, "I will crave your Grace's



Locksley stepped to the appointed station, and shot his arrow carelessly.

permission to plant such a mark as is used in the north country."

He then turned to leave the lists. "Let your guards attend me," he said, "if you please; I go but to cut a rod from the next willow-bush."

Prince John made a signal that some attendants should follow him in case of his escape; but the cry of "Shame! shame!" which burst from the multitude, induced him to alter his ungenerous purpose.

Locksley returned almost immediately with a willow wand about six feet in length, perfectly straight and rather thicker than a man's thumb. He began to peel this with great composure, observing, at the same time, that to ask a good woodsman to shoot at a target so broad as had hitherto been used, was to put shame upon his skill. "For his own part," he said, "and in the land where he was bred, men would as soon take for their mark King Arthur's Round Table, which held sixty knights around it. A child of seven years old," he said, "might hit yonder target with a headless shaft; but," added he, walking deliberately to the other end of the lists, and sticking the willow wand upright in the ground, "he that hits that rod at fivescore yards, I call him an archer fit to bear both bow and quiver before a king, an it were the stout King Richard himself."

"My grandsire," said Hubert, "drew a good bow at the battle of Hastings, and never shot at such a mark in his life—and neither will I. If this yeoman can cleave that rod, I give him the bucklers; or rather, I yield to the devil that is in his jerkin, and not to any human skill; a man can but do his best, and I will not shoot where I am sure to miss. I might as well shoot at the edge of our parson's whittle, or at a wheat straw, or at a sunbeam, as at a twinkling white streak which I can hardly see."

"Cowardly dog!" said Prince John. "Sirrah Locksley, do thou shoot; but if thou hittest such a mark, I will say thou art the first man ever did so. Howe'er it be, thou shalt not crow over us with a mere show of superior skill."

"I will do my best, as Hubert says," answered Locksley ;  
"no man can do more."

So saying he again bent his bow, but on the present occasion looked with attention to his weapon, and changed the string, which he thought was no longer truly round, having been a little frayed by the two former shots. He then took his aim with some deliberation, and the multitude awaited the event in breathless silence. The archer vindicated their opinion of his skill : his arrow split the willow rod against which it was aimed. A jubilee of acclamations followed ; and even Prince John, in admiration of Locksley's skill, lost for an instant his dislike to his person.

"These twenty nobles," he said, "which, with the bugle, thou hast fairly won, are thine own ; we will make them fifty if thou wilt take livery and service with us as a yeoman of our body-guard, and be near to our person. For never did so strong a hand bend a bow, or so true an eye direct a shaft."

"Pardon me, noble Prince," said Locksley ; "but I have vowed that, if ever I take service, it should be with your royal brother King Richard. These twenty nobles I leave to Hubert, who has this day drawn as brave a bow as his grand-sire did at Hastings. Had his modesty not refused the trial, he would have hit the wand as well as I."

Hubert shook his head as he received with reluctance the bounty of the stranger, and Locksley, anxious to escape further observation, mixed with the crowd and was seen no more.

Sir Walter Scott, "Ivanhoe" (adapted).

#### IV.

#### THE RIDE THAT FAILED.

MR. PICKWICK found that his three companions had risen, and were waiting his arrival to commence breakfast, which was ready laid in tempting display. They sat down to the meal ; and broiled ham, eggs, tea, coffee, and sundries, began to disappear with a rapidity which at once bore testimony to the excellence of the fare and the appetites of its consumers.

"Now, about Manor Farm," said Mr. Pickwick. "How shall we go?"

"We had better consult the waiter, perhaps," said Mr. Tupman, and the waiter was summoned accordingly.

"Dingley Dell, gentlemen—fifteen miles, gentlemen—cross road—post-chaise, sir?"

"Post-chaise won't hold more than two," said Mr. Pickwick.

"True, sir—beg your pardon, sir. Very nice four-wheeled chaise, sir—seat for two behind—one in front for the gentleman that drives—oh! beg your pardon, sir—that'll only hold three."

"What's to be done?" said Mr. Snodgrass.

"Perhaps one of the gentlemen would like to ride, sir?" suggested the waiter, looking towards Mr. Winkle; "very good saddle horses, sir—any of Mr. Wardle's men coming to Rochester bring 'em back, sir."

"The very thing," said Mr. Pickwick. "Winkle, will you go on horseback?"

Mr. Winkle did entertain considerable misgivings in the very lowest recesses of his own heart, relative to his equestrian skill; but, as he would not have them even suspected on any account, he at once replied with great hardihood, "Certainly. I should enjoy it, of all things."

Mr. Winkle had rushed upon his fate. "Let them be at the door by eleven," said Mr. Pickwick.

"Very well, sir," replied the waiter.

The waiter retired; the breakfast concluded; and the travellers ascended to their respective bedrooms, to prepare a change of clothing, to take with them on their approaching expedition.

Mr. Pickwick had made his preliminary arrangements, and was looking over the coffee-room blinds at the passengers in the street, when the waiter entered and announced that the chaise was ready—an announcement which the vehicle itself confirmed, by forthwith appearing before the coffee-room blinds aforesaid.

It was a curious little green box on four wheels, with a low place like a wine-bin for two behind, and an elevated perch for one in front, drawn by an immense brown horse, displaying great symmetry of bone. An ostler stood near, holding by the bridle another immense horse—apparently a near relative of the animal in the chaise—ready saddled for Mr. Winkle.

“Bless my soul!” said Mr. Pickwick, as they stood upon the pavement while the coats were being put in. “Bless my soul! who’s to drive? I never thought of that.”

“Oh! you, of course,” said Mr. Tupman.

“Of course,” said Mr. Snodgrass.

“I!” exclaimed Mr. Pickwick.

“Not the slightest fear, sir,” interposed the ostler. “Warrant him quiet, sir; a hinfant in arms might drive him.”

“He don’t shy, does he?” inquired Mr. Pickwick.

“Shy, sir?—He wouldn’t shy if he was to meet a vaggin-load of monkeys with their tails burnt off.”

The last recommendation was indisputable. Mr. Tupman and Mr. Snodgrass got into the bin; Mr. Pickwick ascended to his perch, and deposited his feet on a floor-clothed shelf, erected beneath it for that purpose.

“Now, shiny Villiam,” said the ostler to the deputy-ostler, “give the gen’lm’n the ribbins.” “Shiny Villiam”—so-called, probably, from his sleek hair and oily countenance—placed the reins in Mr. Pickwick’s left hand; and the upper ostler thrust a whip into his right.

“Wo—o!” cried Mr. Pickwick, as the tall quadruped evinced a decided inclination to back into the coffee-room window.

“Wo—o!” echoed Mr. Tupman and Mr. Snodgrass, from the bin.

“Only his playfulness, gen’lm’n,” said the head ostler encouragingly; “jist kitch hold on him, Villiam.” The deputy restrained the animal’s impetuosity, and the principal ran to assist Mr. Winkle in mounting.

"T'other side, sir, if you please."

"Blowed if the gen'lm'n worn't a gettin' up on the wrong side," whispered a grinning post-boy to the inexpressibly gratified waiter.

Mr. Winkle, thus instructed, climbed into his saddle, with about as much difficulty as he would have experienced in getting up the side of a first-rate man-of-war.

"All right?" inquired Mr. Pickwick, with an inward presentiment that it *was* all wrong.

"All right," replied Mr. Winkle faintly.

"Let 'em go," cried the ostler,—"*Hold him in, sir,*" and away went the chaise, and the saddle-horse, with Mr. Pickwick on the box of the one, and Mr. Winkle on the back of the other, to the delight and gratification of the whole inn-yard.

"What makes him go sideways?" said Mr. Snodgrass in the bin, to Mr. Winkle in the saddle.

"I can't imagine," replied Mr. Winkle. His horse was drifting up the street in the most mysterious manner—side first, with his head towards one side of the way, and his tail towards the other.

Mr. Pickwick had no leisure to observe either this or any other particular, the whole of his faculties being concentrated in the management of the animal attached to the chaise, who displayed various peculiarities, highly interesting to a bystander, but by no means equally amusing to anyone seated behind him. Besides constantly jerking his head up, in a very unpleasant and uncomfortable manner, and tugging at the reins to an extent which rendered it a matter of great difficulty for Mr. Pickwick to hold them, he had a singular propensity for darting suddenly every now and then to the side of the road, then stopping short, and then rushing forward for some minutes, at a speed which it was wholly impossible to control.

"What *can* he mean by this?" said Mr. Snodgrass, when the horse had executed this manœuvre for the twentieth time



"I don't know," replied Mr. Tupman ; "it *looks* very like shying, don't it?" Mr. Snodgrass was about to reply, when he was interrupted by a shout from Mr. Pickwick.

"Woo!" said that gentleman; "I have dropped my whip."

"Winkle," said Mr. Snodgrass, as the equestrian came trotting up on the tall horse, with his hat over his ears, and shaking all over, as if he would shake to pieces, with the violence of the exercise, "pick up the whip, there's a good fellow." Mr. Winkle pulled at the bridle of the tall horse till he was black in the face; and having at length succeeded in stopping him, dismounted, handed the whip to Mr. Pickwick, and grasping the reins, prepared to remount.

Now whether the tall horse, in the natural playfulness of his disposition, was desirous of having a little innocent recreation with Mr. Winkle, or whether it occurred to him that he could perform the journey as much to his own satisfaction without a rider as with one, are points upon which, of course, we can arrive at no definite and distinct conclusion. By whatever motives the animal was actuated, certain it is that Mr. Winkle had no sooner touched the reins, than he slipped them over his head, and darted backwards to their full length.

"Poor fellow," said Mr. Winkle soothingly, "poor fellow—good old horse." The "poor fellow" was proof against flattery: the more Mr. Winkle tried to get nearer him, the more he sidled away; and, notwithstanding all kinds of coaxing and wheedling, there were Mr. Winkle and the horse going round and round each other for ten minutes, at the end of which time each was at precisely the same distance from the other as when they first commenced—an unsatisfactory sort of thing under any circumstances, but particularly so in a lonely road, where no assistance can be procured.

"What am I to do?" shouted Mr. Winkle, after the dodging had been prolonged for a considerable time. "What am I to do? I can't get on him."

"You had better lead him till we come to a turnpike," replied Mr. Pickwick from the chaise.



The "poor fellow" was proof against flattery.

"But he won't come!" roared Mr. Winkle. "Do come, and hold him."

Mr. Pickwick was the very personation of kindness and humanity: he threw the reins on the horse's back, and having descended from his seat, carefully drew the chaise into the hedge, lest anything should come along the road, and stepped back to the assistance of his distressed companion, leaving Mr. Tupman and Mr. Snodgrass in the vehicle.

The horse no sooner beheld Mr. Pickwick advancing towards him with the chaise-whip in his hand, than he exchanged the rotatory motion in which he had previously indulged, for a retrograde movement of so very determined a character, that it at once drew Mr. Winkle, who was still at the end of the bridle, at a rather quicker rate than fast walking, in the direction from which they had just come. Mr. Pickwick ran to his assistance, but the faster Mr. Pickwick ran forward, the faster the horse ran backward. There was a great scraping of feet, and kicking up of the dust; and at last Mr. Winkle, his arms being nearly pulled out of their sockets, fairly let go his hold. The horse paused, stared, shook his head, turned round, and quietly trotted home to Rochester, leaving Mr. Winkle and Mr. Pickwick gazing on each other with countenances of blank dismay. A rattling noise at a little distance attracted their attention. They looked up.

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed the agonized Mr. Pickwick, "there's the other horse running away!"

It was but too true. The animal was startled by the noise, and the reins were on his back. The result may be guessed. He tore off with the four-wheeled chaise behind him, and Mr. Tupman and Mr. Snodgrass in the four-wheeled chaise. The heat was a short one. Mr. Tupman threw himself into the hedge, Mr. Snodgrass followed his example, the horse dashed the four-wheeled chaise against a wooden bridge, separated the wheels from the body, and the bin from the perch; and finally stood stock-still to gaze upon the ruin he had made.

The first care of the two unspilt friends was to extricate their unfortunate companions from their bed of quickset—a process which gave them the unspeakable satisfaction of discovering that they had sustained no injury, beyond sundry rents in their garments, and various lacerations from the brambles. The next thing to be done was to unharness the horse. This complicated process having been effected, the party walked slowly forward, leading the horse among them, and abandoning the chaise to its fate.

From Charles Dickens, “The Pickwick Papers”.

## V.

### HOW ONE MAN SAVED A HOST.

507 B.C.

THERE have been times when the devotion of one man has been the saving of an army. Such, according to old Roman story, was the feat of Horatius Coclēs. It was in the year 507 B.C., not long after the kings had been expelled from Rome, when they were endeavouring to return by the aid of the Etruscans. Lars Porsēna, one of the great Etruscan chieftains, had taken up the cause of the banished King Tarquinius Superbus and his son Sextus, and gathered all his forces together, to advance upon the City of Rome. All the people came flocking in from the country for shelter behind the walls; but the Tiber was the best defence, and it was only crossed by one wooden bridge, and the farther side of that was guarded by a fort, called the Janiculum. But the vanguards of the overwhelming Etruscan army soon took the fort, and then, in the gallant words of Lord Macaulay’s ballad,—

Thus in all the Senate  
There was no heart so bold,  
But sore it ached, and fast it beat,  
When that ill news was told.  
Forthwith up rose the Consul,  
Up rose the Fathers all,  
In haste they girded up their gowns,  
And hied them to the wall.

They held a council standing  
Before the River Gate :  
Short time was there, ye well may guess,  
For musing or debate.  
Out spoke the Consul roundly,  
"The bridge must straight go down,  
For, since Janiculum is lost,  
Nought else can save the town".

Just then a scout came flying,  
All wild with haste and fear :  
"To arms ! to arms ! Sir Consul,  
Lars Porsēna is here".  
On the low hills to westward  
The Consul fixed his eye,  
And saw the swarthy storm of dust  
Rise fast along the sky.

. . . . .  
But the Consul's brow was sad,  
And the Consul's speech was low,  
And darkly looked he at the wall,  
And darkly at the foe.  
"Their van will be upon us  
Before the bridge goes down ;  
And if they once may win the bridge  
What hope to save the town ?"

Then out spoke brave Horatius,  
The Captain of the Gate,  
"To every man upon this earth  
Death cometh soon or late ;  
And how can man die better  
Than facing fearful odds,  
For the ashes of his fathers,  
And the temples of his gods ?

"And for the tender mother  
Who dandled him to rest,  
And for the wife who nurses  
His baby at her breast ?  
And for the holy maidens  
Who feed the eternal flame,  
To save them from false Sextus,  
That wrought the deed of shame ?

"Hew down the bridge, Sir Consul,  
With all the speed ye may,  
I, with two more to help me,  
Will hold the foe in play.

In yon strait path a thousand  
May well be stopp'd by three :  
Now who will stand on either hand,  
And keep the bridge with me ? ”

Then out spake Spurius Lartius,  
A Ramnian proud was he,  
“ Lo, I will stand at thy right hand,  
And keep the bridge with thee ”.  
And out spake strong Herminius,  
Of Titian blood was he,  
“ I will abide on thy left side,  
And keep the bridge with thee ”.

So forth went these three brave men, Horatius, the Consul's nephew, Spurius Lartius, and Titus Herminius, to guard the bridge at the farther end, while all the rest of the warriors were breaking down the timbers behind them.

And Fathers, mixed with commons,  
Seized hatchet, bar, and crow,  
And smote upon the planks above,  
And loosen'd them below.

Meanwhile the Tuscan army,  
Right glorious to behold,  
Came flashing back the noonday light,  
Rank behind rank, like surges bright,  
Of a broad sea of gold.  
Four hundred trumpets sounded  
A peal of warlike glee,  
As that great host, with measured tread,  
And spears advanced, and ensigns spread,  
Roll'd slowly towards the bridge's head,  
Where stood the dauntless three.

The three stood calm and silent,  
And look'd upon the foes,  
And a great shout of laughter  
From all the vanguard rose.

They laughed to see three men standing to meet the whole army ; but it was so narrow a space, that no more than three enemies could attack them at once, and it was not easy to match them. Foe after foe came forth against them, and went down before their swords and spears, till at last—

Was none that would be foremost  
To lead such dire attack ;  
But those behind cried "Forward !"   
And those before cried "Back !"

. . . . .

However, the supports of the bridge had been destroyed.

But meanwhile axe and lever  
Have manfully been plied,  
And now the bridge hangs tottering  
Above the boiling tide.  
"Come back, come back, Horatius !"  
Loud cried the Fathers all ;  
"Back, Lartius ! back, Herminius !  
Back, ere the ruin fall !"

Back darted Spurius Lartius,  
Herminius darted back ;  
And as they passed, beneath their feet  
They felt the timbers crack ;  
But when they turn'd their faces,  
And on the farther shore  
Saw brave Horatius stand alone,  
They would have cross'd once more.

But with a crash like thunder  
Fell every loosen'd beam,  
And, like a dam, the mighty wreck  
Lay right athwart the stream ;  
And a long shout of triumph  
Rose from the walls of Rome,  
As to the highest turret-tops  
Was splash'd the yellow foam.

The one last champion, behind a rampart of dead enemies,  
remained till the destruction was complete.

Alone stood brave Horatius,  
But constant still in mind,  
Thrice thirty thousand foes before  
And the broad flood behind.

A dart had put out one eye, he was wounded in the thigh,  
and his work was done. He turned round, and—

Saw on Palatinus,  
The white porch of his home,  
And he spake to the noble river  
That rolls by the walls of Rome :





"O Tiber! father Tiber!  
To whom the Romans pray,  
A Roman's life, a Roman's arms  
Take thou in charge this day."

And with this brief prayer he leapt into the foaming stream.  
One historian says that he was there drowned; but Livy  
gives the version which the ballad follows:—

But fiercely ran the current,  
Swollen high by months of rain,  
And fast his blood was flowing,  
And he was sore in pain,  
And heavy with his armour,  
And spent with changing blows,  
And oft they thought him sinking,  
But still again he rose.

Never, I ween, did swimmer,  
In such an evil case,  
Struggle through such a raging flood  
Safe to the landing-place.  
But his limbs were borne up bravely  
By the brave heart within,  
And our good father Tiber  
Bare bravely up his chin.

. . . . .

And now he feels the bottom,  
Now on dry earth he stands,  
Now round him throng the Fathers,  
To press his gory hands.  
And now with shouts and clapping,  
And noise of weeping loud,  
He enters through the River Gate,  
Borne by the joyous crowd.

They gave him of the corn-land,  
That was of public right,  
As much as two strong oxen  
Could plough from morn to night.  
And they made a molten image,  
And set it up on high,  
And there it stands unto this day,  
To witness if I lie.

It stands in the Comitium,  
Plain for all folk to see,  
Horatius in his harness,  
Halting upon his knee:

And underneath is written,  
In letters all of gold,  
How valiantly he kept the bridge  
In the brave days of old.

C. M. Yonge, "The Golden Deeds" (adapted).

## VI.

### THE STORY OF MACBETH.

#### I.

THERE was once a King of Scotland called Duncan, a very good old man. He had two sons: one was called Malcolm, and the other Donaldbane. But King Duncan was too old to lead out his army to battle, and his sons were too young to help him.

At this time Scotland, and, indeed, France and England, and all the other countries of Europe, were much harassed by the Danes. These were a very fierce, warlike people, who sailed from one place to another, and landed their armies on the coast, burning and destroying everything wherever they came.

When they came to countries where the inhabitants were cowardly, they took possession of the land, as the Saxons took possession of Britain. At other times they landed with their soldiers, took what spoil they could find, burned the houses, and then got on board, hoisted sails, and away again. They did so much mischief that people put up prayers to God in the churches to deliver them from the rage of the Danes.

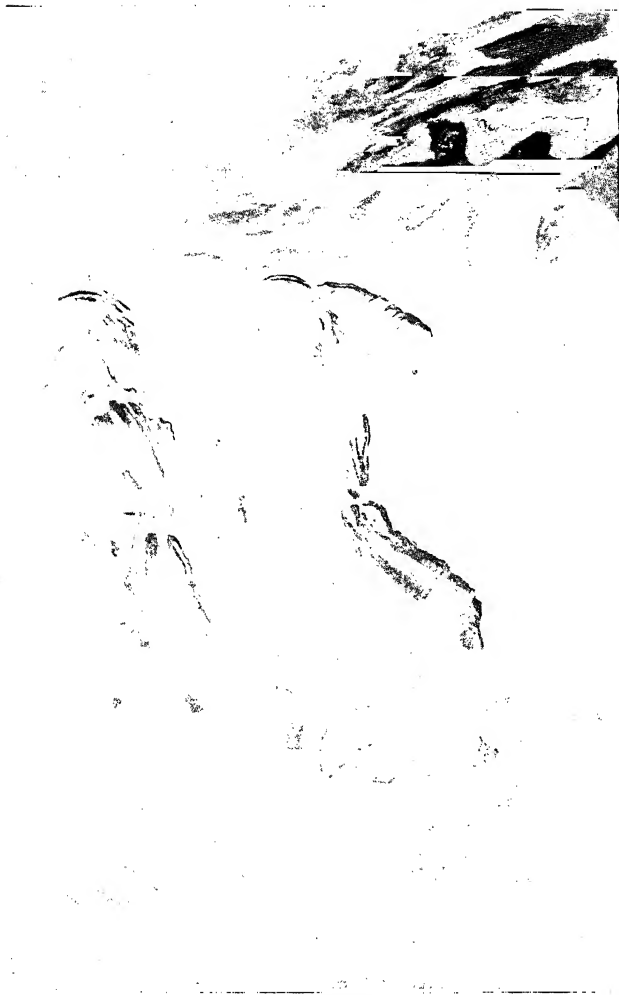
Now, it happened in King Duncan's time that a great fleet of these Danes came to Scotland and landed their men in Fife, and threatened to take possession of that province. So a numerous Scottish army was levied to go to fight against them. The King, as I told you, was too old to command his army, and his sons were too young. He therefore sent out one of his near relations, who was called Macbeth; he was son of Finel, who was Thane, as it was called, of Glamis.

The governors of provinces were at that time, in Scotland, called thanes ; they were afterwards termed earls.

This Macbeth, who was a brave soldier, put himself at the head of the Scottish army, and marched against the Danes. And he carried with him a relation of his own, called Banquo, who was a Thane of Lochaber, and was also a very brave man. So there was a great battle fought between the Danes and the Scots ; and Macbeth and Banquo, the Scottish generals, defeated the Danes, and drove them back to their ships, leaving a great many of their soldiers both killed and wounded. Then Macbeth and his army marched back to a town in the north of Scotland, called Forres, rejoicing on account of their victory.

Now, there lived at this time three old women in the town of Forres, whom people looked upon as witches, and supposed they could tell what was to come to pass. Nobody would believe such folly nowadays, except ignorant creatures, such as those who consult gipsies in order to have their fortunes told ; but in those early times the people were much more ignorant, and even great men, like Macbeth, believed that such persons as these witches of Forres could tell what was to come to pass afterwards, and listened to the nonsense they told them, as if the old women had really been prophetesses. The old women saw that they were respected and feared, so that they were tempted to impose upon people by pretending to tell what was to happen to them, and they got presents for doing so.

So the three old women went and stood by the wayside, in a great moor, or heath, near Forres, and waited till Macbeth came up. And then, stepping before him as he was marching at the head of his soldiers, the first woman said : " All hail, Macbeth ! hail to thee, Thane of Glamis ! " The second said : " All hail, Macbeth ! hail to thee, Thane of Cawdor ! " Then the third, wishing to pay him a higher compliment than the other two, said : " All hail, Macbeth ! thou shalt be King of Scotland ! " Macbeth was very much surprised to hear them give him these titles ; and while he was



**"All hail, Macbeth!"**

wondering what they could mean, Banquo stepped forward and asked them whether they had nothing to tell about him as well as about Macbeth. And they said that he should not be so great as Macbeth, but that, though he himself should never be a king, yet his children should succeed to the throne of Scotland, and be kings for a great number of years.

Before Macbeth recovered from his surprise, there came a messenger to tell him that his father was dead, so that he was become Thane of Glamis by inheritance. And there came a second messenger, from the King to thank Macbeth for the great victory over the Danes, and tell him that the Thane of Cawdor had rebelled against the King, and that the King had taken his office from him, and had sent to make Macbeth Thane of Cawdor as well as of Glamis. Thus, the two first old women seemed to be right in giving him those two titles. I dare say they knew something of the death of Macbeth's father, and that the government of Cawdor was intended for Macbeth, though he had not heard of it.

However, Macbeth, seeing a part of their words come to be true, began to think how he was to bring the rest to pass and make himself king, as well as Thane of Glamis and Cawdor. Now, Macbeth had a wife who was a very ambitious, wicked woman, and when she found out that her husband thought of raising himself up to be King of Scotland she encouraged him in his wicked purpose by all the means in her power, and persuaded him that the only way to get possession of the crown was to kill the good old King Duncan.

Macbeth was very unwilling to commit so great a crime, for he knew what a good sovereign Duncan had been; and he recollected that he was his relation, and had been always very kind to him, and had entrusted him with the command of his army, and had bestowed on him the government or thanedom of Cawdor. But his wife continued telling him what a foolish, cowardly thing it was in him not to take the opportunity of making himself king, when it was in his power to gain what the witches promised him. So the wicked advice of his wife and the prophecy of these wretched old



Lady Macbeth urging her husband to murder the King, his benefactor.

women at last brought Macbeth to think of murdering his king and his friend. The way in which he accomplished his crime made it still more abominable.

## II.

Macbeth invited Duncan to come to visit him at a great castle near Inverness, and the good King, who had no suspicions of his kinsman, accepted the invitation very willingly. Macbeth and his lady received the King and all his retinue with much appearance of joy, and made a great feast, as a subject would do to make his king welcome. About the middle of the night the King desired to go to his apartment, and Macbeth conducted him to a fine room which had been prepared for him. Now, it was the custom in those barbarous times that, wherever the king slept, two armed men slept in the same chamber in order to defend his person in case he should be attacked by anyone during the night. But the wicked Lady Macbeth had made these two watchmen drink a great deal of wine, and had besides put some drugs into the liquor, so that when they went to the King's apartment they both fell asleep, and slept so soundly that nothing could awaken them.

Then the cruel Macbeth came into King Duncan's bedroom about two in the morning. It was a terrible stormy night, but the noise of the wind and of the thunder did not awaken the King, for he was old and weary with his journey; neither could it awaken the two sentinels, who were stupefied with the liquor and the drugs they had swallowed. They all slept soundly. So Macbeth, having come into the room, and stepped gently over the floor, slew poor old King Duncan.

When Malcolm and Donaldbane, the two sons of the good King, saw their father slain within Macbeth's castle, they became afraid that they might be put to death likewise, and fled away out of Scotland. Donaldbane fled into some distant islands; but Malcolm, the eldest son of Duncan, went to the Court of England, where he begged for assistance from the English King to place him on the throne of Scotland as his father's successor.

In the meantime Macbeth took possession of the kingdom of Scotland, and thus all his wicked wishes seemed to be fulfilled. But he was not happy. He began to reflect how wicked he had been in killing his friend and benefactor, and how some other person, as ambitious as he was himself, might do the same thing to him. He remembered, too, that the old women had said that the children of Banquo should succeed to the throne after his death, and therefore he concluded that Banquo might be tempted to conspire against him, as he had himself done against King Duncan. The wicked always think other people are as bad as themselves.

In order to prevent this supposed danger, Macbeth hired ruffians to watch in a wood where Banquo and his son Fleance sometimes used to walk in the evening, with instructions to attack them and kill both father and son. The villains did as they were ordered by Macbeth; but while they were killing Banquo, the boy Fleance made his escape from their wicked hands, and fled from Scotland into Wales. And it is said that, long afterwards, his children came to possess the Scottish crown.

Macbeth was not the more happy that he had slain his brave friend and cousin, Banquo. He knew that men began to suspect the wicked deeds which he had done, and he was constantly afraid that some one would put him to death as he had done his old sovereign, or that Malcolm would obtain assistance from the King of England and come to make war against him, and take from him the Scottish kingdom. So, in this great perplexity of mind, he thought he would go to the old women, whose words had first put into his mind the desire of becoming a king.

It is to be supposed that he offered them presents, and that they were cunning enough to study how to give him answer which should make him continue in the belief that they could prophesy what was to happen in future times. So they answered that he should not be conquered, or lose the crown of Scotland, until a great forest, called Birnam Wood, should come to attack a strong castle situated on a hill called Dunsinane,



in which castle Macbeth commonly resided. Now, the hill of Dunsinane is upon the one side of a great valley, and the forest of Birnam is upon the other. There are twelve miles' distance betwixt them; and, besides that, Macbeth thought it was impossible that the trees could ever come to the assault of the castle. He therefore resolved to fortify his castle on the hill of Dunsinane very strongly, as being a place in which he would always be sure to be safe. For this purpose he caused all his great nobility and thanes to send in stones, and wood, and other things wanted in building, and to drag them with oxen up to the top of the steep hill where he was building the castle.

Now, among other nobles who were obliged to send oxen, and horses, and materials to this laborious work was one called Macduff, the Thane of Fife. Macbeth was afraid of this thane, for he was very powerful, and was accounted both brave and wise, and Macbeth thought he would most probably join with Prince Malcolm if ever he should come from England with an army. The King, therefore, had a private hatred against the Thane of Fife, which he kept concealed from all men, until he should have some opportunity of putting him to death, as he had done Duncan and Banquo. Macduff, on his part, kept upon his guard, and went to the King's Court as seldom as he could, thinking himself never safe unless he was in his own castle of Kennoway, which is on the coast of Fife, near to the mouth of the Firth of Forth.

It happened, however, that the King had summoned several of his nobles, and Macduff, the Thane of Fife, amongst others, to attend him at his new castle of Dunsinane, and they were all obliged to come; none dared stay behind. Now, the King was to give the nobles a great entertainment, and preparations were made for it. In the meantime Macbeth rode out with a few attendants to see the oxen drag the wood and stones up the hill for enlarging and strengthening the castle. So they saw most of the oxen trudging up the hill with great difficulty (for the ascent is very steep), and the burdens were heavy, and the weather was extremely hot.

At length Macbeth saw a pair of oxen so tired that they could go no farther up the hill, but fell down under their load. Then the King was very angry, and demanded to know who it was among his thanes that had sent oxen so weak and so unfit for labour when he had so much work for them to do. Some one replied that the oxen belonged to Macduff, the Thane of Fife. "Then," said the King in great anger, "since the Thane of Fife sends such worthless cattle as these to do my labour, I will put his own neck into the yoke, and make him drag the burdens himself."

There was a friend of Macduff who heard these angry expressions of the King, and hastened to communicate them to the Thane of Fife, who was walking in the hall of the King's castle while dinner was preparing. The instant that Macduff heard what the King had said he knew he had no time to lose in making his escape, for whenever Macbeth threatened to do mischief to anyone he was sure to keep his word.

So Macduff snatched up from the table a loaf of bread, called for his horses and his servants, and was galloping back to his own province of Fife before Macbeth and the rest of the nobility were returned to the castle. The first question which the King asked was what had become of Macduff, and being informed that he had fled from Dunsinane, he ordered a body of his guards to attend him, and mounted on horseback himself to pursue the thane, with the purpose of putting him to death.

### III.

Macduff in the meantime fled as fast as his horse's feet could carry him ; but he was so ill provided with money for his expenses that when he came to the great ferry over the River Tay he had nothing to give to the boatmen who took him across, excepting the loaf of bread which he had taken from the King's table. The place was called for a long time afterwards the Ferry of the Loaf.

When Macduff got into his province of Fife, which is on the other side of the Tay, he rode on faster than before

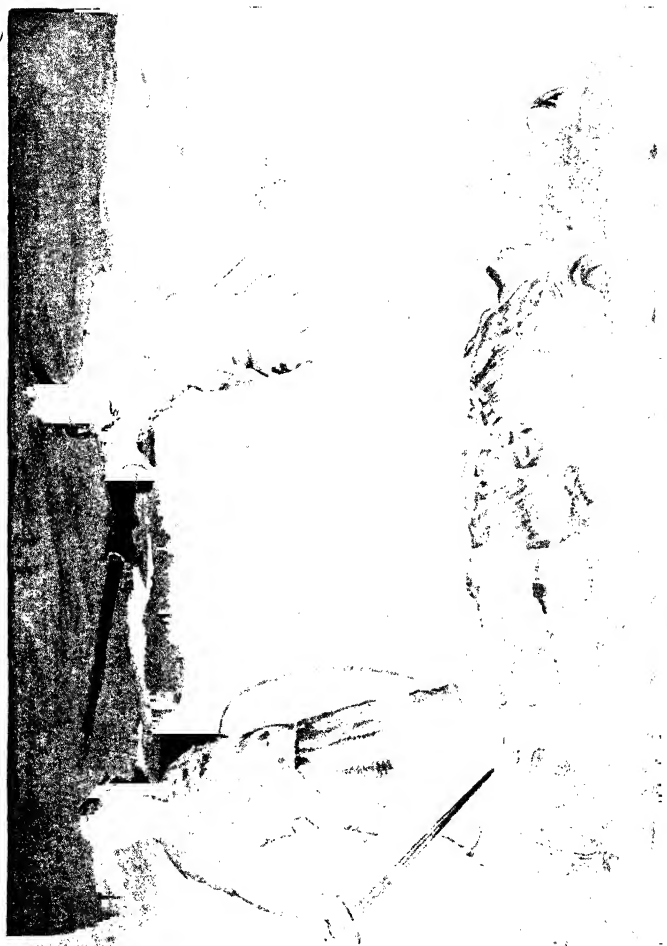
towards his own castle of Kennoway, which, as I told you, stands close by the seaside, and when he reached it the King and his guards were not far behind him. Macduff ordered his wife to shut the gates of the castle, draw up the drawbridge, and on no account to permit the King or any of his soldiers to enter. In the meantime he went to the small harbour belonging to the castle, and caused a ship which was lying there to be fitted out for sea in all haste, and got on board himself in order to escape from Macbeth.

In the meantime Macbeth summoned the lady to surrender the castle and to deliver up her husband. But Lady Macduff, who was a wise and brave woman, made many excuses and delays until she knew that her husband was safely on board the ship, and had sailed from the harbour. Then she spoke boldly from the wall of the castle to the King, who was standing before the gate still demanding entrance, with many threats of what he would do if Macduff was not given up to him.

"Do you see," she said, "yon white sail upon the sea? Yonder goes Macduff to the Court of England. You will never see him again till he comes back with young Prince Malcolm to pull you down from the throne and to put you to death. You will never be able to put your yoke, as you threatened, on the Thane of Fife's neck."

Some say that Macbeth was so much incensed at this bold answer that he and his guards attacked the castle and took it, killing the brave lady and all whom they found there. But others say, and I believe more truly, that the King, seeing that the fortress of Kennoway was very strong, and that Macduff had escaped from him and was embarked for England, returned to Dunsinane without attempting to take the castle. The ruins are still to be seen, and are called Thane's Castle.

There reigned at that time in England a very good king called Edward the Confessor. I told you that the Prince Malcolm, the son of Duncan, was at his Court, soliciting assistance to recover the Scottish throne. The arrival of Macduff



*Macbeth's fight with Macduff.*

greatly aided the success of his petition, for the English King knew that Macduff was a brave and a wise man. As he assured Edward that the Scots were tired of the cruel Macbeth, and would join Prince Malcolm if he were to return to his country at the head of an army, the King ordered a great warrior, called Siward, Earl of Northumberland, to enter Scotland with a large force and assist Prince Malcolm in the recovery of his father's crown.

Then it happened just as Macduff had said ; for the Scottish thanes and nobles would not fight for Macbeth, but joined Prince Malcolm and Macduff against him ; so that at length he shut himself up in his castle of Dunsinane, where he thought himself safe, according to the old women's prophecy, until Birnam Wood should come against him. He boasted of this to his followers, and encouraged them to make a valiant defence, assuring them of a certain victory. At this time Malcolm and Macduff were come as far as Birnam Wood, and lay encamped there with their army. The next morning, when they were to march across the broad valley to attack the castle of Dunsinane, Macduff advised that every soldier should cut down a bough of a tree and carry it in his hand, that the enemy might not be able to see how many men were coming against them.

Now the sentinel who stood on Macbeth's castle wall, when he saw all these branches which the soldiers of Prince Malcolm carried, ran to the King and informed him that the wood of Birnam was moving towards the castle of Dunsinane. The King at first called him a liar, and threatened to put him to death ; but when he looked from the walls himself, and saw the appearance of a forest approaching from Birnam, he knew the hour of his destruction was come. His followers, too, began to be disheartened and to fly from the castle, seeing their master had lost all hopes.

Macbeth, however, recollected his own bravery, and sallied desperately out at the head of the few followers who remained faithful to him. He was killed, after a furious resistance, fighting hand to hand with Macduff in the thick of the battle.

Prince Malcolm mounted the throne of Scotland, and reigned long and prosperously. He rewarded Macduff by declaring that his descendants should lead the vanguard of the Scottish army in battle and place the crown on the King's head at the ceremony of coronation. King Malcolm also created the Thanes of Scotland Earls, after the title of dignity adopted in the Court of England.

Sir W. Scott, "Tales of a Grandfather".

## VII.

### THE FIGHT IN THE DESERT.

#### I.

THE Saracen came on at the speedy gallop of an Arab horseman, managing his steed more by his limbs and the inflexion of his body than by any use of the reins, which hung loose in his left hand, so that he was enabled to wield the light round buckler of the skin of the rhinoceros, ornamented with silver loops, which he wore on his arm, swinging it as if he meant to oppose its slender circle to the formidable thrust of the Western lance. His own long spear was not couched or levelled like that of his antagonist, but grasped by the middle with his right hand, and brandished at arm's length above his head.

As the cavalier approached his enemy at full career, he seemed to expect that the Knight of the Leopard should put his horse to the gallop to encounter him. But the Christian knight, well acquainted with the customs of Eastern warriors, did not mean to exhaust his good horse by any unnecessary exertion; and, on the contrary, made a dead halt, confident that if the enemy advanced to the actual shock, his own weight and that of his powerful charger would give him sufficient advantage, without the additional momentum of rapid motion.

Equally sensible and apprehensive of such a probable result, the Saracen cavalier, when he had approached towards the

Christian within twice the length of his lance, wheeled his steed to the left with inimitable dexterity, and rode twice round his antagonist, who, turning without quitting his ground, and presenting his front constantly to the enemy, frustrated his attempts to attack him on an unguarded point ; so that the Saracen, wheeling his horse, was fain to retreat to the distance of a hundred yards.

A second time, like a hawk attacking a heron, the Saracen renewed the charge, and a second time was fain to retreat without coming to a close struggle. A third time he approached in the same manner, when the Christian knight, desirous of putting an end to a fight in which at length he might be worn out by the activity of his foeman, suddenly seized the mace which hung at his saddle-bow, and with a strong hand and unerring aim hurled it against the head of the Ameer, for such and not less his enemy appeared.

The Saracen was just aware of the formidable missile in time to interpose his light buckler between the mace and his head ; but the violence of the blow forced the buckler down on his turban, and though that defence also contributed to deaden its violence, the Saracen was beaten from his horse. Ere the Christian could avail himself of this mishap, his nimble foeman sprang from the ground, and calling on his horse, which instantly returned to his side, he leaped into the seat without touching the stirrup, and regained all the advantage of which the Knight of the Leopard hoped to deprive him.

But the latter had in the meanwhile recovered his mace, and the Eastern cavalier, who remembered the strength and dexterity with which his antagonist had aimed it, seemed to keep cautiously out of reach of that weapon, of which he had so lately felt the force, while he showed his purpose of waging a distant warfare with missile weapons of his own. Planting his long spear in the sand at a distance from the scene of combat, he strung, with great address, a short bow, which he carried at his back, and putting his horse to the gallop, once more described two or three circles of a wider extent than

formerly, in the course of which he discharged six arrows at the Christian with such unerring skill, that the goodness of his harness alone saved him from being wounded in as many places.

The seventh shaft apparently found a less perfect part of the armour, and the Christian dropped heavily from his horse. But what was the surprise of the Saracen, when, dismounting to examine the condition of his prostrate enemy, he found himself suddenly within the grasp of the European, who had had recourse to this artifice to bring his enemy within his reach. Even in this deadly grapple, the Saracen was saved by his agility and presence of mind. He unloosed the sword-belt, in which the Knight of the Leopard had fixed his hold, and thus eluding his fatal grasp, mounted his horse, which seemed to watch his motions with the intelligence of a human being, and again rode off.

But in the last encounter the Saracen had lost his sword and his quiver of arrows, both of which were attached to the girdle, which he was obliged to abandon. He had also lost his turban in the struggle. These disadvantages seemed to incline the Moslem to a truce. He approached the Christian with his right hand extended, but no longer in a menacing attitude.

"There is truce betwixt our nations," he said; "wherefore should there be war betwixt thee and me? Let there be peace betwixt us."

"I am well contented," answered the Knight of the Leopard; "but what security dost thou offer that thou wilt observe the truce?"

"The word of a follower of the Prophet was never broken," answered the Ameer. "It is thou, brave Nazarene, from whom I should demand security, did I not know that treason seldom dwells with courage."

The Crusader felt that the confidence of the Moslem made him ashamed of his own doubts.

"By the cross of my sword," he said, laying his hand on the weapon as he spoke, "I will be true companion to thee,



Saracen, while our fortune wills that we remain in company together."

"By Mohammed, Prophet of God, and by Allah, God of the Prophet," replied his late foeman, "there is not treachery in my heart towards thee. And now wend we to yonder fountain, for the hour of rest is at hand, and the stream had hardly touched my lip when I was called to battle by thy approach."

The Knight of the Leopard yielded a ready and courteous assent; and the late foes, without an angry look or gesture of doubt, rode side by side to the little cluster of palm-trees.

## II.

They had now arrived at the knot of palm-trees, and the fountain which welled out from beneath their shade in sparkling profusion.

We have spoken of a moment of truce in the midst of war; and this, a spot of beauty in the midst of a sterile desert, was scarce less dear to the imagination. It was a scene which, perhaps, would elsewhere have deserved little notice; but as the single speck, in a boundless horizon, which promised the refreshment of shade and living water, these blessings, held cheap where they are common, rendered the fountain and its neighbourhood a little paradise.

Some generous or charitable hand, ere yet the evil days of Palestine began, had walled in and arched over the fountain, to preserve it from being absorbed in the earth, or choked by the flitting clouds of dust with which the least breath of wind covered the desert. The arch was now broken, and partly ruinous; but it still so far projected over, and covered in the fountain, that it excluded the sun in a great measure from its waters, which, hardly touched by a straggling beam, while all around was blazing, lay in a steady repose, alike delightful to the eye and the imagination.

Stealing from under the arch, they were first received in a marble basin, much defaced, indeed, but still cheering the eye,

by showing that the place was anciently considered as a station, that the hand of man had been there, and that man's accommodation had been in some measure attended to. The thirsty and weary traveller was reminded by these signs that others had suffered similar difficulties, reposed in the same spot, and, doubtless, found their way in safety to a more fertile country.

Again, the scarce visible current which escaped from the basin served to nourish the few trees which surrounded the fountain, and where it sunk into the ground and disappeared its refreshing presence was acknowledged by a carpet of velvet verdure.

In this delightful spot the two warriors halted, and each, after his own fashion, proceeded to relieve his horse from saddle, bit, and rein, and permitted the animals to drink at the basin ere they refreshed themselves from the fountain-head, which arose under the vault. They then suffered the steeds to go loose, confident that their interest, as well as their domesticated habits, would prevent their straying from the pure water and fresh grass.

Christian and Saracen next sat down together on the turf, and produced each the small allowance of store which they carried for their own refreshment. Yet, ere they severally proceeded to their scanty meal, they eyed each other with that curiosity which the close and doubtful conflict in which they had been so lately engaged was calculated to inspire. Each was desirous to measure the strength, and form some estimate of the character, of an adversary so formidable; and each was compelled to acknowledge that, had he fallen in the conflict, it had been by a noble hand.

The champions formed a striking contrast to each other in person and features, and might have formed no inaccurate representatives of their different nations. The Frank seemed a powerful man, built after the ancient Gothic cast of form, with light brown hair, which, on the removal of his helmet, was seen to curl thick and profusely over his head.

His features had acquired, from the hot climate, a hue much

darker than those parts of his neck which were less frequently exposed to view, or than was warranted by his full and well-opened blue eye, the colour of his hair, and of the moustaches which thickly shaded his upper lip, while his chin was carefully divested of beard, after the Norman fashion. His nose was Grecian and well formed; his mouth a little large in proportion, but filled with well-set, strong, and beautifully white teeth; his head small, and set upon the neck with much grace.

His age could not exceed thirty, but, if the effects of toil and climate were allowed for, might be three or four years under that period. His form was tall, powerful, and athletic, like that of a man whose strength might, in later life, become unwieldy, but which was hitherto united with lightness and activity. His hands, when he withdrew the mailed gloves, were long, fair, and well proportioned; the wrist-bones peculiarly large and strong; and the arms themselves remarkably well shaped and brawny. A military hardihood and careless frankness of expression characterized his language and his motions; and his voice had the tone of one more accustomed to command than to obey, and who was in the habit of expressing his sentiments aloud and boldly, whenever he was called upon to announce them.

### III.

The Saracen Ameer formed a marked and striking contrast with the Western Crusader. His stature was indeed above the middle size, but he was at least three inches shorter than the European, whose size approached the gigantic. His slender limbs and long spare hands and arms, though well proportioned to his person, and suited to the style of his countenance, did not at first aspect promise the display of vigour which the Ameer had lately exhibited.

But, on looking more closely, his limbs, where exposed to view, seemed divested of all that was fleshy or cumbersome so that, nothing being left but bone, brawn, and sinew, it was a frame fitted for exertion and fatigue, far beyond that of a

bulky champion, whose strength and size are counterbalanced by weight, and who is exhausted by his own exertions.

The countenance of the Saracen naturally bore a general national resemblance to the Eastern tribe from whom he descended, and was as unlike as possible to the exaggerated terms in which the minstrels of the day were wont to represent the Moslem champions, and the fabulous description which a sister art still presents as the Saracen's head upon sign-posts.

His features were small, well formed, and delicate, though deeply embrowned by the Eastern sun, and terminated by a flowing and curled black beard, which seemed trimmed with peculiar care. The nose was straight and regular, the eyes keen, deep-set, black, and glowing, and his teeth equalled in beauty the ivory of his deserts.

The person and proportions of the Saracen, in short, stretched on the turf near to his powerful antagonist, might have been compared to his sheeny and crescent-formed sabre, with its narrow and light but bright and keen Damascus blade, contrasted with the long and ponderous Gothic war-sword, which was flung unbuckled on the same sod.

The Ameer was in the very flower of his age, and might perhaps have been termed eminently beautiful, but for the narrowness of his forehead, and something of too much thinness and sharpness of feature, or at least what might have seemed such in a European estimate of beauty.

The manners of the Eastern warrior were grave, graceful, and decorous; indicating, however, in some particulars the habitual restraint which men of warm and choleric tempers often set as a guard upon their native impetuosity of disposition, and at the same time a sense of his own dignity, which seemed to impose a certain formality of behaviour in him who entertained it.

This haughty feeling of superiority was perhaps equally entertained by his new European acquaintance, but the effect was different; and the same feeling which dictated to the Christian knight a bold, blunt, and somewhat careless bearing, as one too conscious of his own importance to be anxious



The Christian knight and the Saracen warrior.

about the opinions of others, appeared to prescribe to the Saracen a style of courtesy more studiously and formally observant of ceremony.

Both were courteous ; but the courtesy of the Christian seemed to flow rather from a good-humoured sense of what was due to others, that of the Moslem from a high feeling of what was to be expected from himself.

The provision which each had made for his refreshment was simple, but the meal of the Saracen was abstemious. A handful of dates and a morsel of coarse barley-bread sufficed to relieve the hunger of the latter, whose education had habituated him to the fare of the desert, although, since their Syrian conquests, the Arabian simplicity of life frequently gave place to the most unbounded profusion of luxury. A few draughts from the lovely fountain by which they reposed completed his meal.

That of the Christian, though coarse, was more genial. Dried hog's flesh, the abomination of the Mosleman, was the chief part of his repast ; and his drink, derived from a leathern bottle, contained something better than pure element. He fed with more display of appetite, and drank with more appearance of satisfaction, than the Saracen judged it becoming to show in the performance of a mere bodily function ; and, doubtless, the secret contempt which each entertained for the other, as the follower of a false religion, was considerably increased by the marked difference of their diet and manners. But each had found the weight of his opponent's arm, and the mutual respect which the bold struggle had created was sufficient to subdue other and inferior considerations.

Sir Walter Scott, "The Talisman ".

## VIII.

### THE DESERT.

GAZA stands upon the verge of the Desert, and bears towards it the same kind of relation as a seaport bears to the sea. It is

there that you *charter* your camels ("the ships of the Desert"), and lay in your stores for the voyage.

These preparations kept me in the town for some days. Disliking restraint, I declined making myself the guest of the Governor (as it is usual and proper to do), but took up my quarters at the Caravanserai, or "Khan," as they call it in that part of Asia.

Dthemetri had to make the arrangements for my journey, and in order to arm himself with sufficient authority for doing all that was required, he found it necessary to put himself in communication with the Governor. The result of this diplomatic intercourse was that the Governor with his train of attendants came to me one day at my caravanserai, and formally complained that Dthemetri had grossly insulted him. I was shocked at this, for the man had been always attentive and civil to me, and I was disgusted at the idea of his being rewarded with insult. Dthemetri was present when the complaint was made, and I angrily asked him whether it was true that he had really insulted the Governor, and what the deuce he meant by it. This I asked with the full certainty that Dthemetri, as a matter of course, would deny the charge—would swear that a "wrong construction had been put upon his words, and that nothing was farther from his thoughts," etc., after the manner of the Parliamentary people; but to my surprise he very plainly answered that he certainly *had* insulted the Governor, and that rather grossly, but he said it was quite necessary to do this in order to "strike terror and inspire respect". "Terror and respect! What on earth do you mean by that nonsense?" "Yes, but without striking terror and inspiring respect, he (Dthemetri) would never be able to force on the arrangements for my journey, and Vossignoria would be kept at Gaza for a month!" This would have been awkward; and certainly I could not deny that poor Dthemetri had succeeded in his odd plan of inspiring respect, for at the very time that this explanation was going on in Italian, the Governor seemed more than ever and more anxiously disposed to overwhelm me with assurances of goodwill and proffers of

his best services. All this kindness or promise of kindness I naturally received with courtesy—a courtesy that greatly perturbed Dthemetri, for he evidently feared that my civility would undo all the good that his insults had achieved.

You will find, I think, that one of the greatest drawbacks to the pleasure of travelling in Asia is the being obliged more or less to make your way by bullying. It is true that your own lips are not soiled by the utterance of all the mean words that are spoken for you, and that you don't even know of the sham threats and the false promises and the vainglorious boasts put forth by your dragoman; but now and then there happens some incident of the sort which I have just been mentioning, which forces you to believe, or suspect, that your dragoman is habitually fighting your battles for you in a way that you can hardly bear to think of.

A caravanserai is not ill adapted to the purposes for which it is meant: it forms the four sides of a large quadrangular court. The ground floor is used for warehouses, the first floor for guests, and the open court for the temporary reception of the camels, as well as for the loading and unloading of their burdens and the transaction of mercantile business generally. The apartments used for the guests are small cells opening into a kind of corridor which runs through the inner sides of the court.

Whilst I lay near the opening of my cell looking down into the court below, there arrived from the Desert a caravan—that is, a large assemblage of travellers: it consisted chiefly of Moldavian pilgrims. They had been overtaken in the Desert by a gale of wind, which so drove the sand, and raised up such mountains before them, that their journey had been terribly perplexed and obstructed, and their provisions (including water, the most precious of all) had been exhausted long before they reached the end of their toilsome march. They were sadly wayworn. The arrival of the caravan drew many and various groups into the court. There was the Moldavian pilgrim with his sable dress, and cap of fur, and heavy masses of bushy hair—the Turk with his various and brilliant garments



—the Arab superbly stalking under his striped blanket that hung like royalty upon his stately form—the jetty Ethiopian in his slavish frock—the sleek, smooth-faced scribe with his comely pelisse, and his silver inkbox stuck in like a dagger at his girdle. And mingled with these were the camels—some standing—some kneeling and being unladen—some twisting round their long necks, and gently stealing the straw from out of their own pack-saddles.



A caravan.

In a couple of days I was ready to start. The way of providing for the passage of the Desert is this : there is an agent in the town who keeps himself in communication with some of the desert Arabs that are hovering within a day's journey of the place ; a party of these, upon being guaranteed against seizure or other ill-treatment at the hands of the Governor, come into

the town, bringing with them the number of camels which you require, and then they stipulate for a certain sum to take you to the place of your destination in a given time. The agreement thus made by them includes a safe-conduct through their country, as well as the hire of the camels. According to the contract made with me, I was to reach Cairo within ten days from the commencement of the journey. I had four camels, one for my baggage, one for each of my servants, and one for myself. Four Arabs, the owners of the camels, came with me on foot. My stores were a small soldier's tent, two bags of dried bread brought from the convent of Jerusalem, and a couple of bottles of wine from the same source, two goat-skins filled with water, tea, sugar, a cold tongue, and (of all things in the world) a jar of Irish butter which Mysseri had purchased from some merchant. There was also a small sack of charcoal, for the greater part of the Desert through which we were to pass is void of fuel.

The camel kneels to receive her load, and for a while she will allow the packing to go on with silent resignation; but when she begins to suspect that her master is putting more than a just burden upon her poor hump, she turns round her supple neck, and looks sadly upon the increasing load, and then gently remonstrates against the wrong with the sigh of a patient wife. If sighs will not move you, she can weep. You soon learn to pity and soon to love her for the sake of her gentle and womanish ways.

You cannot, of course, put an English or any other riding saddle upon the back of the camel, but your quilt or carpet, or whatever you carry for the purpose of lying on at night, is folded and fastened on to the pack-saddle upon the top of the hump, and on this you ride, or rather sit. You sit as a man sits on a chair when he sits astride. I made an improvement on this plan: I had my English stirrups strapped on to the crossbars of the pack-saddle; and thus, by gaining rest for my dangling legs, and gaining, too, the power of varying my position more easily than I could otherwise have done, I added very much to my comfort.

The camel, like the elephant, is one of the old-fashioned sort of animals that still walk along upon the (now nearly exploded) plan of the ancient beasts that lived before the Flood. She moves forward both her near legs at the same time, and then awkwardly swings round her off shoulder and haunch, so as to repeat the manœuvre on that side; her pace therefore is an odd, disjointed, and disjoining sort of movement that is rather disagreeable at first, but you soon grow reconciled to it. The height to which you are raised is of great advantage to you in passing the burning sands of the desert, for the air at such a distance from the ground is much cooler and more lively than that which circulates beneath.

For several miles beyond Gaza the land, freshened by the rains of the last week, was covered with rich verdure, and thickly jewelled with meadow flowers so bright and fragrant that I began to grow almost uneasy—to fancy that the very Desert was receding before me, and that the long-desired adventure of passing its “burning sands” was to end in a mere ride across a field. But as I advanced, the true character of the country began to display itself with sufficient clearness to dispel my apprehensions, and before the close of my first day’s journey I had the gratification of finding that I was surrounded on all sides by a tract of real sand, and had nothing at all to complain of, except that there peeped forth at intervals a few isolated blades of grass, and many of those stunted shrubs which are the accustomed food of the camel.

Before sunset I came up with an encampment of Arabs (the encampment from which my camels had been brought), and my tent was pitched amongst theirs. I was now amongst the true Bedouins. Almost every man of this race closely resembles his brethren; almost every man has large and finely formed features, but his face is so thoroughly stripped of flesh, and the white folds from his headgear fall down by his haggard cheeks so much in the burial fashion, that he looks quite sad and ghastly; his large dark orbs roll slowly and solemnly over the white of his deep-set eyes; his countenance shows painful thought and long suffering—the suffering of

one fallen from a high estate. His gait is strangely majestic, and he marches along with his simple blanket, as though he were wearing the purple. His common talk is a series of piercing screams and cries very painful to hear.

You who are going into their country have a direct personal interest in knowing something about "Arab hospitality"; but the deuce of it is that the poor fellows with whom I have happened to pitch my tent were scarcely ever in a condition to exercise that magnanimous virtue with much *éclat*; indeed, Mysseri's canteen generally enabled me to outdo my hosts in the matter of entertainment. They were always courteous, however, and were never backward in offering me the "you-art," a kind of whey which is the principal delicacy to be found amongst the wandering tribes.

In passing the Desert you will find your Arabs wanting to start and to rest at all sorts of odd times; they like, for instance, to be off at one in the morning, and to rest during the whole of the afternoon. You must not give way to their wishes in this respect: I tried their plan once, and found it very harassing and unwholesome. An ordinary tent can give you very little protection against heat, for the fire strikes fiercely through single canvas, and you soon find that whilst you lie crouching and striving to hide yourself from the blazing face of the sun, his power is harder to bear than it is where you boldly defy him from the airy heights of your camel.

It had been arranged with my Arabs that they were to bring with them all the food which they would want for themselves during the passage of the Desert, but as we rested at the end of the first day's journey by the side of an Arab encampment, my camel-men found all that they required for that night in the tents of their own brethren. On the evening of the second day, however, just before we encamped for the night, my four Arabs came to Dthemetri, and formally announced that they had not brought with them one atom of food, and that they looked entirely to my supplies for their daily bread. This was awkward intelligence. We were now

just two days deep in the Desert, and I had brought with me no more bread than might be reasonably required for myself and my European attendants. I believed at the moment (for it seemed likely enough) that the men had really mistaken the terms of the arrangement, and feeling that the bore of being put upon half rations would be a less evil (and even to myself a less inconvenience) than the starvation of my Arabs, I at once told Dthemetri to assure them that my bread should be equally shared with all. Dthemetri, however, did not approve of this concession; he assured me quite positively that the Arabs thoroughly understood the agreement, and that if they were now without food, they had wilfully brought themselves into this strait for the wretched purpose of bettering their bargain by the value of a few paras' worth of bread. This suggestion made me look at the affair in a new light. I should have been glad enough to put up with the slight privation to which my concession would subject me, and could have borne to witness the semi-starvation of poor Dthemetri with a fine philosophical calm, but it seemed to me that the scheme, if scheme it were, had something of audacity in it, and was well enough calculated to try the extent of my softness. I knew the danger of allowing such a trial to result in a conclusion that I was one who might be easily managed; and therefore after thoroughly satisfying myself from Dthemetri's clear and repeated assertions that the Arabs had really understood the arrangement, I determined that they should not now violate it by taking advantage of my position in the midst of their big Desert; so I desired Dthemetri to tell them that they should touch no bread of mine. We stopped, and the tent was pitched; the Arabs came to me and prayed loudly for bread; I refused them.

"Then we die!"

"God's will be done."

I gave the Arabs to understand that I regretted their perishing by hunger, but that I should bear this calmly, like any other misfortune not my own—that in short I was happily resigned to *their* fate. The men would have talked a great

deal, but they were under the disadvantage of addressing me through a hostile interpreter. They looked hard upon my face, but they found no hope there, so at last they retired, as they pretended, to lay them down and die.

In about ten minutes from this time I found that the Arabs were busily cooking their bread! Their pretence of having brought no food was false, and was only invented for the purpose of saving it. They had a good bag of meal, which they had contrived to stow away under the baggage upon one of the camels in such a way as to escape notice. I felt quite good-humouredly towards my Arabs because they had so woefully failed in their wretched attempt, and because, as it turned out, I had done what was right; they too, poor fellows, evidently began to like me immensely on account of the hard-heartedness which had enabled me to baffle their scheme.

The Arabs adhere to those ancestral principles of bread-baking which have been sanctioned by the experience of ages. The very first baker of bread that ever lived must have done his work exactly as the Arab does at this day. He takes some meal, and holds it out in the hollow of his hands whilst his comrade pours over it a few drops of water; he then mashes up the moistened flour into a paste, pulls the lump of dough so made into small pieces, and thrusts them into the embers. His way of baking exactly resembles the craft or mystery of roasting chestnuts as practised by children: there is the same prudence and circumspection in choosing a good berth for the morsel—the same enterprise and self-sacrificing valour in pulling it out with the fingers.

The manner of my daily march was this. At about an hour before dawn I rose, and made the most of about a pint of water which I allowed myself for washing. Then I breakfasted upon tea and bread. As soon as the beasts were loaded, I mounted my camel and pressed forward. My poor Arabs being on foot would sometimes moan with fatigue and pray for rest, but I was anxious to enable them to perform their contract for bringing me to Cairo within the stipulated time, and I did not, therefore, allow a halt until the evening came.

About midday, or soon after, Mysseri used to bring up his camel alongside of mine and supply me with a piece of the dried bread softened in water, and also (as long as it lasted) with a piece of the tongue. After this there came into my hand (how well I remember it!) the little tin cup half filled with wine and water.

As long as you are journeying in the interior of the Desert you have no particular point to make for as your resting-place. The endless sands yield nothing but small stunted shrubs; even these fail after the first two or three days, and from that time you pass over broad plains—you pass over newly reared hills—you pass through valleys dug out by the last week's storm, and the hills and the valleys are sand, sand, sand, still sand, and only sand and sand, and sand again. The earth is so samely that your eyes turn towards heaven—towards heaven, I mean, in sense of sky. You look to the sun, for he is your taskmaster, and by him you know the measure of the work that you have done, and the measure of the work that remains for you to do. He comes when you strike your tent in the early morning, and then, for the first hour of the day, as you move forward on your camel, he stands at your near side, and makes you know that the whole day's toil is before you; then for a while, and a long while, you see him no more, for you are veiled and shrouded, and dare not look upon the greatness of his glory, but you know where he strides overhead, by the touch of his flaming sword. No words are spoken, but your Arabs moan, your camels sigh, your skin glows, your shoulders ache, and for sights you see the pattern and the web of the silk that veils your eyes, and the glare of the outer light. Time labours on—your skin glows, your shoulders ache, your Arabs moan, your camels sigh, and you see the same pattern in the silk, and the same glare of light beyond; but conquering Time marches on, and by and by the descending sun has compassed the heaven, and now softly touches your right arm, and throws your lank shadow over the sand right along on the way for Persia. Then again you look upon his face, for his power is all veiled in his beauty, and the redness of flames

has become the redness of roses : the fair, wavy cloud that fled in the morning now comes to his sight once more—comes blushing, yet still comes on ; comes burning with blushes, yet comes and clings to his side.

Then begins your season of rest. The world about you is all your own, and there, where you will, you pitch your solitary tent ; there is no living thing to dispute your choice. When at last the spot had been fixed upon and we came to a halt, one of the Arabs would touch the chest of my camel, and utter at the same time a peculiar gurgling sound. The beast instantly understood and obeyed the sign, and slowly sunk under me, till she brought her body to a level with the ground ; then gladly enough I alighted. The rest of the camels were unloaded and turned loose to browse upon the shrubs of the Desert, where shrubs there were, or where these failed, to wait for the small quantity of food that was allowed them out of our stores.

My servants, helped by the Arabs, busied themselves in pitching the tent and kindling the fire. Whilst this was doing I used to walk away towards the East, confiding in the print of my foot as a guide for my return. Apart from the cheering voices of my attendants, I could better know and feel the loneliness of the Desert. The influence of such scenes, however, was not of a softening kind, but filled me rather with a sort of childish exultation in the self-sufficiency which enabled me to stand thus alone in the wideness of Asia—a short-lived pride, for wherever man wanders he still remains tethered by the chain that links him to his kind ; and so when the night closed round me I began to return—to return as it were to my own gate. Reaching at last some high ground, I could see, and see with delight, the fire of our small encampment, and when at last I regained the spot, it seemed a very home that had sprung up for me in the midst of these solitudes. My Arabs were busy with their bread—Mysseri rattling teacups ; the little kettle sat humming away old songs about England, and two or three yards from the fire my tent stood prim and tight, with open portal and with welcoming look.



By and by there was brought to me the fragrant tea, and big masses of scorched and scorching toast, and the butter that had come all the way to me in this Desert of Asia from out of that poor, dear, starving Ireland. I feasted like a king—like four kings—like a boy in the fourth form.

When the cold, sullen morning dawned, and my people began to load the camels, I always felt loath to give back to the waste this little spot of ground that had glowed for a while with the cheerfulness of a human dwelling. One by one the cloaks, the saddles, the baggage, the hundred things that strewed the ground and made it look so familiar—all these were taken away, and laid upon the camels. A speck in the broad tracts of Asia remained still impressed with the mark of patent portmanteaus and the heels of London boots; the embers of the fire lay black and cold upon the sand; and these were the signs we left.

My tent was spared to the last, but when all else was ready for the start then came its fall; the pegs were drawn, the canvas shivered, and in less than a minute there was nothing that remained of my genial home but only a pole and a bundle. The encroaching Englishman was off, and instant upon the fall of the canvas, like an owner, who had waited and watched, the Genius of the Desert stalked in.

To servants, as I suppose to any other Europeans not much accustomed to amuse themselves by fancy or memory, it often happens that after a few days' journeying the loneliness of the Desert will become frightfully oppressive. Upon my poor fellows the access of melancholy came heavy, and all at once, as a blow from above, they bent their necks, and bore it as best they could; but their joy was great on the fifth day when we came to an oasis, called Gatieh, for here we found encamped a caravan—that is, an assemblage of travellers—from Cairo. The Orientals living in cities never pass the Desert except in this way. Many will wait for weeks, and even for months, until a sufficient number of persons can be found ready to undertake the journey at the same time—until the flock of sheep is big enough to fancy itself a match for

wolves. They could not, I think, really secure themselves against any serious danger by this contrivance; for though they have arms, they are so little accustomed to use them, and so utterly unorganized, that they never could make good their resistance to robbers of the slightest respectability. It is not of the Bedouins that such travellers are afraid, for the safe-conduct granted by the chief of the ruling tribe is never, I believe, violated; but it is said that there are deserters and scamps of various sorts who hover about the skirts of the Desert, particularly on the Cairo side, and are anxious to succeed to the property of any poor devils whom they may find more weak and defenceless than themselves.

These people from Cairo professed to be amazed at the ludicrous disproportion between their numerical forces and mine.

I can understand the sort of amazement of the Orientals at the scantiness of the retinue with which an Englishman passes the Desert, for I was somewhat struck myself when I saw one of my countrymen making his way across the wilderness in this simple style. At first there was a mere moving speck in the horizon. My party, of course, became all alive with excitement, and there were many surmises. Soon it appeared that three laden camels were approaching, and that two of them carried riders. In a little while we saw that one of the riders wore the European dress, and at last the travellers were pronounced to be an English gentleman and his servant. By their side there were a couple of Arabs on foot, and this, if I rightly remember, was the whole party.

This Englishman, as I afterwards found, was a military man returning to his country from India, and crossing the Desert at this part in order to go through Palestine. As for me, I had come pretty straight from England, and so here we met in the wilderness at about half-way from our respective starting-points. As we approached each other it became with me a question whether we should speak. I thought it likely that the stranger would accost me, and in

the event of his doing so I was quite ready to be as sociable and chatty as I could be according to my nature ; but still I could not think of anything particular that I had to say to him. Of course among civilized people the not having anything to say is no excuse at all for not speaking ; but I was shy and indolent, and I felt no great wish to stop and talk like a morning visitor in the midst of those broad solitudes. The traveller perhaps felt as I did, for, except that we lifted our hands to our caps and waved our arms in courtesy, we passed each other quite as distantly as if we had passed in Pall Mall. Our attendants, however, were not to be cheated of the delight that they felt in speaking to new listeners and hearing fresh voices once more. The masters, therefore, had no sooner passed each other than their respective servants quietly stopped and entered into conversation. As soon as my camel found that her companions were not following her she caught the social feeling, and refused to go on. I felt the absurdity of the situation, and determined to accost the stranger, if only to avoid the awkwardness of remaining stuck fast in the Desert whilst our servants were amusing themselves. When with this intent I turned round my camel I found that the gallant officer had passed me by about thirty or forty yards, and was exactly in the same predicament as myself. I put my now willing camel in motion, and rode up towards the stranger. Seeing this, he followed my example, and came forward to meet me. He was the first to speak. Too courteous to address me, as if he admitted the possibility of my wishing to accost him from any feeling of mere sociability or civilian-like love of vain talk, he at once attributed my advances to a laudable wish of acquiring statistical information, and accordingly, when we got within speaking distance, he said, "I dare say you wish to know how the Plague is going on at Cairo ?" and then he went on to say he regretted that his information did not enable him to give me in numbers a perfectly accurate statement of the daily deaths. He afterwards talked pleasantly enough upon other and less ghastly subjects.

The night after the meeting with the people of the caravan, Dthemetri, alarmed by their warnings, took upon himself to keep watch all night in the tent. No robbers came except a jackal that poked his nose into my tent from some motive of rational curiosity. Dthemetri did not shoot him for fear of waking me. These brutes swarm in every part of Syria; and there were many of them even in the midst of those void sands which would seem to give such poor promise of food. I can hardly tell what prey they could be hoping for, unless it were that they might find now and then the carcass of some camel that had died on the journey. They do not marshal themselves into great packs like the wild dogs of Eastern cities, but follow their prey in families like the place-hunters of Europe. Their voices are frightfully like to the shouts and cries of human beings. If you lie awake in your tent at night, you are almost continually hearing some hungry family as it sweeps along in full cry.

Once during this passage my Arabs lost their way among the hills of loose sand that surrounded us, but after a while we were lucky enough to recover our right line of march. The same day we fell in with a Sheik, the head of a family that actually dwells at no great distance from this part of the Desert during nine months of the year. The man carried a matchlock, and of this he was inordinately proud on account of the supposed novelty and ingenuity of the contrivance. We stopped, and sat down and rested awhile, for the sake of a little talk. There was much that I should have liked to ask this man, but he could not understand Dthemetri's language, and the process of getting at his knowledge by double interpretation through my Arabs was tedious. I discovered, however (and my Arabs knew of that fact), that this man and his family lived habitually for nine months of the year without touching or seeing either bread or water. The stunted shrub growing at intervals through the sand in this part of the Desert enables the camel mares to yield a little milk, and this furnishes the sole food and drink of their owner and his people. During the other three months (the hottest, I sup-

pose) even this resource fails, and then the Sheik and his people are forced to pass into another district. You would ask me why the man should not remain always in that district which supplies him with water during three months of the year, but I don't know enough of Arab politics to answer the question. The Sheik was not a good specimen of the effect produced by his way of living. He was very small, very spare, and sadly shrivelled—a poor over-roasted snipe—a mere cinder of a man. I made him sit down by my side, and gave him a piece of bread and a cup of water from out of my goat-skins. This was not very tempting drink to look at, for it had become turbid, and was deeply reddened by some colouring matter contained in the skins; but it kept its sweetness, and tasted like a strong decoction of Russia leather. The Sheik sipped this drop by drop with ineffable relish, and rolled his eyes solemnly round between every draught, as though the drink were the drink of the Prophet, and had come from the seventh heaven.

An inquiry about distances led to the discovery that this Sheik had never heard of the division of time into hours.

About this part of my journey I saw the likeness of a fresh-water lake. I saw, as it seemed, a broad sheet of calm water stretching far and fair towards the south—stretching deep into winding creeks, and hemmed in by jutting promontories, and shelving smooth off towards the shallow side. On its bosom the reflected fire of the sun lay playing and seeming to float as though upon deep still waters.

Though I knew of the cheat, it was not till the spongy foot of my camel had almost trodden in the seeming lake that I could undeceive my eyes, for the shore-line was quite true and natural. I soon saw the cause of the phantasm. A sheet of water, heavily impregnated with salts, had gathered together in a vast hollow between the sandhills, and when dried up by evaporation had left a white saline deposit; this exactly marked the space which the waters had covered, and so traced out a good shore-line. The minute crystals of the salt, by their way of sparkling in the sun, were made to

seem like the dazzled face of a lake that is calm and smooth.

The pace of the camel is irksome, and makes your shoulders and loins ache, from the peculiar way in which you are obliged to suit yourself to the movements of the beast; but one soon, of course, becomes inured to the work, and after my first two days, this way of travelling became so familiar to me that (poor sleeper as I am) I now and then slumbered for some moments together on the back of my camel. On the fifth day of my journey the air above lay dead, and all the whole earth that I could reach with my utmost sight and keenest listening was still and lifeless, as some dispeopled and forgotten world that rolls round and round in the heavens through wasted floods of light. The sun, growing fiercer and fiercer, shone down more mightily now than ever on me he shone before, and as I dropped my head under his fire, and closed my eyes against the glare that surrounded me, I slowly fell asleep—for how many minutes or moments I cannot tell; but after a while I was gently awakened by a peal of church bells—my native bells—the innocent bells of Marlen, that never before sent forth their music beyond the Blaygon hills! My first idea naturally was that I still remained fast under the power of a dream. I roused myself, and drew aside the silk that covered my eyes, and plunged my bare face into the light. Then at least I was well enough awakened; but still those old Marlen bells rang on, not ringing for joy, but properly, prosily, steadily, merrily ringing “for church”. After a while the sound died away slowly. It happened that neither I nor any of my party had a watch by which to measure the exact time of its lasting, but it seemed to me that about ten minutes had passed before the bells ceased. I attributed the effect to the great heat of the sun, the perfect dryness of the clear air through which I moved, and the deep stillness of all around me. It seemed to me that these causes, by occasioning a great tension and consequent susceptibility of the hearing organs, had rendered them liable to tingle under the passing touch of some mere memory that must have

swept across my brain in a moment of sleep. Since my return to England it has been told me that like sounds have been heard at sea, and that the sailor, becalmed under a vertical sun in the midst of the wide ocean, has listened in trembling wonder to the chime of his own village bells.

During my travels I kept a journal—a journal sadly meagre and intermittent, but one which enabled me to find out the day of the month and the week, according to the European calendar. Referring to this, I found that the day was Sunday, and roughly allowing for the difference of longitude, I concluded that at the moment of my hearing that strange peal the church-going bells of Marlen must have been actually calling the prim congregation of the parish to morning prayer. The coincidence amused me faintly, but I could not allow myself a hope that the effect I had experienced was anything other than an illusion—an illusion liable to be explained (as every illusion is in these days) by some of the philosophers who guess at Nature's riddles.

After the fifth day of my journey I no longer travelled over shifting hills, but came upon a dead level—a dead level bed of sand, quite hard, and studded with small shining pebbles.

The heat grew fierce; there was no valley, nor hollow, no hill, no mound, no shadow of hill nor of mound by which I could mark the way I was making. Hour by hour I advanced, and saw no change—I was still the very centre of a round horizon. Hour by hour I advanced, and still there was the same, and the same, and the same—the same circle of flaming sky—the same circle of sand still glaring with light and fire. Over all the heaven above, over all the earth beneath, there was no visible power that could balk the fierce will of the Sun. "He rejoiced as a strong man to run a race; his going forth was from the end of the heaven, and his circuit unto the ends of it: and there was nothing hid from the heat thereof." From pole to pole, and from the East to the West, he brandished his fiery sceptre as though he had usurped all Heaven and Earth. I was all alone before him. There were these two pitted together, and face to face—the

mighty Sun for one, and for the other—this poor, pale, solitary Self of mine that I always carry about with me.

But on the eighth day there appeared a dark line upon the edge of the forward horizon, and soon the line deepened into a delicate fringe that sparkled here and there as though it were sown with diamonds. There, then, before me were the gardens and the minarets of Egypt, and the mighty works of the Nile, and I—I had lived to see, and I saw them.

When evening came I was still within the confines of the Desert, and my tent was pitched as usual; but one of my Arabs stalked away rapidly towards the West without telling me of the errand on which he was bent. After a while he returned. He had joiled on a graceful service: he had travelled all the way on to the border of the living world, and brought me back for a token an ear of rice, full, fresh, and green.

The next day I entered upon Egypt, and floated along (for the delight was as the delight of bathing) through green wavy fields of rice and pastures fresh and plentiful, and dived into the cold verdure of groves and gardens, and quenched my hot eyes in shade, as though in a bed of deep waters.

A. W. Kinglake, "Eothen".

## IX.

### LOST IN THE DESERT.

(CAIRO TO SUEZ.)

THE "Dromedary" of Egypt and Syria is not the two-humped camel described by that name in books of natural history, but is, in fact, of the same family as the camel, standing towards his more clumsy fellow-slave in about the same relation as a racer to a cart-horse. The fleetness and endurance of this creature are extraordinary. It is not usual to force him into a gallop, and I fancy, from his make, that it would be quite impossible for him to maintain that pace for any length of time; but the animal is on so large a scale that the jog-trot



at which he is generally ridden implies a progress of perhaps ten or twelve miles an hour, and this pace, it is said, he can keep up incessantly, without food or water or rest, for three whole days and nights.

Of the two dromedaries which I had obtained for this journey I mounted one myself, and put Dthemetri on the other. My plan was to ride on with Dthemetri to Suez as rapidly as the fleetness of the beasts would allow, and to let Mysseri (then still remaining weak from the effects of his late illness) come quietly on with the camels and baggage.

The trot of the dromedary is a pace terribly disagreeable to the rider until he becomes a little accustomed to it; but after the first half-hour I so far schooled myself to this new exercise that I felt capable of keeping it up (though not without aching limbs) for several hours together. Now, therefore, I was anxious to dart forward, and annihilate at once the whole space that divided me from the Red Sea. Dthemetri, however, could not get on at all. Every attempt at trotting seemed to threaten the utter dislocation of his whole frame, and, indeed, I doubt whether any one of Dthemetri's age (nearly forty, I think), and unaccustomed to such exercise, could have borne it at all easily. Besides, the dromedary which fell to his lot was evidently a very bad one. He every now and then came to a dead stop, and coolly knelt down, as though suggesting that the rider had better get off at once, and abandon the experiment as one that was utterly hopeless.

When for the third or fourth time I saw Dthemetri thus planted, I lost my patience and went on without him. For about two hours, I think, I advanced without once looking behind me. I then paused, and cast my eyes back to the Western horizon. There was no sign of Dthemetri, nor of any other living creature. This I expected, for I knew that I must have far outdistanced all my followers. I had ridden away from my party merely by way of humouring my impatience, and with the intention of stopping as soon as I felt tired, until I was overtaken. I now observed, however (this I had not been able to do whilst advancing so rapidly), that

the track which I had been following was seemingly the track of only one or two camels. I did not fear that I had diverged very largely from the true route, but still I could not feel any reasonable certainty that my party would follow any line of march within sight of me.

I had to consider, therefore, whether I should remain where I was, upon the chance of seeing my people come up, or whether I should push on alone, and find my own way to Suez. I had now learned that I could not rely upon the continual guidance of any track, but I knew that (if maps were right) the point for which I was bound bore me just due east of Cairo, and I thought that, although I might miss the line leading most directly to Suez, I could not well fail to find my way, sooner or later, to the Red Sea. The worst of it was that I had no provision of food or water with me, and already I was beginning to feel thirst. I deliberated for a minute, and then determined that I would abandon all hope of seeing my party again in the Desert, and would push forward as rapidly as possible towards Suez.

It was not without a sensation of awe that I swept with my sight the vacant round of the horizon, and remembered that I was all alone and unprovisioned in the midst of the arid waste; but this very awe gave tone and zest to the exultation with which I felt myself launched. Hitherto, in all my wandering I had been under the care of other people—sailors, Tatars, guides, and Dragomen had watched over my welfare—but now, at last, I was here in this African desert, and *I myself, and no other, had charge of my life.* I liked the office well. I had the greatest part of the day before me, a very fair dromedary, a fur pelisse, and a brace of pistols, but no bread, and, worst of all, no water; for that I must ride—and ride I did.

For several hours I urged forward my beast at a rapid though steady pace, but at length the pangs of thirst began to torment me. I did not relax my pace, however, and I had not suffered long when a moving object appeared in the distance before me. The intervening space was soon traversed, and I found myself approaching a Bedouin Arab, mounted on a

camel, attended by another Bedouin on foot. They stopped. I saw that there hung from the pack-saddle of the camel one of the large skin water-flasks commonly carried in the Desert, and it seemed to be well filled. I steered my dromedary close up alongside of the mounted Bedouin, caused my beast to kneel down, then alighted, and keeping the end of the halter in my hand, went up to the mounted Bedouin without speaking, took hold of his water-flask, opened it, and drank long and deep from its leathern lips. Both of the Bedouins stood fast in amazement and mute horror; and really if they had never happened to see a European before, the apparition was enough to startle them. To see for the first time a coat and a waistcoat, with the semblance of a white human face at the top, and for this ghastly figure to come swiftly out of the horizon, upon a fleet dromedary, approach them silently, and with a demoniacal smile, and drink a deep draught from their water-flask—this was enough to make the Bedouins stare a little; they, in fact, stared a great deal—not as Europeans stare, with a restless and puzzled expression of countenance, but with features all fixed and rigid, and with still, glassy eyes. Before they had time to get decomposed from their state of petrification, I had remounted my dromedary, and was darting away towards the East.

Without pause or remission of pace, I continued to press forward, but after a while I found to my confusion that the slight track which had hitherto guided me now failed altogether. I began to fear that I must have been all along following the course of some wandering Bedouins, and I felt that if this were the case my fate was a little uncertain.

I had no compass with me, but I determined upon the eastern point of the horizon as accurately as I could, by reference to the sun, and so laid down for myself a way over the pathless sands.

But now my poor dromedary, by whose life and strength I held my own, she began to show signs of distress: a thick, clammy, and glutinous kind of foam gathered about her lips, and piteous sobs burst from her bosom in the tones of human



I went up to the mounted Bedouin and took hold of his water-flask.

misery. I doubted, for a moment, whether I would give her a little rest or relaxation of pace; but I decided that I would not, and continued to push forward as steadily as before.

The character of the country became changed. I had ridden away from the level tracts, and before me now, and on either side, there were vast hills of sand and calcined rocks that interrupted my progress and baffled my doubtful road, but I did my best. With rapid steps I swept round the base of the hills, threaded the winding hollows, and at last, as I rose in my swift course to the crest of a lofty ridge, Thalatta! Thalatta! the sea—the sea was before me!

I had not yet been able to see any mark of distant Suez, but after a while I descried, far away in the East, a large, black, isolated building. I made towards this, and in time got down to it. The building was a fort, and had been built there for the protection of a well contained within its precincts. A cluster of small huts adhered to the fort, and in a short time I was receiving the hospitality of the inhabitants, a score or so of people who sat grouped upon the sands near their hamlet. To quench the fires of my throat with about a gallon of muddy water, and to swallow a little of the food placed before me, was the work of a few minutes, and before the astonishment of my hosts had even begun to subside, I was pursuing my onward journey. Suez, I found, was still three hours distant, and the sun going down in the West warned me that I must find some other guide to keep me straight. This guide I found in the most fickle and uncertain of the elements. For some hours the wind had been freshening, and it now blew a violent gale; it blew—not fitfully and in squalls, but with such steadiness that I felt convinced it would blow from the same quarter for several hours; so when the sun set I carefully looked for the point whence the wind came, and found that it blew from the very West—blew exactly in the direction of my route. I had nothing to do, therefore, but to go straight to leeward; and this I found easy enough, for the gale was blowing so hard that, if I diverged at all from my course, I instantly felt the pressure of the blast on the side towards which I had deviated.

Very soon after sunset there came on complete darkness, but the strong wind guided me well, and sped me too on my way.

I had pushed on for about, I think, a couple of hours after nightfall, when I saw the glimmer of a light in the distance, and this I ventured to hope must be Suez. Upon approaching it, however, I found that it was only a solitary fort, and this I passed by without stopping.

On I went, still riding down the wind; but at last an unlucky misfortune befell me—a misfortune so absurd that, if you like, you shall have your laugh against me. I have told you already what sort of lodging it is that you have upon the back of a camel. You ride the dromedary in the same fashion: you are perched, rather than seated, on a bunch of carpets or quilts upon the summit of the hump. It happened that my dromedary veered rather suddenly from her onward course. Meeting the movement, I mechanically turned my left wrist, as though I were holding a bridle rein, for the complete darkness prevented my eyes from reminding me that I had nothing but a halter in my hand. The expected resistance failed, for the halter was hanging upon that side of the dromedary's neck towards which I was slightly leaning; I toppled over, head-foremost, and then went falling through air till my crown came whang against the ground. And the ground too was perfectly hard (compacted sand), but my thickly wadded headgear (this I wore for protection against the sun) now stood me in good part, and saved my life. The notion of my being able to get up again after falling head-foremost from such an immense height seemed to me at first too paradoxical to be acted upon, but I soon found that I was not a bit hurt. My dromedary had utterly vanished. I looked round me, and saw the glimmer of a light in the fort which I had lately passed, and I began to work my way back in that direction. The violence of the gale made it hard for me to force my way towards the West, but I succeeded at last in regaining the fort. To this, as to the other fort which I had passed, there was attached a cluster of huts, and I soon found myself surrounded by a group of villainous, gloomy-looking fellows. It was sorry work for

me to swagger and look big at a time when I felt so particularly small on account of my tumble and my lost dromedary, but there was no help for it; I had no Dthemetri now to "strike terror" for me. I knew hardly one word of Arabic, but somehow or other I contrived to announce it as my absolute will and pleasure that these fellows should find me the means of gaining Suez. They acceded, and having a donkey, they saddled it for me, and appointed one of their number to attend me on foot.

I afterwards found that these fellows were not Arabs, but Algerine refugees, and that they bore the character of being sad scoundrels. They justified this imputation to some extent on the following day. They allowed Mysseri with my baggage and the camels to pass unmolested, but an Arab lad belonging to the party happened to lag a little way in the rear, and him (if they were not maligned) these rascals stripped and robbed. Low indeed is the state of bandit morality, when men will allow the sleek traveller with well-laden camels to pass in quiet, reserving their spirit of enterprise for the tattered turban of a miserable boy.

I reached Suez at last. The British Agent, though roused from his midnight sleep, received me in his home with the utmost kindness and hospitality. Heaven! how delightful it was to lie on fair sheets, and to dally with sleep, and to wake, and to sleep, and to wake once more, for the sake of sleeping again!

A. W. Kinglake, "Eothen".

## X.

### DAWN AMONG THE PINES.

WHEN I awoke again, many of the stars had disappeared; only the stronger companions of the night still burnt visibly overhead; and away towards the East I saw a faint haze of light upon the horizon, such as had been the Milky Way when I was last awake. Day was at hand. I lit my lantern, and by its glow-worm light put on my boots and gaiters; then I broke up some bread for Modestine, filled my can at the water-

tap, and lit my spirit-lamp to boil myself some chocolate. The blue darkness lay long in the glade where I had so sweetly slumbered ; but soon there was a broad streak of orange melting into gold along the mountain-tops. A solemn glee possessed my mind at this gradual and lovely coming in of day. I heard the runnel with delight ; I looked round me for something beautiful and unexpected ; but the still black pine-trees, the hollow glade, the munching ass, remained unchanged in figure. Nothing had altered but the light, and that, indeed, shed over all a spirit of life, and of breathing peace, and moved me to a strange exhilaration.

I drank my water chocolate, which was hot if it was not rich, and strolled here and there, and up and down about the glade. While I was thus delaying, a gush of steady wind, as long as a heavy sigh, poured direct out of the quarter of the morning. It was cold, and set me sneezing. The trees near at hand tossed their black plumes in its passages ; and I could see the distant spires of pine along the edge of the hill rock slightly to and fro against the golden East. Ten minutes after, the sunlight spread at a gallop along the hill-side, scattering shadows and sparkles, and the day had come completely.

I hastened to prepare my pack, and tackle the steep ascent that lay before me ; but I had something on my mind. It was only a fancy ; yet a fancy will sometimes be importunate. I had been most hospitably received and punctually served in my green caravanserai. The room was airy, the water excellent, and the dawn had called me to a moment. I say nothing of the tapestries or the inimitable ceiling, nor yet of the view which I commanded from the windows ; but I felt I was in some one's debt for all this liberal entertainment. And so it pleased me, in a half-laughing way, to leave pieces of money on the turf as I went along, until I had left enough for my night's lodging. I trust they did not fall to some rich and churlish drover.

R. L. Stevenson, " *Travels with a Donkey in the Cevennes* ".



## XI.

## RIP VAN WINKLE.

## I.

WHOEVER has made a voyage up the Hudson, must remember the Kaatskill Mountains. They are a dismembered branch of the great Appalachian family, and are seen away to the west of the river, swelling up to a noble height, and lording it over the surrounding country. Every change of season, every change of weather, indeed every hour of the day, produces some change in the magical hues and shapes of these mountains, and they are regarded by all the good wives, far and near, as perfect barometers. When the weather is fair and settled, they are clothed in blue and purple, and print their bold outlines on the clear evening sky ; but sometimes, when the rest of the landscape is cloudless, they will gather a hood of grey vapours about their summits, which, in the last rays of the setting sun, will glow and light up like a crown of glory.

At the foot of these fairy mountains, the voyager may have descried the light smoke curling up from a village, whose shingle roofs gleam among the trees, just where the blue tints of the upland melt away into the fresh green of the nearer landscape. It is a little village of great antiquity, having been founded by some of the Dutch colonists, in the early times of the province, just about the beginning of the government of the good Peter Stuyvesant (may he rest in peace!), and there were some of the houses of the original settlers standing within a few years, built of small yellow bricks brought from Holland, having latticed windows and gable fronts, surmounted with weathercocks.

In that same village, and in one of these very houses (which, to tell the precise truth, was sadly time-worn and weather-beaten), there lived many years since, while the country was yet a province of Great Britain, a simple, good-natured fellow, of the name of Rip Van Winkle. He was a descendant of the Van Winkles who figured so gallantly in the chivalrous days of

Peter Stuyvesant, and accompanied him to the siege of Fort Christina. He inherited, however, but little of the martial character of his ancestors. I have observed that he was a simple, good-natured man ; he was, moreover, a kind neighbour, and an obedient, henpecked husband. Indeed, to the latter circumstance might be owing that meekness of spirit which gained him such universal popularity ; for those men are most apt to be obsequious and conciliating abroad, who are under the discipline of shrews at home. Their tempers, doubtless, are rendered pliant and malleable in the fiery furnace of domestic tribulation, and a certain lecture is worth all the sermons in the world for teaching the virtues of patience and long-suffering. A termagant wife may therefore, in some respects, be considered a tolerable blessing ; and if so, Rip Van Winkle was thrice blessed.

Certain it is, that he was a great favourite among all the good wives of the village, who, as usual with the amiable sex, took his part in all family squabbles ; and never failed, whenever they talked those matters over in their evening gossipings, to lay all the blame on Dame Van Winkle. The children of the village, too, would shout with joy whenever he approached. He assisted at their sports, made their playthings, taught them to fly kites and shoot marbles, and told them long stories of ghosts, witches, and Indians. Whenever he went dodging about the village, he was surrounded by a troop of them, hanging on his skirts, clambering on his back, and playing a thousand tricks on him with impunity ; and not a dog would bark at him throughout the neighbourhood.

The great error in Rip's composition was an insuperable aversion to all kinds of profitable labour. It could not be from the want of assiduity or perseverance ; for he would sit on a wet rock, with a rod as long and heavy as a Tartar's lance, and fish all day without a murmur, even though he should not be encouraged by a single nibble. He would carry a fowling-piece on his shoulder, for hours together, trudging through woods and swamps, and up hill and down dale, to shoot a few squirrels or wild pigeons. He would never refuse to assist a

neighbour even in the roughest toil, and was a foremost man at all country frolics for husking Indian corn, or building stone fences; the women of the village, too, used to employ him to run their errands, and to do such little odd jobs as their less obliging husbands would not do for them. In a word, Rip was ready to attend to anybody's business but his own; but as to doing family duty, and keeping his farm in order, he found it impossible.

In fact, he declared it was of no use to work on his farm; it was the most pestilent little piece of ground in the whole country; everything about it went wrong, and would go wrong, in spite of him. His fences were continually falling to pieces; his cow would either go astray, or get among the cabbages; weeds were sure to grow quicker in his fields than anywhere else; the rain always made a point of setting in just as he had some outdoor work to do; so that though his patrimonial estate had dwindled away under his management, acre by acre, until there was little more left than a mere patch of Indian corn and potatoes, yet it was the worst conditioned farm in the neighbourhood.

His children, too, were as ragged and wild as if they belonged to nobody. His son Rip, an urchin begotten in his own likeness, promised to inherit the habits, with the old clothes, of his father. He was generally seen trooping like a colt, at his mother's heels, equipped in a pair of his father's cast-off clothes, which he had much ado to hold up with one hand, as a fine lady does her train in bad weather.

Rip Van Winkle, however, was one of those happy mortals, of foolish, well-oiled dispositions, who take the world easy, eat white bread or brown, whichever can be got with least thought or trouble, and would rather starve on a penny than work for a pound. If left to himself, he would have whistled life away, in perfect contentment; but his wife kept continually dinning in his ears about his idleness, his carelessness, and the ruin he was bringing on his family. Morning, noon, and night, her tongue was incessantly going, and everything he said or did was sure to produce a torrent of household

eloquence. Rip had but one way of replying to all lectures of the kind, and that, by frequent use, had grown into a habit. He shrugged his shoulders, shook his head, cast up his eyes, but said nothing. This, however, always provoked a fresh volley from his wife ; so that he was fain to draw off his forces, and take to the outside of the house—the only side which, in truth, belongs to a henpecked husband.

## II.

Rip's sole domestic adherent was his dog Wolf, who was as much henpecked as his master ; for Dame Van Winkle regarded them as companions in idleness, and even looked upon Wolf with an evil eye, as the cause of his master's going so often astray. True it is, in all points of spirit befitting an honourable dog, he was as courageous an animal as ever scoured the woods—but what courage can withstand the ever-during and all-besetting terrors of a woman's tongue ? The moment Wolf entered the house his crest fell, his tail drooped to the ground or curled between his legs, he sneaked about with a gallows air, casting many a sidelong glance at Dame Van Winkle, and at the least flourish of a broomstick or ladle, he would fly yelping to the door.

Times grew worse and worse with Rip Van Winkle as years of matrimony rolled on ; a tart temper never mellows with age, and a sharp tongue is the only edged tool that grows keener with constant use. For a long while he used to console himself, when driven from home, by frequenting a kind of perpetual club of the sages, philosophers, and other idle personages of the village ; which held its sessions on a bench before a small inn, designated by a rubicund portrait of His Majesty George the Third. Here they used to sit in the shade, on a long, lazy summer's day, talk listlessly over village gossip, or tell endless, sleepy stories about nothing. But it would have been worth any statesman's money to have heard the profound discussions that sometimes took place, when by chance an old newspaper fell into their hands, from

some passing traveller. How solemnly they would listen to the contents, as drawled out by Derrick Van Bummel, the schoolmaster, a dapper, learned little man, who was not to be daunted by the most gigantic word in the dictionary; and how sagely they would deliberate upon public events some months after they had taken place.

The opinions of this assembly were completely controlled by Nicholas Vedder, a patriarch of the village, and landlord of the inn, at the door of which he took his seat from morning till night, just moving sufficiently to avoid the sun, and keep in the shade of a large tree; so that the neighbours could tell the hour by his movements as accurately as by a sundial. It is true, he was rarely heard to speak, but smoked his pipe incessantly. His adherents, however (for every great man has his adherents), perfectly understood him, and knew how to gather his opinions. When anything that was read or related displeased him, he was observed to smoke his pipe vehemently, and send forth short, frequent, and angry puffs; but when pleased, he would inhale the smoke slowly and tranquilly, and emit it in light and placid clouds, and sometimes taking the pipe from his mouth, and letting the fragrant vapour curl about his nose, would gravely nod his head in token of perfect approbation.

From even this stronghold the unlucky Rip was at length routed by his termagant wife, who would suddenly break in upon the tranquillity of the assemblage and call the members all to naught; nor was that august personage, Nicholas Vedder himself, sacred from the daring tongue of this terrible virago, who charged him outright with encouraging her husband in habits of idleness.

Poor Rip was at last reduced almost to despair; and his only alternative to escape from the labour of the farm and the clamour of his wife, was to take gun in hand, and stroll away into the woods. Here he would sometimes seat himself at the foot of a tree, and share the contents of his wallet with Wolf, with whom he sympathized as a fellow-sufferer in persecution. "Poor Wolf," he would say, "thy mistress

leads thee a dog's life of it ; but never mind, my lad, whilst I live thou shalt never want a friend to stand by thee ! " Wolf would wag his tail, look wistfully in his master's face, and if dogs can feel pity, I verily believe he reciprocated the sentiment with all his heart.

## III.

In a long ramble of the kind on a fine autumnal day, Rip had unconsciously scrambled to one of the highest parts of the Kaatskill Mountains. He was after his favourite sport of squirrel-shooting, and the still solitudes had echoed and re-echoed with the reports of his gun. Panting and fatigued, he threw himself, late in the afternoon, on a green knoll, covered with mountain herbage, that crowned the brow of a precipice. From an opening between the trees he could overlook all the lower country for many a mile of rich woodland. He saw at a distance the lordly Hudson, far, far below him, moving on its silent but majestic course, with the reflection of a purple cloud, or the sail of a lagging barque, here and there sleeping on its glassy bosom, and at last losing itself in the blue highlands.

On the other side he looked down into a deep mountain glen, wild, lonely, and shagged, the bottom filled with fragments from the impending cliffs, and scarcely lighted by the reflected rays of the setting sun. For some time Rip lay musing on this scene ; evening was gradually advancing ; the mountains began to throw their long blue shadows over the valleys ; he saw that it would be dark long before he could reach the village, and he heaved a heavy sigh when he thought of encountering the terrors of Dame Van Winkle.

As he was about to descend, he heard a voice from a distance, hallooing, " Rip Van Winkle ! Rip Van Winkle ! " He looked around, but could see nothing but a crow winging its solitary flight across the mountain. He thought his fancy must have deceived him and turned again to descend, when he heard the same cry ring through the still evening air :

"Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!"—at the same time Wolf bristled up his back, and giving a low growl, skulked to his master's side, looking fearfully down into the glen. Rip now felt a vague apprehension stealing over him; he looked anxiously in the same direction, and perceived a strange figure slowly toiling up the rocks, and bending under the weight of something he carried on his back. He was surprised to see any human being in this lonely and unfrequented place, but supposing it to be some one of the neighbourhood in need of his assistance he hastened down to yield it.

On nearer approach, he was still more surprised at the singularity of the stranger's appearance. He was a short, square-built old fellow, with thick bushy hair, and a grizzled beard. His dress was of the antique Dutch fashion—a cloth jerkin strapped round the waist—several pairs of breeches, the outer one of ample volume, decorated with rows of buttons down the sides, and bunches at the knees. He bore on his shoulder a stout keg, that seemed full of liquor, and made signs for Rip to approach and assist him with the load. Though rather shy and distrustful of this new acquaintance, Rip complied with his usual alacrity, and mutually relieving each other, they clambered up a narrow gully, apparently the dry bed of a mountain torrent. As they ascended, Rip every now and then heard long rolling peals, like distant thunder, that seemed to issue out of a deep ravine, or rather cleft between lofty rocks, toward which their rugged path conducted. He paused for an instant, but supposing it to be the muttering of one of those transient thunder showers which often take place in mountain heights, he proceeded. Passing through the ravine, they came to a hollow, like a small amphitheatre, surrounded by perpendicular precipices over the brinks of which impending trees shot their branches, so that you only caught glimpses of the azure sky, and the bright evening cloud. During the whole time Rip and his companion had laboured on in silence; for though the former marvelled greatly what could be the object of carrying a keg of liquor up this wild mountain, yet there was something strange and incompre-

hensible about the unknown, that inspired awe and checked familiarity.

On entering the amphitheatre, new objects of wonder presented themselves. On a level spot in the centre was a company of odd-looking personages playing at ninepins. They were dressed in a quaint, outlandish fashion: some wore short doublets, others jerkins, with long knives in their belts, and most of them had enormous breeches, of similar style with that of the guide's. Their visages, too, were peculiar: one had a large head, broad face, and small piggish eyes; the face of another seemed to consist entirely of nose, and was surmounted by a white sugar-loaf hat, set off with a little red cock's tail. They all had beards, of various shapes and colours. There was one who seemed to be the commander. He was a stout old gentleman, with a weather-beaten countenance; he wore a laced doublet, broad belt and hanger, high-crowned hat and feather, red stockings, and high-heeled shoes, with roses in them.

What seemed particularly odd to Rip was, that though these folks were evidently amusing themselves, yet they maintained the gravest faces, the most mysterious silence, and were, withal, the most melancholy party of pleasure he had ever witnessed. Nothing interrupted the stillness of the scene, but the noise of the balls, which, whenever they were rolled, echoed along the mountains like rumbling peals of thunder.

As Rip and his companion approached them, they suddenly desisted from their play, and stared at him with such fixed statue-like gaze, and such strange, uncouth, lack-lustre countenances, that his heart turned within him, and his knees smote together. His companion now emptied the contents of the keg into large flagons, and made signs to him to wait upon the company. He obeyed with fear and trembling; they quaffed the liquor in profound silence, and then returned to their game.

By degrees, Rip's awe and apprehension subsided. He even ventured, when no eye was fixed upon him, to taste the





Rip joins the roysterers.

beverage, which he found had much of the flavour of excellent Hollands. He was naturally a thirsty soul, and was soon tempted to repeat the draught. One taste provoked another, and he reiterated his visits to the flagon so often, that at length his senses were overpowered, his eyes swam in his head, his head gradually declined, and he fell into a deep sleep.

## IV.

On waking, he found himself on the green knoll from whence he had first seen the old man of the glen. He rubbed his eyes—it was a bright sunny morning. The birds were hopping and twittering among the bushes, and the eagle was wheeling aloft, and breasting the pure mountain breeze. “Surely,” thought Rip, “I have not slept here all night.” He recalled the occurrences before he fell asleep. The strange man with a keg of liquor—the mountain ravine—the wild retreat among the rocks—the woebegone party at ninepins—the flagon—“Oh! that flagon! that wicked flagon!” thought Rip—“what excuse shall I make to Dame Van Winkle?”

He looked round for his gun, but in place of the clean, well-oiled fowling-piece, he found an old firelock lying by him, the barrel encrusted with rust, the lock falling off, and the stock worm-eaten. He now suspected that the grave roysterers of the mountain had put a trick upon him, and having dosed him with liquor, had robbed him of his gun. Wolf, too, had disappeared, but he might have strayed away after a squirrel or partridge. He whistled after him and shouted his name, but all in vain; the echoes repeated his whistle and shout, but no dog was to be seen.

He determined to revisit the scene of the last evening’s gambol, and if he met with any of the party to demand his dog and gun. As he rose to walk he found himself stiff in the joints, and wanting in his usual activity. “These mountain beds do not agree with me,” thought Rip; “and if this frolic should lay me up with a fit of the rheumatism, I shall

have a blessed time with Dame Van Winkle." With some difficulty he got down into the glen; he found the gully up which he and his companion had ascended the preceding evening; but to his astonishment a mountain stream was now foaming down it, leaping from rock to rock, and filling the glen with babbling murmurs. He, however, made shift to scramble up its sides, working his toilsome way through thickets of birch, and witch-hazel, and sometimes tripped up or entangled by the wild grape-vines that twisted their coils and tendrils from tree to tree, and spread a kind of network in his path.

At length he reached to where the ravine had opened through the cliffs, to the amphitheatre; but no traces of such opening remained. The rocks presented a high impenetrable wall, over which the torrent came tumbling in a sheet of feathery foam, and fell into a broad deep basin, black from the shadows of the surrounding forest. Here, then, poor Rip was brought to a stand. He again called and whistled after his dog; he was only answered by the cawing of a flock of idle crows, sporting high in the air about a dry tree that overhung a sunny precipice; and who, secure in their elevation, seemed to look down and scoff at the poor man's perplexities. What was to be done? the morning was passing away, and Rip felt famished for want of his breakfast. He grieved to give up his dog and gun; he dreaded to meet his wife; but it would not do to starve among the mountains. He shook his head, shouldered the rusty firelock, and, with a heart full of trouble and anxiety, turned his steps homeward.

As he approached the village he met a number of people, but none whom he knew, which somewhat surprised him, for he had thought himself acquainted with every one in the country round. Their dress, too, was of different fashion from that to which he was accustomed. They all stared at him with equal marks of surprise, and whenever they cast eyes upon him, invariably stroked their chins. The constant recurrence of this gesture induced Rip, involuntarily, to do the same, when, to his astonishment, he found his beard had grown a foot long!

He had now entered the skirts of the village. A troop of strange children ran at his heels, hooting after him, and pointing at his grey beard. The dogs, too, not one of which he recognized for an old acquaintance, barked at him as he passed. The very village was altered: it was larger and more populous. There were rows of houses which he had never seen before, and those which had been his familiar haunts had disappeared. Strange names were over the doors—strange faces at the windows—everything was strange. His mind now misgave him; he began to doubt whether both he and the world around him were not bewitched. Surely this was his native village, which he had left but the day before. There stood the Kaatskill Mountains—there ran the silver Hudson at a distance—there was every hill and dale precisely as it had always been—Rip was sorely perplexed—"That flagon last night," thought he, "has addled my poor head sadly!"

It was with some difficulty that he found the way to his own house, which he approached with silent awe, expecting every moment to hear the shrill voice of Dame Van Winkle. He found the house gone to decay—the roof fallen in, the windows shattered, and the doors off the hinges. A half-starved dog, that looked like Wolf, was skulking about it. Rip called him by name, but the cur snarled, showed his teeth, and passed on. 'This was an unkind cut indeed—"My very dog," sighed poor Rip, "has forgotten me!"

He entered the house, which, to tell the truth, Dame Van Winkle had always kept in neat order. It was empty, forlorn, and apparently abandoned. This desolateness overcame all his connubial fears—he called loudly for his wife and children—the lonely chambers rung for a moment with his voice, and then all again was silence.

## V.

He now hurried forth, and hastened to his old resort, the village inn—but it, too, was gone. A large rickety wooden building stood in its place, with great gaping windows, some

of them broken, and mended with old hats and petticoats, and over the door was painted, "The Union Hotel, by Jonathan Doolittle". Instead of the great tree that used to shelter the quiet little Dutch inn of yore, there now was reared a tall naked poll, with something on the top that looked like a red night-cap, and from it was fluttering a flag, on which was a singular assemblage of stars and stripes—all this was strange and incomprehensible. He recognized on the sign, however, the ruby face of King George, under which he had smoked so many a peaceful pipe, but even this was singularly metamorphosed. The red coat was changed for one of blue and buff, a sword was held in the hand instead of a sceptre, the head was decorated with a cocked hat, and underneath was painted in large characters, GENERAL WASHINGTON.

There was, as usual, a crowd of folk about the door, but none that Rip recollected. The very character of the people seemed changed. There was a busy, bustling, disputatious tone about it, instead of the accustomed phlegm and drowsy tranquillity. He looked in vain for the sage Nicholas Vedder, with his broad face, double chin, and fair long pipe, uttering clouds of tobacco smoke instead of idle speeches; or Van Bummel, the schoolmaster, doling forth the contents of an ancient newspaper. In place of these, a lean, bilious-looking fellow, with his pockets full of handbills, was haranguing vehemently about rights of citizens—election—members of Congress—liberty—Bunker's Hill—heroes of seventy-six—and other words, that were a perfect Babylonish jargon to the bewildered Van Winkle.

The appearance of Rip, with his long, grizzled beard, his rusty fowling-piece, his uncouth dress, and the army of women and children that had gathered at his heels, soon attracted the attention of the tavern politicians. They crowded round him, eyeing him from head to foot, with great curiosity. The orator bustled up to him, and drawing him partly aside, inquired "on which side he voted". Rip stared in vacant stupidity. Another short but busy little fellow pulled him by the arm, and rising on tiptoe, inquired in his ear, "whether he



Rip Van Winkle's return.

was Federal or Democrat". Rip was equally at a loss to comprehend the question; when a knowing, self-important old gentleman, in a sharp cocked hat, made his way through the crowd, putting them to the right and left with his elbows as he passed, and planting himself before Van Winkle, with one arm akimbo, the other resting on his cane, his keen eyes and sharp hat penetrating, as it were, into his very soul, demanded, in an austere tone, "what brought him to the election with a gun on his shoulder, and a mob at his heels, and whether he meant to breed a riot in the village?" "Alas! gentlemen," cried Rip, somewhat dismayed, "I am a poor quiet man, a native of the place, and a loyal subject of the King, God bless him!"

Here a general shout burst from the bystanders—"A tory! a tory! a spy! a refugee! hustle him! away with him!" It was with great difficulty that the self-important man in the cocked hat restored order; and having assumed a tenfold austerity of brow, demanded again of the unknown culprit what he came there for, and whom he was seeking. The poor man humbly assured him that he meant no harm, but merely came there in search of some of his neighbours, who used to keep about the tavern.

"Well—who are they?—name them."

Rip bethought himself a moment, and inquired, "Where's Nicholas Vedder?"

There was silence for a little while. when an old man replied, in a thin piping voice, "Nicholas Vedder? why he is dead and gone these eighteen years! There was a wooden tombstone in the churchyard that used to tell all about him, but that's rotted and gone too."

"Where's Brom Dutcher?"

"Oh, he went off to the army in the beginning of the war; some say he was killed at the storming of Stoney Point—others say he was drowned in a squall at the foot of Antony's Nose. I don't know—he never came back again."

"Where's Van Bummel, the schoolmaster?"

"He went off to the wars too, was a great militia general, and is now in Congress."

Rip's heart died away, at hearing of these sad changes in his home and friends, and finding himself thus alone in the world. Every answer puzzled him, too, by treating of such enormous lapses of time, and of matters which he could not understand: war—Congress—Stoney Point;—he had no courage to ask after any more friends, but cried out in despair, "Does nobody here know Rip Van Winkle?"

"Oh, Rip Van Winkle!" exclaimed two or three, "Oh, to be sure! that's Rip Van Winkle yonder, leaning against the tree."

Rip looked, and beheld a precise counterpart of himself, as he went up the mountain: apparently as lazy, and certainly as ragged. The poor fellow was now completely confounded. He doubted his own identity, and whether he was himself or another man. In the midst of his bewilderment, the man in the cocked hat demanded who he was, and what was his name?

"God knows," exclaimed he, at his wits' end; "I'm not myself—I'm somebody else—that's me yonder—no—that's somebody else, got into my shoes—I was myself last night, but I fell asleep on the mountain, and they've changed my gun, and everything's changed, and I'm changed, and I can't tell what's my name, or who I am!"

## VI.

The bystanders began now to look at each other, nod, wink significantly, and tap their fingers against their foreheads. There was a whisper, also, about securing the gun, and keeping the old fellow from doing mischief, at the very suggestion of which the self-important man in the cocked hat retired with some precipitation. At this critical moment a fresh, lively-looking woman pressed through the throng to get a peep at the grey-bearded man. She had a chubby child in her arms, which, frightened at his looks, began to cry. "Hush, Rip," cried she, "hush, you little fool, the old man won't hurt you." The name of the child, the air of the mother, the



tone of her voice, all awakened a train of recollection in his mind. "What is your name, my good woman?" asked he.

"Judith Gardenier."

"And your father's name?"

"Ah, poor man, his name was Rip Van Winkle; it's twenty years since he went away from home with his gun, and never has been heard of since—his dog came home without him; but whether he shot himself, or was carried away by the Indians, nobody can tell. I was then but a little girl."

Rip had but one question more to ask; but he put it with a faltering voice:—

"Where's your mother?"

Oh, she, too, had died but a short time since; she broke a blood vessel in a fit of passion at a New-England pedlar.

There was a drop of comfort, at least, in this intelligence. The honest man could contain himself no longer. He caught his daughter and her child in his arms. "I am your father!" cried he—"Young Rip Van Winkle once—old Rip Van Winkle now!—Does nobody know poor Rip Van Winkle!"

All stood amazed, until an old woman, tottering out from among the crowd, put her hand to her brow, and peering under it in his face for a moment, exclaimed, "Sure enough! it is Rip Van Winkle—it is himself! Welcome home again, old neighbour. Why, where have you been these twenty long years?"

Rip's story was soon told, for the whole twenty years had been to him as one night. The neighbours stared when they heard it; some were seen to wink at each other, and put their tongues in their cheeks: and the self-important man in the cocked hat, who, when the alarm was over, had returned to the field, screwed down the corners of his mouth, and shook his head—upon which there was a general shaking of the head throughout the assemblage.

It was determined, however, to take the opinion of old Peter Vanderdonk, who was seen slowly advancing up the road. He was a descendant of the historian of that name, who wrote one of the earliest accounts of the province. Peter was the

most ancient inhabitant of the village, and well versed in all the wonderful events and traditions of the neighbourhood. He recollected Rip at once, and corroborated his story in the most satisfactory manner. He assured the company that it was a fact, handed down from his ancestor the historian, that the Kaatskill Mountains had always been haunted by strange beings. That it was affirmed that the great Hendrick Hudson, the first discoverer of the river and country, kept a kind of vigil there every twenty years, with his crew of the "Half-moon," being permitted in this way to revisit the scenes of his enterprise, and keep a guardian eye upon the river, and the great city called by his name. That his father had once seen them in their old Dutch dresses playing at ninepins in a hollow of the mountain; and that he himself had heard, one summer afternoon, the sound of their balls like distant peals of thunder.

To make a long story short, the company broke up, and returned to the more important concerns of the election. Rip's daughter took him home to live with her: she had a snug, well-furnished house, and a stout cheery farmer for a husband, whom Rip recollected for one of the urchins that used to climb upon his back. As to Rip's son and heir, who was the ditto of himself, seen leaning against the tree, he was employed to work on the farm; but evinced an hereditary disposition to attend to anything else but his business.

Rip now resumed his old walks and habits: he soon found many of his former cronies, though all rather the worse for the wear and tear of time; and preferred making friends among the rising generation, with whom he soon grew into great favour.

Having nothing to do at home, and being arrived at that happy age when a man can do nothing with impunity, he took his place once more on the bench at the inn door, and was revered as one of the patriarchs of the village, and a chronicle of the old times "before the war". It was some time before he could get into the regular track of gossip, or could be made to comprehend the strange events that had

taken place during his torpor. How that there had been a revolutionary war—that the country had thrown off the yoke of Old England—and that, instead of being a subject of His Majesty George the Third, he was now a free citizen of the United States. Rip was no politician; the changes of states and empires made but little impression on him; but there was one species of despotism under which he had long groaned, and that was—petticoat government. Happily, that was at an end; he had got his neck out of the yoke of matrimony, and could go in and out whenever he pleased, without dreading the tyranny of Dame Van Winkle. Whenever her name was mentioned, however, he shook his head, shrugged his shoulders, and cast up his eyes; which might pass either for an expression of resignation to his fate, or joy at his deliverance.

He used to tell his story to every stranger that arrived at Mr. Doolittle's hotel. He was observed, at first, to vary on some points every time he told it, which was, doubtless, owing to his having so recently awaked. It at last settled down precisely to the tale I have related, and not a man, woman, or child in the neighbourhood but knew it by heart. Some always pretended to doubt the reality of it, and insisted that Rip had been out of his head, and that this was one point on which he always remained flighty. The old Dutch inhabitants, however, almost universally gave it full credit. Even to this day they never hear a thunder-storm of a summer afternoon, about the Kaatskill, but they say Hendrick Hudson and his crew are at their game of ninepins; and it is a common wish of all henpecked husbands in the neighbourhood, when life hangs heavy on their hands, that they might have a quieting draught out of Rip Van Winkle's flagon.

Washington Irvine.

## XII.

### INVENTION OF MONEY.

WHEN the division of labour has been once thoroughly established, it is but a very small part of a man's wants which

the produce of his own labour can supply. He supplies the far greater part of them by exchanging that surplus part of the produce of his own labour, which is over and above his own consumption, for such parts of the produce of other men's labour as he has occasion for. Every man thus lives by exchanging or becomes in some measure a merchant, and the society itself grows to be what is properly a commercial society.

But when the division of labour first began to take place, this power of exchanging must frequently have been very much clogged and embarrassed in its operations. One man,



A coin of Kanishka,  
2nd century A.D.



Indian Rupee,  
present day.



English Sovereign,  
present day.

we shall suppose, has more of a certain commodity than he himself has occasion for, while another has less. The former consequently would be glad to dispose of, and the latter to purchase, a part of his superfluity. But if this latter should chance to have nothing that the former stands in need of no exchange can be made between them. The butcher has more meat in his shop than he himself can consume, and the brewer and the baker would each of them be willing to purchase a part of it. But they would have nothing to offer in exchange, except the different productions of their respective trades, and the butcher is already provided with all the bread and beer which he has immediate occasion for. No exchange

can, in this case, be made between them. He cannot be their merchant, nor they his customers; and they are all of them thus mutually less serviceable to one another. In order to avoid the inconvenience of such situations, every prudent man in every period of society, after the first establishment of the division of labour, must naturally have endeavoured to manage his affairs in such a manner, as to have at all times by him, besides the peculiar produce of his own industry, a certain quantity of some one commodity or other, such as he imagined few people would be likely to refuse in exchange for the produce of their industry.

Many different commodities, it is probable, were successively both thought of and employed for this purpose. In the rude ages of society, cattle are said to have been the common instrument of commerce; and, though they must have been a most inconvenient one, yet in old times we find things were frequently valued according to the number of cattle which had been given in exchange for them. The armour of Diomedes, says Homer, cost only nine oxen; but that of Glaucus cost an hundred oxen. Salt is said to be the common instrument of commerce and exchange in Abyssinia; a species of shells in some parts of the coast of India; dried cod at Newfoundland; tobacco in Virginia; sugar in some of our West India colonies; hides or dressed leather in some other countries; and there is at this day a village in Scotland where it is not uncommon, I am told, for a workman to carry nails instead of money to the baker's shop or the ale-house.

In all countries, however, men seem at last to have been determined by irresistible reasons to give the preference, for this employment, to metals above every other commodity. Metals can not only be kept with as little loss as any other commodity, scarce anything being less perishable than they are; but they can likewise, without any loss, be divided into any number of parts, as by fusion those parts can easily be reunited again—a quality which no other equally durable commodities possess, and which more than any other quality renders them fit to be instruments of commerce and circula-

tion. The man who wanted to buy salt, for example, and had nothing but cattle to give in exchange for it, must have been obliged to buy salt to the value of a whole ox, or a whole sheep, at a time. He could seldom buy less than this, because what he was to give for it could seldom be divided without loss; and if he had a mind to buy more, he must, for the same reasons, have been obliged to buy double or triple the quantity, the value, to wit, of two or three oxen, or of two or three sheep. If, on the contrary, instead of sheep or oxen, he had metals to give in exchange for it, he could easily proportion the quantity of the metal to the precise quantity of the commodity which he had immediate occasion for.

Different metals have been made use of by different nations for this purpose. Iron was the common instrument of commerce among the ancient Spartans; copper among the ancient Romans; and gold and silver among all rich and commercial nations.

These metals seem originally to have been made use of for this purpose in rude bars without any stamp or coinage. Thus we are told by Pliny that, till the time of Servius Tullius, the Romans had no coined money, but made use of unstamped bars of copper, to purchase whatever they had occasion for. These rude bars, therefore, performed at this time the function of money.

The use of metals in this rude state was attended with two very considerable inconveniences: first, with the trouble of weighing; and, secondly, with that of assaying them. In the precious metals, where a small difference in the quantity makes a great difference in the value, even the business of weighing, with proper exactness, requires at least very accurate weights and scales. The weighing of gold in particular is an operation of some nicety. In the coarser metals, indeed, where a small error would be of little consequence, less accuracy would, no doubt, be necessary. Yet we should find it exceedingly troublesome, if every time a poor man had occasion either to buy or sell a farthing's worth of goods he was obliged to weigh the farthing. The operation of assaying is

still more difficult, still more tedious ; and unless a part of the metal is fairly melted in the crucible, with proper dissolvents, any conclusion that can be drawn from it is extremely uncertain. Before the institution of coined money, however, unless they went through this tedious and difficult operation, people must always have been liable to the grossest frauds and impositions ; and instead of a pound weight of pure silver, or pure copper, might receive, in exchange for their goods, an adulterated composition of the coarsest and cheapest materials, which had, however, in their outward appearance, been made to resemble those metals. To prevent such abuses, to facilitate exchanges, and thereby to encourage all sorts of industry and commerce, it has been found necessary in all countries that have made any considerable advances towards improvement, to affix a public stamp upon certain quantities of such particular metals as were in those countries commonly made use of to purchase goods. Hence the origin of coined money, and of those public offices called mints—institutions exactly of the same nature with those of the aulnagers and stamp-masters of woollen and linen cloth. All of them are equally meant to ascertain, by means of a public stamp, the quantity and uniform goodness of those different commodities when brought to market.

The first public stamps of this kind that were affixed to the current metals seem in many cases to have been intended to ascertain, what it was both most difficult and most important to ascertain, the goodness or fineness of the metal, and to have resembled the sterling mark which is at present affixed to plate and bars of silver, which being struck only upon one side of the piece, and not covering the whole surface, ascertains the fineness, but not the weight of the metal. Abraham weighs to Ephron the 400 shekels of silver which he had agreed to pay for the field of Machpelah. They are said, however, to be the current money of the merchant, and yet are received by weight, and not by tale, in the same manner as ingots of gold and bars of silver are at present. The revenues of the ancient Saxon Kings of England are said to have been paid,

not in money, but in kind; that is, in victuals and provisions of all sorts. William the Conqueror introduced the custom of paying them in money. This money, however, was, for a long time, received at the exchequer by weight, and not by tale.

The inconvenience and difficulty of weighing those metals with exactness gave occasion to the institution of coins, of which the stamp, covering entirely both sides of the piece, and sometimes the edges too, was supposed to ascertain not only the fineness, but the weight of the metal. Such coins, therefore, were received by tale as at present, without the trouble of weighing.

Adam Smith, "Wealth of Nations".

### XIII.

#### THE MAN OF BUSINESS.

THE essential qualities for a man of business are of a moral nature; these are to be cultivated first. He must learn betimes to love truth. The same love of truth will be found a potent charm to bear him safely through the world's entanglements—I mean safely in the most worldly sense. Besides, the love of truth not only makes a man act with more simplicity, and therefore with less chance of error, but it conduces to the highest intellectual development.

The following passage in the "Statesman" gives the reason: "The correspondences of wisdom and goodness are manifold; and that they will accompany each other is to be inferred, not only because man's wisdom makes them good, but also because their goodness makes them wise. Questions of right and wrong are a perpetual exercise of the faculties of those who are solicitous as to the right and wrong of what they do and see; and a deep interest of the heart in these questions carries with it a deeper cultivation of the understanding than can be easily effected by any other excitement to intellectual activity."

What has just been said of the love of truth applies also



to other moral qualities. Thus charity enlightens the understanding quite as much as it purifies the heart. And indeed knowledge is not more girt about with power than goodness is with wisdom.

The next thing in the training of one who is to become a man of business will be for him to form principles ; for without these, when thrown on the sea of action, he will be without rudder and compass. They are the best results of study. Whether it is history, or political economy, or ethics, that he is studying, these principles are to be the reward of his labour. A principle resembles a law in the physical world, though it can seldom have certainty, as the facts which it has to explain and embrace do not admit of being weighed or numbered with the same exactness as material things. The principles which our student adopts at first may be unsound, may be insufficient, but he must not neglect to form some, and must only nourish a love of truth that will not allow him to hold any the moment that he finds them to be erroneous.

Much depends upon the temperament of a man of business. It should be hopeful, that it may bear him up against the faintheartedness, the folly, the falsehood, and the numberless discouragements which even a prosperous man will have to endure. It should also be calm ; for else he may be driven wild by any great pressure of business, and lose his time and his head in rushing from one unfinished thing to begin something else. Now this wished-for conjunction of the calm and the hopeful is very rare. It is, however, in every man's power to study well his own temperament, and to provide against the defects in it.

A habit of thinking for himself is one which may be acquired by the solitary student. But the habit of deciding for himself, so indispensable to a man of business, is not to be gained by study. Decision is a thing that cannot be fully exercised until it is actually wanted. You cannot play at deciding. You must have realities to deal with.

It is true that the formation of principles, which has been spoken of before, requires decision ; but it is of that kind which

depends upon deliberate judgment; whereas, the decision which is wanted in the world's business must ever be within call, and does not judge so much as it foresees and chooses. This kind of decision is to be found in those who have been thrown early on their own resources or who have been brought up in great freedom.

It would be difficult to lay down any course of study not technical that would be peculiarly fitted to form a man of business. He should be brought up in the habit of reasoning closely; and to ensure this, there is hardly anything better for him than the study of geometry.

In any course of study to be laid down for him, something like universality should be aimed at, which not only makes the mind agile, but gives variety of information. Such a system will make him acquainted with many modes of thought, with various classes of facts, and will enable him to understand men better.

There will be a time in his youth which may perhaps be well spent in those studies which are of a metaphysical nature. In the investigation of some of the great questions of philosophy, a breadth and a tone may be given to a man's mode of thinking which will afterwards be of signal use to him in the business of everyday life.

We cannot enter here into a description of the technical studies for a man of business; but I may point out that there are works which soften the transition from the schools to the world, and which are particularly needed in a system of education like our own, consisting of studies for the most part remote from real life. These works are such as tend to give the student that interest in the common things about him which he has scarcely ever been called upon to feel. They show how imagination and philosophy can be woven into practical wisdom. Such are the writings of Bacon. His lucid order, his grasp of the subject, the comprehensiveness of his views, his knowledge of mankind—the greatest perhaps that has ever been distinctly given out by any uninspired man—the practical nature of his purposes, and his respect for

anything of human interest, render Bacon's works unrivalled in their fitness to form the best men for the conduct of the highest affairs.

It is not, however, so much the thing studied, as the manner of studying it. Our student is not intended to become a learned man, but a man of business; not a "full man," but a "ready man". He must be taught to arrange and express what he knows. For this purpose let him employ himself in making digests, arranging and classifying materials, writing narratives, and in deciding upon conflicting evidence. All these exercises require method. He must expect that his attempts will be clumsy; he begins, perhaps, by dividing his subject in any way that occurs to him, with no other view than that of treating separate portions of it separately; he does not perceive, at first, what things are of one kind and what of another, and what should be the logical order of their following.

But from such rude beginnings method is developed; and there is hardly any degree of toil for which he would not be compensated by such a result. He will have a sure reward in the clearness of his own views, and in the faculty of explaining them to others. People bring their attention to the man who gives them most profit for it; and this will be one who is a master of method.

Our student should begin soon to cultivate a fluency in writing—I do not mean a flow of words, but a habit of expressing his thoughts with accuracy, with brevity, and with readiness, which can only be acquired by practice early in life. You find persons who, from neglect in this part of their education, can express themselves briefly and accurately, but only after much care and labour. And again you meet with others who cannot express themselves accurately, although they have method in their thoughts and can write with readiness; but they have not been accustomed to look to the precise meaning of words, and such people are apt to fall into the common error of indulging in a great many words, as if it were from a sort of hope that some of them might be to the purpose.

In the style of a man of business, nothing is to be aimed at but plainness and precision. For instance, a close repetition of the same word for the same thing need not be avoided. The aversion to such repetitions may be carried too far in all kinds of writing. In literature, however, you are seldom brought to account for misleading people; but in business you may soon be called upon to pay the penalty for having shunned the word which would exactly have expressed your meaning.

I cannot conclude this essay better than by endeavouring to describe what sort of person a consummate man of business should be.

He should be able to fix his attention on details, and be ready to give every kind of argument a hearing. This will not encumber him, for he must have been practised beforehand in the exercise of the intellect, and be strong in principles. One man collects materials together, and there they remain a shapeless heap; another, possessed of method, can arrange what he has collected; but such a man as I would describe, by the aid of principles, goes farther, and builds with his materials.

He should be courageous. The courage, however, required in civil affairs is that which belongs rather to the able commander than the mere soldier. But any kind of courage is serviceable.

Besides a stout heart, he should have a patient temperament and a vigorous but disciplined imagination; and then he will plan boldly, and with large extent of view, execute calmly, and not be stretching out his hand for things not yet within his grasp. He will let opportunities grow before his eyes until they are ripe to be seized. He will think steadily over possible failure, in order to provide a remedy or a retreat. There will be the strength of repose about him.

He must have a deep sense of responsibility. He must believe in the power and vitality of truth, and in all he does or says should be anxious to express as much truth as possible.

His feeling of responsibility and love of truth will almost

inevitably endow him with diligence, accuracy, and discreteness—those commonplace requisites for a good man of business, without which all the rest may never come to be “translated into action”.

Sir Arthur Helps.

#### XIV.

#### THE MEANING OF USEFUL EDUCATION.

LET us take “useful” to mean not what is simply good, but what *tends* to good or is the *instrument* of good; and in this sense also I will show how a liberal education is truly and fully a useful, though it be not a professional, education. “Good” indeed means one thing, and “useful” means another; but I lay it down as a principle, which will save us a great deal of anxiety, that though the useful is not always good, the good is always useful. Good is not only good, but reproductive of good; this is one of its attributes; nothing is excellent, beautiful, perfect, desirable for its own sake, but it overflows, and spreads the likeness of itself all around it. Good is prolific; it is not only good to the eye, but to the taste; it not only attracts us, but it communicates itself; it excites first our admiration and love, then our desire and our gratitude, and that in proportion to its intenseness and fullness in particular instances. A great good will impart great good. If, then, the intellect is so excellent a portion of us, and its cultivation so excellent, it is not only beautiful, perfect, admirable, and noble in itself, but in a true and high sense it must be useful to the possessor and to all around him; not useful in any low, mechanical, mercantile sense, but as diffusing good, or as a blessing, or a gift, or power, or a treasure, first to the owner, then through him to the world. I say then, if a liberal education be good, it must necessarily be useful too.

You will see what I mean by the parallel of bodily health. Health is a good in itself, though nothing came of it, and is especially worth seeking and cherishing; yet, after all, the

blessings which attend its presence are so great, while they are so close to it and so redound back upon it and encircle it, that we never think of it except as useful as well as good, and praise and prize it for what it does, as well as for what it is, though at the same time we cannot point out any definite and distinct work or production, which it can be said to effect. And so as regards intellectual culture, I am far from denying utility in this large sense as the end of Education, when I lay it down, that the culture of the intellect is a good in itself and its own end ; I do not exclude from the idea of intellectual culture what it cannot but be, from the nature of things ; I only deny that we must be able to point out, before we have any right to call it useful, some art, or business, or profession, or trade, or work, as resulting from it, and as its real and complete end. The parallel is exact—as the body may be sacrificed to some manual or other toil, whether moderate or oppressive, so may the intellect be devoted to some specific profession ; and I do not call *this* the culture of the intellect. Again, as some member or organ of the body may be inordinately used or developed, so may memory or imagination, or the reasoning faculty ; and *this* again is not intellectual culture. On the other hand, as the body may be tended, cherished, and exercised with a simple view to its general health, so may the intellect also be generally exercised in order to its perfect state, and *this is* its cultivation.

Again, as health ought to precede labour of the body, and as a man in health can do what an unhealthy man cannot do, and as of this health the properties are strength, energy, agility, graceful carriage and action, manual dexterity, and endurance of fatigue, so in like manner general culture of mind is the best aid to professional and scientific study, and educated men can do what illiterate cannot ; and the man who has learned to think and to reason, and to compare and to discriminate and to analyse, who has refined his taste, and formed his judgment, and sharpened his mental vision, will not indeed at once be a lawyer, or a pleader, or an orator, or a states-

man, or a physician, or a good landlord, or a man of business, or a soldier, or an engineer, or a chemist, or a geologist, or an antiquarian, but he will be placed in that state of intellect in which he can take up any one of the sciences or callings I have referred to, or any other for which he has a taste or special talent, with an ease, a grace, a versatility, and a success, to which another is a stranger. In this sense, then, mental culture is emphatically useful.

Newman, "The Idea of a University".

## INTRODUCTION TO THE POETICAL SELECTIONS.

IF a page of poetry is compared with a page of prose, certain superficial differences are at once evident. The lines of poetry do not fill up all the page like the lines of prose, and the words do not flow on in the same continuous way without breaks at regular intervals; but are divided into lines of more or less definite and uniform length. The words, in fact, seem to be measured out in a different manner. The prose order of words is frequently altered, and the kinds of words used and their combinations are often somewhat unusual and different from those of ordinary everyday speech. If the poetry is read aloud, the effect produced on the ear is different; the sounds seem to rise and fall at regular intervals, apparently in obedience to some law or rule. Apart from a consideration of the meaning, if you submit a piece of prose to close examination, you are satisfied when you have analysed it grammatically. But this is not enough if you wish to understand a piece of poetry thoroughly. It is necessary to take account of other things as well as grammatical structure. You must understand the nature of the lines of which it is made up. In short, a piece of poetry is not merely a series of sentences arranged in order, but an arrangement of lines or verses. If you ask what constitutes these distinguishing features of poetry, the answer can be summed up in two words—rhythm and metre. These words sound rather technical, but the first only means regular movement, and the second only means measure. Poetry, in fact, is language arranged according to principles of measured movement. You come to the same idea when you examine the meaning of the word "verse".



This only means "turning" or "movement". Again, a verse is composed of a number of "feet". This word is also connected with movement, and if you inquire how it comes to be applied to poetry, you will find that it comes from dancing, which originally accompanied music and song, and so came to be applied to poetry. A verse, then, is a series of movements of a certain sort. We have thus got some understanding of four words: **rhythm, metre, verse, feet**. Now let us illustrate them by means of examples. And first we will take the first four lines of Cowper's "Verses on Alexander Selkirk":—

I am monarch of all I survey,  
My right there is none to dispute,  
From the centre all round to the sea  
I am lord of the fowl and the brute.

No one can fail to observe a certain rhythm or regular movement in these lines, which it is impossible to read in the same tone as a series of sentences of prose. The sounds come in triplets, or sets of three, of which the last is louder and sharper than the other two, and this arrangement is repeated three times in each line. Each set of three syllables is called a foot, and you can count the number (*viz.* three) in each line. Again, in each foot the accent falls on the last syllable or, as it is otherwise expressed, stress is laid on it. A syllable is said to be accented or stressed when there is any marked or prolonged dwelling of the voice on it for whatever reason. And the stress may be strong, or weak, or non-existent. The foot is the measure of the speed with which the words are spoken or sung; for they may be uttered quickly or slowly: the accent is the measure of the way in which the voice is pitched, for it may be raised or lowered according to the occasion.

Before proceeding further with explanations, we will now illustrate what has been already stated by analysing the versification of the four lines already quoted. A strong stress or accent is represented by an acute accent thus ' , a weak one by a grave accent ` , and a syllable, which is not stressed, is

not marked at all. An upright line marks the divisions of the feet.

I am món- | arch of áll | I sur-véy |  
 My right | there is nóne | to dis-púte |  
 From the cén- | tre all round | to the séa |  
 I am lórd | of the fówl | and the brúte |

The principle, rule, or law of the arrangement of these words is that each line shall consist of three feet, that each foot shall consist of three syllables, and that the first two of these shall be unaccented, and the last accented. There is only one exception to this rule (and it is of the nature of an exception which proves it), viz. in the first foot in the second line, which consists of only two syllables, the last being accented. The reason of this is to break the monotony, which would otherwise arise if there were no variation. If you look through the rest of the poem, you will find the same variation in the second and sixth lines in each stanza.

Next, let us take another example of versification from a quite different kind of metre, viz. blank verse, the nature of which will be further explained later on.

The quality of mercy is not strained,  
 It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven  
 Upon the place beneath ; it is twice blessed.

Here you observe that the language is much more like prose in its arrangement and sound. It is not rhymed like the previous example, i.e. pairs of lines do not end with the same syllable. Nevertheless, there is clearly a distinct kind of rhythm or movement, which distinguishes it from prose. This is evident when the feet are divided and the accents marked thus :—

The quá- | ity | of mér- | cy is | not stráined  
 It dróp- | peth ás | the gén- | tle raín | from heáven  
 Upón | the pláce | beneath | ; it is | twice bléssed.

We see that the rule or principle of arrangement of these lines is that each line shall have *five* feet, that each foot shall consist of *two* syllables, and that, ordinarily, the last syllable must be accented. Only the second line, however, has five

strong stresses, whilst the first and third have only four each. Moreover, in some feet the first syllable has a weak accent, instead of having none. The reason is the same as for the variation in the first example. An endless series of lines with five strong accents would be very monotonous, hence lines with only four accents are more common, and sometimes only three accents occur, but the effect of this is awkward and unpleasing. For instance, such a line as:—

By the | de-fórm- | ities | of brú- | tish vice

is less pleasing than any of the three given in our second example.

It is possible that an analysis such as has just been given may leave the impression that poetry is a very artificial, unnatural thing; that words are put into their places like pieces in a puzzle just to suit the requirements of the metre, and that the sense or thought is subordinated to the sound of the lines. Such an impression, however, would be erroneous, for poetry is not an artificial thing. It is, of course, artistic, i.e. something perfected by art, but that is quite different from being unnatural or artificial. How, then, does poetry originate? It springs from two elementary and universal instincts in human nature.

The first is the instinct of imitation, the natural spontaneous desire to copy or represent some person, place, thing, or event. This instinct is, as is well known, most obvious in young children, whose activity is largely occupied in reproducing things which they have seen, heard, or imagined; and it expresses itself in a more developed form in painting, sculpture, and acting. The other instinct is the spontaneous impulse to move, which is natural to all animals. In a more elaborate and developed form it expresses itself in dancing, and various forms of physical exercise. Poetry, then, is the natural product of these two primitive instincts; it is one aspect of such movement—imitative movement in the sphere of language; it takes the form of verses, i.e. words arranged in rhythm and metre. Just as a child, when it has

had a certain experience, wishes to represent, or express, or imitate his experience either to please himself or to please others, so the poet also obeys a natural impulse when he wishes to express or represent by means of language, intended to be sung or spoken, any experiences which he has felt keenly. In doing so he obeys the laws of rhythm and metre, which have been referred to above. But it must be remembered that these rules are not arbitrarily imposed on him as unnatural things, but are themselves only the development of natural tendencies. Rhythm, we have said, means regular and repeated movement. A clear illustration is to be found in music and dancing. Music consists of a *sequence* of sounds, i.e. a series of sounds following one another not haphazard or at random, but in a certain order. This is what we mean when we say that music consists of tunes. It is different from mere noise, in which the sounds do not follow one another according to any particular principle. Each sound or note in music occupies a certain amount of time, and a piece of music consists of a certain number of notes. Similarly, the body can move in an irregular or in a regular way. Irregular movement follows no rule or principle; dancing or marching, on the other hand, is regular movement proceeding according to a law or principle. If you watch persons dancing or marching, you see that the foot is put down in a certain way, at regular intervals, and the same movements are repeated as regular as clockwork. In marching, for instance, to take the simplest case, it is necessary to keep step, i.e. to put the foot down at a certain uniform rate or else you get out of step. It is this putting down of the foot at regular intervals with a certain force which corresponds to rhythmical feet and to accent or stress in poetry. If you watch the movements closely and listen for the recurring sounds, you can estimate exactly the time when the movements or sounds will repeat themselves. You can look forward to them, and you find that they come exactly when you expect them. You can in fact measure them, just as you can measure lines of poetry into particular metres, or

measures. Every one knows that this is the case with conscious, deliberate movements. But rhythmical movement is not always conscious; it is often unconscious. For instance, the sound made by a horse's feet is as regular as clockwork, and trotting and cantering are all rhythmical movements, but arranged on different principles. In the first the sounds come in pairs; in the second, they come in sets of three. The same sort of thing can be noticed in the strokes of a hammer on the anvil. Similarly, all spoken language is rhythmical; but it is so only rudimentarily or unconsciously. It is not always apparent, but is clearly evident in moments of strong emotion, when the voice seems in the intensity of feeling to rise and fall regularly in successive waves of emotion. We get rhythm proper when it is treated artistically and brought under laws, and all good prose has rhythm just as much as poetry, but it is of a different and less obvious kind. Again, accent is a perfectly natural thing, not artificial. In poetry it is only an extension or development of the use of accent in all ordinary speech, or reading aloud. In all words of more than one syllable more stress is laid on one part than on another, and similarly in sentences it is laid more on one part than on another. We see, then, that poetry is not an unnatural product, as it seems to be at first sight, but merely a development, an artistic development of natural impulses.

To sum up, poetry consists of a series of rhythmical spoken sounds, which are divided into certain units of measurement, i.e. syllables. These units are combined into feet, the combination of units in each foot being effected by a certain accent or stress on one of the sounds or elements, e.g. into feet of two syllables in the second example given above, and into feet of three syllables in the first. The feet again are combined into verses, and finally the verses are combined into the whole poem. Or you may put it in the other way. Every poem is a larger whole or complete unity, which is composed of smaller unities, i.e. lines or verses, and these again are composed of still smaller parts or unities, viz. feet, which, finally, consist of certain syllables or units of measured

sounds. The business of the poet is to find out what spoken sounds make a poetical unity, just as the musician finds out what notes make a musical unity or tune. Each has to bring the parts into fixed relations to form a whole, i.e. to combine them according to certain laws of sound and movement.

The reader should now understand something of the general nature of poetry, as distinct from that of prose, and also of its origin and development. It is only to be expected that different peoples will develop a fondness for different metres and rhythms. This can easily be seen by comparing the external forms of poetry adopted in different countries. Here it is necessary to consider only the kinds of metre most prevalent in English literature.

The most common are those illustrated by the two examples given at the beginning of this introduction.

One kind is blank or unrhymed verse. Its characteristics are that the lines do not end with the same sound, that they consist of five feet of two syllables each, of which the last may be accented. Further, though the sense is often completed in the same line and the pause in the sense has a corresponding pause in the rhythm, e.g. in the line,

The quality of mercy is not strained,

this is not always so, and the sentence often overflows into the next line, e.g. in the next two lines :—

It droppeth like the gentle rain from heaven  
Upon the earth beneath.

Such verse approaches very near to ordinary spoken language, and hence it is appropriate to dramatic poetry, i.e. for conversation in a play, to descriptive and narrative poetry.

The other kind is rhymed verse—verse in which similar sounds recur in the metre. Sometimes alternate lines, sometimes successive lines, rhyme, i.e. end with the same vowel or same vowel or consonant. Such verse is generally lyrical, i.e. suitable for singing with a musical instrument, and generally each line is more or less complete in sense, and has a

corresponding pause at the end of the line. For it must be remembered that in all good poetry the thought determines the form or external arrangement of the poem, not vice versa, so that "the sound is an echo to the sense".

Another feature of such poetry is that the lines are generally distributed into sets of lines, or stanzas, which may consist of four, six, or eight lines. In a stanza you notice two things: first, that each stanza contains a complete thought; secondly, that each stanza contains all the variations of metre, which are successively repeated. This can be verified by referring to any of the rhymed poems in the selections.

One poem—"Quiet Work"—is a sonnet, which involves a more elaborate system of rhymes, and will be separately considered in the notes to that poem.

So far we have been considering the *form* of poetry. Let us now turn to its matter or style and actual language, and notice the chief differences from prose.

1. The most obvious and most common is the alteration of prose order. In this the normal order is subject—predicate; subject—verb—object. But in poetry the reverse of this order is often to be expected.

For example:—

So here hath been dawning  
Another blue day. ("To-day.")

and

Whose passions not his masters are.  
("Character of a Happy Life.")  
Who God doth late and early pray  
More of His grace than gifts to lend.  
("Character of a Happy Life.")

2. The grammatical structure is often less strict, e.g. relatives and conjunctions are often omitted where they can be spared without injuring the sense, e.g. :—

I am monarch of *all I survey*. ("Verses.")

and

*Better dwell* in the midst of alarms. ("Verses.")

Other examples can be found by the student.

3. Obsolete and unusual words are often used, e.g. :—

Behold it *aforetime*.

and

But *cheerly* still (for cheerily or cheerfully).

and

Fair *nymph*, if fame or honour were (for maid)  
To be attained with ease.

These differences, however, are more or less superficial. We now come to more fundamental differences, which spring from the more imaginative character of poetry. Poets are generally supposed to *see* things more vividly and *feel* things more keenly than other people. They tend to see things in pictures, and what they see makes a more vivid impression on the poetical than on the ordinary mind. Hence the poet expresses himself with more passion or feeling. This imaginative character takes three common forms.

1. **Personification.** Abstract ideas are thought of as persons, and thus being endowed with flesh and blood, so to speak, become more real. See for instance "Death the Leveller," where Death is thought of as a person, who lets nothing escape from his destroying power, and especially the line,

Death lays his icy hand on kings,

which is a fine imaginative way of describing the physical process of death.

Similarly, fate is personified as a warrior who is all-conquering—

There is no armour against fate.

Compare also the "Ode to Creation," where the heavenly bodies are described as alive and speaking to the "listening earth".

2. **Simile, or comparison.** This is another aspect of the tendency to think in pictures. The poet describes something as like something else to make the idea more vivid, e.g. Mercy is compared to rain—



*It droppeth like the gentle rain from heaven  
Upon the place beneath.*

So, too, in "Abou Ben Adhen"—

Making it (his room) rich *and like a lily in bloom.*

It is worth while considering why the use of simile is so common in poetry. Now poetry, as we have explained, is a form of imitation. That is, the poet tries to represent through the medium of language and melody some scene, or event, or feeling. He does not merely feel the emotion or see the event; still less does he try to analyse or understand it. His object is to *express*, to show and reproduce for others what he has himself felt and seen, so that they, too, may feel and see. Anything therefore that enables him to make the picture clearer is useful to him. This is merely the artistic extension of what always happens quite artlessly and naturally in telling a tale. The story-teller says "I'll tell you how it was". His object is to make his story clear, and if the thing described is rather remote or unusual, he will mention something which he thinks will be more familiar to the listener and compares it to that. The simile therefore illustrates the original thought, B is brought in to illustrate A. But it also serves another purpose; it is a pleasing image added to the poem and is therefore an additional ornament; and finally, it gives relief and variety and contrast. A good and simple instance is furnished by comparison of mercy to rain in the first example quoted above.

3. **Metaphor**, or condensed simile. The word properly means "transference," i.e. the application of a word, which strictly belongs to one set of ideas, to another set of ideas. This will be made plain by illustrating the difference between simile and metaphor. When you say "a man fought like a lion," you are using a simile; when you say "he was a lion in the fight," you are using metaphor, though expressing the same idea. You literally call a man a lion, though you know perfectly well he is nothing of the kind. It is simply a device for describing vividly and emphatically his extreme bravery.

Now this device is one of the commonest and most characteristic features of poetry, which is steeped in metaphor. Metaphor in fact, is one of the readiest ways in which a poet can indulge his imaginative or picture-making faculty. In using it the poet is not taking any unnatural course ; he is simply extending and developing ordinary usage. For all speech is metaphorical, though it does not always seem so, and common language is constantly using metaphor. Thus a camel is called "a ship of the desert," "ships *ride* at anchor," foolish persons are called "asses" or "owls," and so on. In such cases metaphor is the readiest means of expressing one's full meaning. Poetical usage differs only in being more elaborate. A few instances may be given, e.g. :—

Some men with swords may reap the field,

where the killing of men in the battle-field is implicitly compared to the mowing of corn, and

Whose conscience is his strong retreat,

where the meaning is that a good conscience is as good a protection as a castle or stronghold, and

Only the actions of the just  
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust,

where the reference to the custom of planting flowers on the grave, to which good actions are compared, calls up a beautiful image before the mind. Compare also the imagery of death's altar in the same poem.

Such is a very brief and simple account of the nature, origin and form of poetry. If it is carefully read and referred to in reading the poetical selections, it is hoped that the student will more readily understand English poetry, feel less difficulty in getting over the first strangeness of it, and by degrees enter into its spirit.

I.

TO-DAY.

So here hath been dawning  
Another blue day ;  
Think, wilt thou let it  
Slip useless away ?  
Out of Eternity' 5  
This new day is born ;  
Into Eternity  
At night will return.  
Behold it aforetime  
No eye ever did ; 10  
So soon it for ever  
From all eyes is hid.  
Here hath been dawning  
Another blue day ;  
Think, wilt thou let it 15  
Slip useless away ?

Thomas Carlyle.

II.

ULYSSES AND THE SIREN.

SIREN.

Come, worthy Greek, Ulysses, come  
Possess these shores with me ;  
The winds and seas are troublesome.  
And here we may be free.

5

Here may we sit and view their toil  
That travail in the deep ;  
Enjoy the day in mirth the while  
And spend the night in sleep.

ULYSSES.

Fair nymph, if fame or honour were  
To be attained with ease, 10  
Then would I come and rest with thee  
And leave such toils as these ;  
But here it dwells and here must I  
With danger seek it forth ;  
To spend the time luxuriously 15  
Becomes not men of worth.

SIREN.

Ulysses, O, be not deceived  
 With that unreal name;  
 This honour is a thing conceived  
 And rests on others' fame;  
 Begotten only to molest  
 Our peace, and to beguile  
 (The best thing of our life) our rest  
 And give us up to toil.

ULYSSES.

But natures of the noblest frame 25  
 These toils and dangers please,  
 And they take comfort in the same  
 As much as you in ease,  
 And with the thought of actions past  
 Are recreated still ; 30  
 When pleasure leaves a touch at last  
 To show that it was ill.

Samuel Daniel.

## III.

## THE CHARACTER OF A HAPPY LIFE.

How happy is he born and taught,  
 That serveth not another's will ;  
 Whose armour is his honest thought,  
 And simple truth his utmost skill ;  
 Whose passions not his masters are ; 5  
 Whose soul is still prepared for death,  
 Untied unto the world by care  
 Of public fame or private breath ;  
 Who envies none that chance doth raise,  
 Or vice ; who never understood 10  
 How deepest wounds are given by praise ;  
 Nor rules of state, but rules of good ;  
 Who hath his life from rumours freed ;  
 Whose conscience is his strong retreat ;  
 Whose state can neither flatterers feed, 15  
 Nor ruin make oppressors great ;  
 Who God doth late and early pray  
 More of His grace than gifts to lend ;  
 And entertains the harmless day  
 With a religious book or friend ; 20  
 —This man is free from servile bands  
 Of hope to rise, or fear to fall ;  
 Lord of himself, though not of lands,  
 And, having nothing, yet hath all.

Sir Henry Wotton.

## IV.

## ODE ON SOLITUDE.

Happy the man whose wish and care  
 A few paternal acres bound,  
 Content to breathe his native air,  
 In his own ground.

Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread,      5  
     Whose flocks supply him with attire ;  
 Whose trees in summer yield him shade,  
     In winter, fire.

Blest, who can unconcern'dly find  
     Hours, days, and years slide soft away,      10  
 In health of body, peace of mind,  
     Quiet by day ;

Sound sleep by night ; study and ease,  
     Together mix'd ; sweet recreation,  
 And innocence, which most does please,      15  
     With meditation.

Thus let me live, unseen, unknown ;  
     Thus unlamented let me die,  
 Steal from the world, and not a stone  
     Tell where I lie.      20

Alexander Pope.

## V.

### THE TRUE KNIGHT.

The youngest son of Priam, a true knight,  
 Not yet mature, yet matchless, firm of word,  
 Speaking in deeds, and deedless in his tongue ;  
 Not soon provoked nor being provoked soon calmed ;  
 His heart and hand both open and both free :      5  
 For what he has he gives, what thinks he shows ;  
 Yet gives he not till judgment guide his bounty,  
 Nor dignifies an impair thought with breath.

Shakespeare, "Troilus and Cressida".

VI.  
VERSES.

(Supposed to be written by Alexander Selkirk, during his solitary abode on a desert island.)

- I am monarch of all I survey,  
My right there is none to dispute ;  
From the centre all round to the sea,  
I am lord of the fowl and the brute.  
O Solitude ! where are the charms, 5  
That sages have seen in thy face ?  
Better dwell in the midst of alarms,  
Than reign in this horrible place.
- I am out of humanity's reach,  
I must finish my journey alone, 10  
Never hear the sweet music of speech,  
I start at the sound of my own.  
The beasts that roam over the plain,  
My form with indifference see ;  
They are so unacquainted with man, 15  
Their tameness is shocking to me.
- Society, friendship, and love,  
Divinely bestowed upon man,  
Oh, had I the wings of a dove,  
How soon would I taste you again ! 20  
My sorrows I then might assuage  
In the ways of religion and truth,  
Might learn from the wisdom of age,  
And be cheered by the sallies of youth.
- Religion ! what treasure untold 25  
Resides in that heavenly word !  
More precious than silver and gold,  
Or all that this earth can afford.

But the sound of the church-going bell  
 These valleys and rocks never heard, 30  
 Never sighed at the sound of a knell,  
 Or smiled when a Sabbath appeared.

Ye winds, that have made me your sport,  
 Convey to this desolate shore  
 Some cordial endearing report 35  
 Of a land I shall visit no more.  
 My friends, do they now and then send  
 A wish or a thought after me ?  
 Oh tell me I yet have a friend,  
 Though a friend I am never to see 40

How fleet is the glance of the mind  
 Compared with the speed of its flight,  
 The tempest itself lags behind,  
 And the swift-winged arrows of light.  
 When I think of my own native land, 45  
 In a moment I seem to be there ;  
 But, alas ! recollection at hand  
 Soon hurries me back in despair.

But the sea-fowl is gone to her nest,  
 The beast is laid down in his lair ; 50  
 Even here is a season of rest,  
 And I to my cabin repair.  
 There's mercy in every place,  
 And mercy, encouraging thought !  
 Gives even affliction a grace, 55  
 And reconciles man to his lot.

W. Cowper.



## VII.

## A HARD BARGAIN.

Abdul Kareem, the Fadêli Sheikh,

Brought to the Pasha a clean-bred mare

All radiant bay with a snow-white flake ;

Never a drop but of pure blood there ;

"See her fearless step and her broad eyes gleam, 5

She's a steed for the Kaliph," said Abdul Kareem.

Long was the chaffering, loud the discourse,

To settle her price was a day's hard work ;

But the man of the desert could stay like his horse, 10

And he wearied the soul of the Stamboul Turk ;

Who sent for his treasurer, counted the gold—

"Two thousand, I have her, the mare is sold ;

"But the sum is extortionate, double your due ;

I am cheated and robbed by a Bedouin thief ;

Should a Mussulman trade like a miserly Jew ? 15

Should gold be the god of an Arab chief ?

You can take off your booty, my cash with my curse ;"

The Arab said nought, as he tied up the purse,

But—"One last farewell to the beast I've bred,

To the pride of my house, ere I leave her there " ; 20

So he kissed the star on her stately head—

Then he leapt on the back of the bright bay mare,

He shot through the gateway, and rode down the street ;

The Pasha sprang up at the clatter of feet ;

Twoscore troopers in harness stood ; 25

"Mount," cried the Pasha, "and ride with a will,

Bring me the mare back, take his blood ;

The money is yours if the man you kill,"—

Down the steep stony causeway they closed on him fast,

But he gained the town gate and the desert at last. 30

Mile after mile he canters in front ;

They may gallop in vain, though he's always near ;  
Is he riding a race, is he leading a hunt ?

Ten lances' length between dogs and deer—  
Till he touched the mare's quarter, and lowering his hand 35  
Sailed far out of sight o'er the level sand.

Sadly the Pasha rose next day ;

Who is it calls from the court without ?  
'Tis the Arab chief on his clean-bred bay

With her calm wide eye and her unstained coat ; 40  
And he said, as he lighted and loosened her girth,  
"O Pasha, the gold, is it double her worth ?

"She has shown you her pages and proved her blood ;  
You have lamed ten horses her mettle to try ;  
You have sworn more oaths than a Mussulman should ; 45

Will you choose now your cash, or the beast to buy,  
Or one more heat o'er the desert course ?"

"Begone," said the Pasha, "and leave me the horse."

Sir Alfred Lyall.

## VIII.

### YUSSOUF.

A stranger came one night to Yussouf's tent,

Saying, "Behold one outcast and in dread,  
Against whose life the bow of power is bent,

Who flies, and hath not where to lay his head ;  
I come to thee for shelter and for food, 5  
To Yussouf, called through all our tribes 'The Good'".

"This tent is mine," said Yussouf, "but no more

Than it is God's ; come in, and be at peace ;  
Freely shalt thou partake of all my store,

As I of His Who buildeth over these 10  
Our tents His glorious roof of night and day,  
And at Whose door none ever yet heard 'Nay'."



It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,  
 It is an attribute to God Himself ;  
 And earthly power doth then show likest God's  
 When mercy seasons justice.

Shakespeare, " Merchant of Venice ".

## X.

## ADAM TO HIS WIFE.

Sweet is the breath of Morn, her rising sweet,  
 With charm of earliest birds : pleasant the sun,  
 When first on this delightful land he spreads  
 His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flower,  
 Glistening with dew ; fragrant the fertile earth      5  
 After soft showers ; and sweet the coming on  
 Of grateful Evening mild ; then silent Night,  
 With this her solemn bird, and this fair moon,  
 And these the gems of Heaven, her starry train :  
 But neither breath of Morn, when she ascends      10  
 With charm of earliest birds ; nor rising sun  
 On this delightful land ; nor herb, fruit, flower,  
 Glistening with dew ; nor fragrance after showers ;  
 Nor grateful Evening mild ; nor silent Night,  
 With this her solemn bird, nor walk by moon,      15  
 Or glittering starlight, without thee is sweet.

Milton.

## XI.

## ODE TO CREATION.

The spacious firmament on high,  
 With all the blue ethereal sky,  
 And spangled heavens, a shining frame,  
 Their great Original proclaim :

The unwearied sun from day to day 5  
 Does his Creator's power display,  
 And publishes to every land  
 The work of an Almighty hand.  
 Soon as the evening shades prevail,  
 The moon takes up the wondrous tale, 10  
 And nightly to the listening earth  
 Repeats the story of her birth ;  
 Whilst all the stars that round her burn,  
 And all the planets in their turn,  
 Confirm the tidings as they roll, 15  
 And spread the truth from pole to pole.  
 What though in solemn silence all  
 Move round this dark terrestrial ball ?  
 What though no real voice nor sound  
 Amid their radiant orbs be found ? 20  
 In Reason's ear they all rejoice,  
 And utter forth a glorious voice,  
 For ever singing as they shine,  
 " The Hand that made us is Divine ! "

Joseph Addison.

## XII.

### THE SCHOLAR.

My days among the dead are past ;  
 Around me I behold,  
 Where'er these casual eyes are cast,  
 The mighty minds of old ;  
 My never-failing friends are they, 5  
 With whom I converse day by day.  
 With them I take delight in weal  
 And seek relief in woe ;  
 And while I understand and feel  
 How much to them I owe, 10  
 My cheeks have often been bedew'd  
 With tears of thoughtful gratitude.

My thoughts are with the dead ; with them  
 I live in long-past years,  
 Their virtues love, their faults condemn, 15  
 Partake their hopes and fears,  
 And from their lessons seek and find  
 Instruction with an humble mind.

My hopes are with the dead ; anon  
 My place with them will be, 20  
 And I with them shall travel on  
 Through all futurity ;  
 Yet leaving here a name, I trust,  
 That will not perish in the dust.

R. Southey.

XIII.

QUIET WORK.

One lesson, Nature, let me learn of thee,  
 One lesson which in every wind is blown,  
 One lesson of two duties kept at one  
 Though the loud world proclaim their enmity—

Of toil unsever'd from tranquillity ! 5  
 Of labour, that in lasting fruit outgrows  
 Far noisier schemes, accomplished in repose,  
 Too great for haste, too high for rivalry !

Yes, while on earth a thousand discords ring,  
 Man's fitful uproar mingling with his toil, 10  
 Still do thy sleepless ministers move on,  
 Their glorious tasks in silence perfecting ;  
 Still working, blaming still our vain turmoil,  
 Labourers that shall not fail, when man is gone.

Matthew Arnold.

## XIV.

## TO BLOSSOMS.

Fair pledges of a fruitful tree,  
 Why do ye fall so fast?  
 Your date is not so past,  
 But you may stay here yet awhile  
 To blush and gently smile 5  
 And go at last.

What! were ye born to be  
 An hour or half's delight;  
 And so to bid good-night?  
 'Twas pity Nature brought ye forth 10  
 Merely to show your worth,  
 And lose you quite.

But you are lovely leaves, where we  
 May read how soon things have  
 Their end, though ne'er so brave : 15  
 And after they have shown their pride,  
 Like you, awhile, they glide  
 Into the grave.

R. Herrick.

## XV.

## CASABIANCA : A TRUE STORY.

The boy stood on the burning deck,  
 Whence all but he had fled ;  
 The flame that lit the battle's wreck  
 Shone round him o'er the dead ;  
 Yet beautiful and bright he stood  
 As born to rule the storm !  
 A creature of heroic blood,  
 A proud, though childlike form !

- The flames rolled on—he would not go  
Without his father's word ; 10  
That father, faint in death below,  
His voice no longer heard.  
He call'd aloud, " Say, father, say  
If yet my task is done ! "  
He knew not that the chieftain lay 15  
Unconscious of his son.
- " Speak, father ! " once again he cried,  
" If I may yet be gone ! "  
And but the booming shots replied,  
And fast the flames roll'd on. 20  
Upon his brow he felt their breath,  
And in his waving hair ;  
And look'd from that lone post of death  
In still, yet brave despair ;
- And shouted but once more aloud, 25  
" My father ! must I stay ? "  
While o'er him fast through sail and shroud  
The wreathing fires made way.  
They wrapt the ship in splendour wild,  
They caught the flag on high, 30  
And stream'd above the gallant child  
Like banners in the sky.
- There came a burst of thunder-sound—  
The boy—O ! where was he ?  
—Ask of the winds that far around 35  
With fragments strew'd the sea,  
With mast, and helm, and pennon fair  
That well had borne their part ;  
But the noblest thing which perish'd there  
Was that young faithful heart ! 40





Sohrab alone, he slept not : all night long 5  
He had lain wakeful, tossing on his bed ;  
But when the grey dawn stole into his tent,  
He rose, and clad himself, and girt his sword,  
And took his horseman's cloak, and left his tent,  
And went abroad into the cold wet fog, 10  
Through the dim camp to Peran-Wisa's tent.  
Through the black Tartar tents he pass'd, which stood  
Clustering like bee-hives on the low flat strand  
Of Oxus, where the summer floods o'erflow  
When the sun melts the snows in high Pamere : 15  
Through the black tents he pass'd, o'er that low strand,  
And to a hillock came, a little back  
From the stream's brink, the spot where first a boat,  
Crossing the stream in summer, scrapes the land.  
The men of former times had crown'd the top 20  
With a clay fort : but that was fall'n ; and now  
The Tartars built there Peran-Wisa's tent,  
A dome of laths, and o'er it felts were spread.  
And Sohrab came there, and went in, and stood  
Upon the thick-piled carpets in the tent, 25  
And found the old man sleeping on his bed  
Of rugs and felts, and near him lay his arms.  
And Peran-Wisa heard him, though the step  
Was dull'd ; for he slept light, an old man's sleep ;  
And he rose quickly on one arm, and said :— 30  
“ Who art thou ? for it is not yet clear dawn.  
Speak ! is there news, or any night alarm ? ”  
But Sohrab came to the bedside, and said :—  
“ Thou know'st me, Peran-Wisa : it is I.  
The sun is not yet risen, and the foe 35  
Sleep ; but I sleep not ; all night long I lie  
Tossing and wakeful, and I come to thee.  
For so did King Afrasiab bid me seek  
Thy counsel, and to heed thee as thy son,  
In Samarcand, before the army march'd ;  
And I will tell thee what my heart desires. 40

Thou knowest if, since from Ader-baijan first  
I came among the Tartars, and bore arms,  
I have still serv'd Afrasiab well, and shown,  
At my boy's years, the courage of a man. 45  
This too thou know'st, that, while I still bear on  
The conquering Tartar ensigns through the world,  
And beat the Persians back on every field,  
I seek one man, one man, and one alone—  
Rustum, my father ; who, I hoped, should greet, 50  
Should one day greet, upon some well-fought field  
His not unworthy, not inglorious son.  
So I long hoped, but him I never find.  
Come then, hear now, and grant me what I ask.  
Let the two armies rest to-day : but I 55  
Will challenge forth the bravest Persian lords  
To meet me, man to man : if I prevail,  
Rustum will surely hear it ; if I fall—  
Old man, the dead need no one, claim no kin.  
Dim is the rumour of a common fight, 60  
Where host meets host, and many names are sunk :  
But of a single combat Fame speaks clear.”  
He spoke : and Peran-Wisa took the hand  
Of the young man in his, and sigh'd, and said :—  
“O Sohrab, an unquiet heart is thine ! 65  
Canst thou not rest among the Tartar chiefs,  
And share the battle's common chance with us  
Who love thee, but must press for ever first,  
In single fight incurring single risk,  
To find a father thou hast never seen ? 70  
Or, if indeed this one desire rules all,  
To seek out Rustum—seek him not through fight :  
Seek him in peace, and carry to his arms,  
O Sohrab, carry an unwounded son !  
But far hence seek him, for he is not here. 75  
For now it is not as when I was young,  
When Rustum was in front of every fray :  
But now he keeps apart, and sits at home,

In Seistan, with Zal, his father old.  
 Whether that his own mighty strength at last 80  
 Feels the abhorr'd approaches of old age;  
 Or in some quarrel with the Persian King.  
 There go!—Thou wilt not? Yet my heart forebodes  
 Danger or death awaits thee on this field.  
 Fain would I know thee safe and well, though lost 85  
 To us: fain therefore send thee hence, in peace  
 To seek thy father, not seek single fights  
 In vain:—but who can keep the lion's cub  
 From ravening? and who govern Rustum's son?  
 Go: I will grant thee what thy heart desires." 90  
 So said he, and dropp'd Sohrab's hand, and left  
 His bed, and the warm rugs whereon he lay,  
 And o'er his chilly limbs his woollen coat  
 He pass'd, and tied his sandals on his feet,  
 And threw a white cloak round him, and he took 95  
 In his right hand a ruler's staff, no sword;  
 And on his head he placed his sheep-skin cap,  
 Black, glossy, curl'd, the fleece of Kara-Kul:  
 And rais'd the curtain of his tent, and call'd  
 His herald to his side, and went abroad. 100  
 The sun, by this, had risen, and clear'd the fog  
 From the broad Oxus and the glittering sands:  
 And from their tents the Tartar horsemen filed  
 Into the open plain; so Haman bade;  
 Haman, who next to Peran-Wisa ruled 105  
 The host, and still was in his lusty prime.  
 From their black tents, long files of horse, they stream'd:  
 As when, some grey November morn, the files,  
 In marching order spread, of long-neck'd cranes,  
 Stream over Casbin, and the southern slopes 110  
 Of Elburz, from the Aralian estuaries,  
 Or some froze Caspian reed-bed, southward bound  
 For the warm Persian sea-board; so they stream'd.  
 The Tartars of the Oxus, the King's guard,  
 First with black sheep-skin caps and with long spears; 115

Large men, large steeds; who from Bokhara come  
 And Khiva, and ferment the milk of mares.  
 Next the more temperate Toorkmuns of the south,  
 The Tukas, and the lances of Salore,  
 And those from Attruck and the Caspian sands; 120  
 Light men, and on light steeds, who only drink  
 The acrid milk of camels, and their wells.  
 And then a swarm of wandering horse, who came  
 From far, and a more doubtful service own'd;  
 The Tartars of Ferghana, from the banks 125  
 Of the Jaxartes, men with scanty beards  
 And close-set skull-caps; and those wilder hordes  
 Who roam o'er Kipchak and the northern waste,  
 Kalmuks and unkemp'd Kuzzaks, tribes who stray  
 Nearest the Pole, and wandering Kirghizzes, 130  
 Who come on shaggy ponies from Pamere.  
 These all filed out from camp into the plain.  
 And on the other side the Persians form'd:  
 First a light cloud of horse, Tartars they seem'd,  
 The Ilyats of Khorassan: and behind, 135  
 The royal troops of Persia, horse and foot,  
 Marshall'd battalions bright in burnished steel.  
 But Peran-Wisa with his herald came  
 Threading the Tartar squadrons to the front,  
 And with his staff kept back the foremost ranks. 140  
 And when Ferood, who led the Persians, saw  
 That Peran-Wisa kept the Tartars back,  
 He took his spear, and to the front he came,  
 And check'd his ranks, and fix'd them where they stood.  
 And the old Tartar came upon the sand 145  
 Betwixt the silent hosts, and spake, and said:—  
 "Ferood, and ye, Persians and Tartars, hear!  
 Let there be truce between the hosts to-day.  
 But choose a champion from the Persian lords  
 To fight our champion Sohrab, man to man." 150  
 As, in the country, on a morn in June,  
 When the dew glistens on the pearled ears,

A shiver runs through the deep corn for joy—  
 So, when they heard what Peran-Wisa said,  
 A thrill through all the Tartar squadrons ran 155  
 Of pride and hope for Sohrab, whom they loved.

But as a troop of pedlars, from Cabool,  
 Cross underneath the Indian Caucasus,  
 That vast sky-neighbouring mountain of milk and snow ;  
 Winding so high, that, as they mount, they pass 160  
 Long flocks of travelling birds dead on the snow,  
 Choked by the air, and scarce can they themselves  
 Slake their parch'd throats with sugar'd mulberries—  
 In single file they move, and stop their breath,  
 For fear they should dislodge the o'erhanging snows— 165  
 So the pale Persians held their breath with fear.

And to Ferood his brother Chiefs came up  
 To counsel : Gudurz and Zoarrah came,  
 And Feraburz, who ruled the Persian host  
 Second, and was the uncle of the King : 170  
 These came and counsell'd ; and then Gudurz said :—

“ Ferood, shame bids us take their challenge up,  
 Yet champion have we none to match this youth.  
 He has the wild stag's foot, the lion's heart.  
 But Rustum came last night ; aloof he sits 175  
 And sullen, and has pitch'd his tents apart :  
 Him will I seek, and carry to his ear  
 The Tartar challenge, and this young man's name.  
 Haply he will forget his wrath, and fight.  
 Stand forth the while, and take their challenge up.” 180

So spake he ; and Ferood stood forth and said :—

“ Old man, be it agreed as thou hast said.

Let Sohrab arm, and we will find a man.”

He spoke ; and Peran-Wisa turn'd, and strode  
 Back through the opening squadrons to his tent. 185  
 But through the anxious Persians Gudurz ran,  
 And cross'd the camp which lay behind, and reach'd,  
 Out on the sands beyond it, Rustum's tents.  
 Of scarlet cloth they were, and glittering gay,

- Just pitch'd : the high pavilion in the midst 190  
Was Rustum's, and his men lay camp'd around.  
And Gudurz enter'd Rustum's tent, and found  
Rustum : his morning meal was done, but still  
The table stood beside him, charged with food ;  
A side of roasted sheep, and cakes of bread, 195  
And dark green melons ; and there Rustum sate  
Listless, and held a falcon on his wrist,  
And play'd with it ; but Gudurz came and stood  
Before him ; and he look'd, and saw him stand ;  
And with a cry sprang up, and dropp'd the bird, 200  
And greeted Gudurz with both hands, and said :—  
“ Welcome ! these eyes could see no better sight.  
What news ? but sit down first, and eat and drink.”  
But Gudurz stood in the tent door, and said :—  
“ Not now : a time will come to eat and drink, 205  
But not to-day : to-day has other needs.  
The armies are drawn out, and stand at gaze :  
For from the Tartars is a challenge brought  
To pick a champion from the Persian lords  
To fight their champion—and thou know'st his name— 210  
Sohrab men call him, but his birth is hid.  
O Rustum, like thy might is this young man's !  
He has the wild stag's foot, the lion's heart.  
And he is young, and Iran's Chiefs are old,  
Or else too weak ; and all eyes turn to thee. 215  
Come down and help us, Rustum, or we lose.”  
He spoke : but Rustum answer'd with a smile :—  
“ Go to ! if Iran's Chiefs are old, then I  
Am older : if the young are weak, the King  
Errs strangely : for the King, for Kai Khosree, 220  
Himself is young, and honours younger men,  
And lets the aged moulder to their graves.  
Rustum he loves no more, but loves the young—  
The young may rise at Sohrab's vaunts, not I.  
For what care I, though all speak Sohrab's fame ? 225  
For would that I myself had such a son,

And not that one slight helpless girl I have,  
 A son so fam'd, so brave, to send to war,  
 And I to tarry with the snow-hair'd Zal,  
 My father, whom the robber Afghans vex, 230  
 And clip his borders short, and drive his herds,  
 And he has none to guard his weak old age.  
 There would I go, and hang my armour up,  
 And with my great name fence that weak old man,  
 And spend the goodly treasures I have got, 235  
 And rest my age, and hear of Sohrab's fame,  
 And leave to death the hosts of thankless kings,  
 And with these slaughterous hands draw sword no more."

He spoke, and smiled ; and Gudurz made reply :—  
 " What then, O Rustum, will men say to this, 240  
 When Sohrab dares our bravest forth, and seeks  
 Thee most of all, and thou whom most he seeks,  
 Hidest thy face ? Take heed, that men should say,  
*Like some old miser, Rustum hoards his fame,*  
*And shuns to peril it with younger men."* 245  
 And, greatly moved, then Rustum made reply :—  
 " O Gudurz, wherefore dost thou say such words ?  
 Thou knowest better words than this to say.  
 What is one more, one less, obscure or famed,  
 Valiant or craven, young or old, to me ? 250  
 Are not they mortal, am not I myself ?  
 But who for men of nought would do great deeds ?  
 Come, thou shalt see how Rustum hoards his fame.  
 But I will fight unknown, and in plain arms ;  
 Let not men say of Rustum, he was match'd 255  
 In single fight with any mortal man."

He spoke, and frown'd ; and Gudurz turn'd and ran  
 Back quickly through the camp in fear and joy,  
 Fear at his wrath, but joy that Rustum came.  
 But Rustum strode to his tent door, and call'd 260  
 His followers in, and bade them bring his arms,  
 And clad himself in steel : the arms he chose  
 Were plain, and on his shield was no device,



- Only his helm was rich, inlaid with gold,  
And from the fluted spine atop a plume 265  
Of horsehair waved, a scarlet horsehair plume.  
So arm'd he issued forth ; and Ruksh, his horse,  
Follow'd him, like a faithful hound, at heel,  
Ruksh, whose renown was noised through all the earth,  
The horse, whom Rustum on a foray once 270  
Did in Bokhara by the river find  
A colt beneath its dam, and drove him home,  
And rear'd him ; a bright bay, with lofty crest ;  
Dight with a saddle-cloth of broider'd green  
Crusted with gold, and on the ground were work'd 275  
All beasts of chase, all beasts which hunters know :  
So follow'd, Rustum left his tents, and cross'd  
The camp, and to the Persian host appear'd.  
And all the Persians knew him, and with shouts  
Hail'd ; but the Tartars knew not who he was. 280  
And dear as the wet diver to the eyes  
Of his pale wife who waits and weeps on shore,  
By sandy Bahrein, in the Persian Gulf,  
Plunging all day in the blue waves, at night,  
Having made up his tale of precious pearls, 285  
Rejoins her in their hut upon the sands —  
So dear to the pale Persians Rustum came.  
And Rustum to the Persian front advanced,  
And Sohrab arm'd in Haman's tent, and came.  
And as afield the reapers cut a swathe 290  
Down through the middle of a rich man's corn,  
And on each side are squares of standing corn,  
And in the midst a stubble, short and bare ;  
So on each side were squares of men, with spears  
Bristling, and in the midst, the open sand. 295  
And Rustum came upon the sand, and cast  
His eyes towards the Tartar tents, and saw  
Sohrab come forth, and eyed him as he came.  
As some rich woman, on a winter's morn,  
Eyes through her silken curtains the poor drudge 300

Who with numb blacken'd fingers makes her fire—  
 At cock-crow, on a starlit winter's morn,  
 When the frost flowers the whiten'd window panes—  
 And wonders how she lives, and what the thoughts  
 Of that poor drudge may be ; so Rustum eyed 305  
 The unknown adventurous Youth, who from afar  
 Came seeking Rustum, and defying forth  
 All the most valiant chiefs : long he perused  
 His spirited air, and wonder'd who he was.  
 For very young he seem'd, tenderly rear'd ; 310  
 Like some young cypress, tall, and dark, and straight,  
 Which in a queen's secluded garden throws  
 Its slight dark shadow on the moonlit turf,  
 By midnight, to a bubbling fountain's sound—  
 So slender Sohrab seem'd, so softly rear'd. 315  
 And a deep pity enter'd Rustum's soul  
 As he beheld him coming ; and he stood,  
 And beckon'd to him with his hand, and said :—  
 “ O thou young man, the air of Heaven is soft,  
 And warm, and pleasant ; but the grave is cold. 320  
 Heaven's air is better than the cold dead grave.  
 Behold me : I am vast, and clad in iron,  
 And tried ; and I have stood on many a field  
 Of blood, and I have fought with many a foe :  
 Never was that field lost, or that foe saved. 325  
 O Sohrab, wherefore wilt thou rush on death ?  
 Be govern'd : quit the Tartar host, and come  
 To Iran, and be as my son to me,  
 And fight beneath my banner till I die.  
 There are no youths in Iran brave as thou.” 330  
 So he spake, mildly : Sohrab heard his voice,  
 The mighty voice of Rustum ; and he saw  
 His giant figure planted on the sand,  
 Sole, like some single tower, which a chief  
 Has builded on the waste in former years 335  
 Against the robbers ; and he saw that head,  
 Streak'd with its first grey hairs : hope fill'd his soul ;



Oxus in summer wash them all away." 375

He spoke : and Sohrab answer'd, on his feet :  
 " Art thou so fierce ? Thou wilt not fright me so.  
 I am no girl, to be made pale by words.  
 Yet this thou hast said well, did Rustum stand  
 Here on this field, there were no fighting then. 380  
 But Rustum is far hence, and we stand here.

Begin : thou art more vast, more dread than I,  
 And thou art proved, I know, and I am young—  
 But yet Success sways with the breath of Heaven.  
 And though thou thinkest that thou knowest sure 385  
 Thy victory, yet thou canst not surely know.

For we are all, like swimmers in the sea,  
 Poised on the top of a huge wave of Fate,  
 Which hangs uncertain to which side to fall.  
 And whether it will heave us up to land, 390  
 Or whether it will roll us out to sea,  
 Back out to sea, to the deep waves of death,  
 We know not, and no search will make us know :  
 Only the event will teach us in its hour."

He spoke ; and Rustum answer'd not, but hurl'd 395  
 His spear : down from the shoulder, down it came,  
 As on some partridge in the corn a hawk  
 That long has tower'd in the airy clouds

Drops like a plummet : Sohrab saw it come,  
 And sprang aside, quick as a flash : the spear 400  
 Hiss'd, and went quivering down into the sand,  
 Which it sent flying wide :—then Sohrab threw  
 In turn, and full struck Rustum's shield : sharp rang,  
 The iron plates rang sharp, but turn'd the spear.

And Rustum seized his club, which none but he 405  
 Could wield : an unlopp'd trunk it was, and huge,  
 Still rough ; like those which men in treeless plains  
 To build them boats fish from the flooded rivers,  
 Hyphasis or Hydaspes, when, high up  
 By their dark springs, the wind in winter-time 410  
 Has made in Himalayan forests wrack,

And strewn the channels with torn boughs ; so huge  
The club which Rustum lifted now, and struck  
One stroke ; but again Sohrab sprang aside  
Lithe as the glancing snake, and the club came 415  
Thundering to earth, and leapt from Rustum's hand.  
And Rustum follow'd his own blow, and fell  
To his knees, and with his fingers clutch'd the sand :  
And now might Sohrab have unsheath'd his sword,  
And pierced the mighty Rustum while he lay 420  
Dizzy, and on his knees, and choked with sand :  
But he look'd on, and smiled, nor bared his sword,  
But courteously drew back, and spoke, and said :—  
“Thou strik'st too hard : that club of thine will float  
Upon the summer floods, and not my bones. 425  
But rise, and be not wroth ; not wroth am I :  
No, when I see thee, wrath forsakes my soul.  
Thou say'st, thou art not Rustum : be it so.  
Who art thou then, that canst so touch my soul ?  
Boy as I am, I have seen battles too ; 430  
Have waded foremost in their bloody waves,  
And heard their hollow roar of dying men ;  
But never was my heart thus touch'd before.  
Are they from Heaven, these softening of the heart ?  
O thou old warrior, let us yield to Heaven ! 435  
Come, plant we here in earth our angry spears,  
And make a truce, and sit upon this sand,  
And pledge each other in red wine, like friends,  
And thou shalt talk to me of Rustum's deeds.  
There are enough foes in the Persian host 440  
Whom I may meet, and strike, and feel no pang ;  
Champions enough Afrasiab has, whom thou  
Mayst fight ; fight them, when they confront thy spear.  
But oh, let there be peace 'twixt thee and me ! ”  
He ceased : but while he spake, Rustum had risen, 445  
And stood erect, trembling with rage : his club  
He left to lie, but had regain'd his spear,  
Whose fiery point now in his mail'd right hand

Blazed bright and baleful, like that autumn Star,  
 The baleful sign of fevers : dust had soil'd 450  
 His stately crest, and dimm'd his glittering arms.  
 His breast heaved ; his lips foam'd ; and twice his voice  
 Was choked with rage : at last these words broke way :—

“ Girl ! nimble with thy feet, not with thy hands !  
 Curl'd minion, dancer, coiner of sweet words ! 455  
 Fight ; let me hear thy hateful voice no more !  
 Thou art not in Afrasiab's gardens now  
 With Tartar girls, with whom thou art wont to dance ;  
 But on the Oxus sands, and in the dance  
 Of battle, and with me, who make no play 460  
 Of war : I fight it out, and hand to hand.  
 Speak not to me of truce, and pledge, and wine !  
 Remember all thy valour : try thy feints  
 And cunning : all the pity I had is gone :  
 Because thou hast shamed me before both the hosts 465  
 With thy light skipping tricks, and thy girl's wiles.”

He spoke ; and Sohrab kindled at his taunts,  
 And he too drew his sword : at once they rush'd  
 Together, as two eagles on one prey  
 Come rushing down together from the clouds, 470  
 One from the east, one from the west : their shields  
 Dash'd with a clang together, and a din  
 Rose, such as that the sinewy woodcutters  
 Make often in the forest's heart at morn,  
 Of hewing axes, crashing trees : such blows 475  
 Rustum and Sohrab on each other hail'd.  
 And you would say that sun and stars took part  
 In that unnatural conflict ; for a cloud  
 Grew suddenly in Heaven, and dark'd the sun  
 Over the fighters' heads ; and a wind rose 480  
 Under their feet, and moaning swept the plain,  
 And in a sandy whirlwind wrapp'd the pair.  
 In gloom they twain were wrapp'd, and they alone ;  
 For both the on-looking hosts on either hand  
 Stood in broad daylight, and the sky was pure, 485

And the sun sparkled on the Oxus stream.  
But in the gloom they fought, with bloodshot eyes  
And labouring breath ; first Rustum struck the shield  
Which Sohrab held stiff out : the steel-spiked spear  
Rent the tough plates, but fail'd to reach the skin, 490  
And Rustum pluck'd it back with angry groan.  
Then Sohrab with his sword smote Rustum's helm,  
Nor clove its steel quite through ; but all the crest  
He shore away, and that proud horsehair plume,  
Never till now defiled, sunk to the dust ; 495  
And Rustum bow'd his head ; but then the gloom  
Grew blacker : thunder rumbled in the air,  
And lightnings rent the cloud ; and Ruksh, the horse,  
Who stood at hand, utter'd a dreadful cry :  
No horse's cry was that, most like the roar 500  
Of some pain'd desert lion, who all day  
Has trail'd the hunter's javelin in his side,  
And comes at night to die upon the sand :—  
The two hosts heard that cry, and quaked for fear,  
And Oxus curdled as it cross'd his stream. 505  
But Sohrab heard, and quail'd not, but rush'd on,  
And struck again ; and again Rustum bow'd  
His head ; but this time all the blade, like glass,  
Sprang in a thousand shivers on the helm,  
And in his hand the hilt remained alone. 510  
Then Rustum raised his head : his dreadful eyes  
Glared, and he shook on high his menacing spear,  
And shouted, *Rustum !* Sohrab heard that shout,  
And shrank amazed : back he recoil'd one step.  
And scann'd with blinking eyes the advancing Form : 515  
And then he stood bewilder'd ; and he dropp'd  
His covering shield, and the spear pierced his side.  
He reel'd, and staggering back, sunk to the ground.  
And then the gloom dispersed, and the wind fell,  
And the bright sun broke forth, and melted all 520  
The cloud ; and the two armies saw the pair ;  
Saw Rustum standing, safe upon his feet,

And Sohrab, wounded, on the bloody sand.

Then, with a bitter smile, Rustum began:—  
 “Sohrab, thou thoughtest in thy mind to kill 525  
 A Persian lord this day, and strip his corpse,  
 And bear thy trophies to Afrasiab’s tent.

Or else that the great Rustum would come down  
 Himself to fight, and that thy wiles would move  
 His heart to take a gift, and let thee go. 530

And then that all the Tartar host would praise  
 Thy courage or thy craft, and spread thy fame,  
 To glad thy father in his weak old age.  
 Fool! thou art slain, and by an unknown man!  
 Dearer to the red jackals shalt thou be, 535  
 Than to thy friends, and to thy father old.”

And with a fearless mien Sohrab replied:—  
 “Unknown thou art; yet thy fierce vaunt is vain.  
 Thou dost not slay me, proud and boastful man!  
 No! Rustum slays me, and this filial heart. 540  
 For were I match’d with ten such men as thou,  
 And I were he who till to-day I was,  
 They should be lying here, I standing there.

But that beloved name unnerved my arm—  
 That name, and something, I confess, in thee, 545  
 Which troubles all my heart, and made my shield  
 Fall; and thy spear transfix’d an unarm’d foe.  
 And now thou boastest, and insult’st my fate.  
 But hear thou this, fierce Man, tremble to hear!  
 The mighty Rustum shall avenge my death! 550  
 My father, whom I seek through all the world,  
 He shall avenge my death, and punish thee!”

As when some hunter in the spring hath found  
 A breeding eagle sitting on her nest,  
 Upon the craggy isle of a hill lake, 555  
 And pierced her with an arrow as she rose,  
 And follow’d her to find her where she fell  
 Far off;—anon her mate comes winging back  
 From hunting, and a great way off deseries



- His huddling young left sole; at that, he checks 560  
His pinion, and with short uneasy sweeps  
Circles above his eyry, with loud screams  
Chiding his mate back to her nest; but she  
Lies dying, with the arrow in her side,  
In some far stony gorge out of his ken, 565  
A heap of fluttering feathers: never more  
Shall the lake glass her, flying over it;  
Never the black and dripping precipices  
Echo her stormy scream as she sails by:—  
As that poor bird flies home, nor knows his loss— 570  
So Rustum knew not his own loss, but stood  
Over his dying son, and knew him not.  
But with a cold, incredulous voice, he said:—  
“What prate is this of fathers and revenge?  
The mighty Rustum never had a son.” 575  
And, with a failing voice, Sohrab replied:—  
“Ah yes, he had! and that lost son am I.  
Surely the news will one day reach his ear,  
Reach Rustum, where he sits, and tarries long,  
Somewhere, I know not where, but far from here; 580  
And pierce him like a stab, and make him leap  
To arms, and cry for vengeance upon thee.  
Fierce Man, bethink thee, for an only son!  
What will that grief, what will that vengeance be!  
Oh, could I live, till I that grief had seen! 585  
Yet him I pity not so much, but her,  
My mother, who in Ader-baijan dwells  
With that old King, her father, who grows grey  
With age, and rules over the valiant Koords.  
Her most I pity, who no more will see 590  
Sohrab returning from the Tartar camp,  
With spoils and honour, when the war is done.  
But a dark rumour will be bruited up,  
From tribe to tribe, until it reach her ear;  
And then will that defenceless woman learn 595  
That Sohrab will rejoice her sight no more;

But that in battle with a nameless foe,  
By the far distant Oxus, he is slain."

He spoke ; and as he ceased he wept aloud,  
Thinking of her he left, and his own death. 600  
He spoke ; but Rustum listen'd, plunged in thought.  
Nor did he yet believe it was his son  
Who spoke, although he call'd back names he knew ;  
For he had had sure tidings that the babe,  
Which was in Ader-baijan born to him, 605  
Had been a puny girl, no boy at all :  
So that sad mother sent him word, for fear  
Rustum should take the boy, to train in arms ;  
And so he deem'd that either Sohrab took,  
By a false boast, the style of Rustum's son ; 610  
Or that men gave it him, to'swell his fame.  
So deem'd he ; yet he listen'd, plunged in thought ;  
And his soul set to grief, as the vast tide  
Of the bright rocking Ocean sets to shore  
At the full moon : tears gathered in his eyes ; 615  
For he remembered his own early youth,  
And all its bounding rapture ; as, at dawn,  
The Shepherd from his mountain lodge descries  
A far bright City, smitten by the sun,  
Through many rolling clouds ;—so Rustum saw 620  
His youth ; saw Sohrab's mother, in her bloom ;  
And that old King, her father, who loved well  
His wandering guest, and gave him his fair child  
With joy ; and all the pleasant life they led,  
They three, in that long-distant summer-time— 625  
The castle, and the dewy woods, and hunt  
And hound, and morn on those delightful hills  
In Ader-baijan. And he saw that Youth,  
Of age and looks to be his own dear son,  
Piteous and lovely, lying on the sand, 630  
Like some rich hyacinth, which by the scythe  
Of an unskilful gardener has been cut,  
Mowing the garden grass-plots near its bed,

And lies, a fragrant tower of purple bloom,  
On the mown, dying grass ;—so Sohrab lay, 635  
Lovely in death, upon the common sand.

And Rustum gazed on him with grief, and said :—

“ O Sohrab, thou indeed art such a son  
Whom Rustum, wert thou his, might well have loved !  
Yet here thou errest, Sohrab, or else men 640  
Have told thee false ;—thou art not Rustum’s son.

For Rustum had no son : one child he had—  
But one—a girl : who with her mother now  
Plies some light female task, nor dreams of us—  
Of us she dreams not, nor of wounds, nor war.” 645

But Sohrab answer’d him in wrath ; for now  
The anguish of the deep-fix’d spear grew fierce,  
And he desired to draw forth the steel,  
And let the blood flow free, and so to die ;  
But first he would convince his stubborn foe— 650  
And, rising sternly on one arm, he said :—

“ Man, who art thou who dost deny my words ?  
Truth sits upon the lips of dying men,  
And Falsehood, while I liv’d, was far from mine.  
I tell thee, prick’d upon this arm I bear 655  
That seal which Rustum to my mother gave,  
That she might prick it on the babe she bore.”

He spoke : and all the blood left Rustum’s cheeks ;  
And his knees totter’d, and he smote his hand  
Against his breast, his heavy mailed hand, 660  
That the hard iron corslet clank’d aloud :  
And to his heart he press’d the other hand,  
And in a hollow voice he spake, and said :

“ Sohrab, that were a proof which could not lie.  
If thou show this, then art thou Rustum’s son.” 665

Then, with weak hasty fingers, Sohrab loosed  
His belt, and near the shoulder bared his arm,  
And show’d a sign in faint vermilion points  
Prick’d : as a cunning workman, in Pekin,  
Pricks with vermilion some clear porcelain vase, 670

An emperor's gift—at early morn he paints,  
 And all day long, and, when night comes, the lamp  
 Lights up his studious forehead and thin hands:—  
 So delicately prick'd the sign appear'd  
 On Sohrab's arm, the sign of Rustum's seal. 675  
 It was that Griffin, which of old rear'd Zal,  
 Rustum's great father, whom they left to die,  
 A helpless babe, among the mountain rocks.  
 Him that kind Creature found, and rear'd, and loved—  
 Then Rustum took it for his glorious sign. 680  
 And Sohrab bared that figure on his arm,  
 And himself scann'd it long with mournful eyes,  
 And then he touch'd it with his hand and said:—  
 “How say'st thou? Is that sign the proper sign  
 Of Rustum's son, or of some other man's?” 685  
 He spoke: but Rustum gazed, and gazed, and stood  
 Speechless; and then he utter'd one sharp cry—  
*Oh Boy—thy Father!*—and his voice choked there.  
 And then a dark cloud pass'd before his eyes,  
 And his head swam, and he sunk down to earth. 690  
 But Sohrab crawl'd to where he lay, and cast  
 His arms about his neck, and kiss'd his lips,  
 And with fond faltering fingers stroked his cheeks,  
 Trying to call him back to life: and life  
 Came back to Rustum, and he oped his eyes, 695  
 And they stood wide with horror; and he seized  
 In both his hands the dust which lay around,  
 And threw it on his head, and smirch'd his hair,  
 His hair, and face, and beard, and glittering arms:  
 And strong convulsive groanings shook his breast, 700  
 And his sobs choked him; and he clutch'd his sword,  
 To draw it, and for ever let life out.  
 But Sohrab saw his thought, and held his hands,  
 And with a soothing voice he spoke, and said:—  
 “Father, forbear: for I but meet to-day 705  
 The doom that at my birth was written down  
 In Heaven, and thou art Heaven's unconscious hand.

Surely my heart cried out that it was thou,  
When first I saw thee ; and thy heart spoke too,  
I know it : but Fate trod those promptings down 710  
Under its iron heel ; Fate, Fate engaged  
The strife, and hurl'd me on my father's spear.  
But let us speak no more of this : I find  
My father ; let me feel that I have found.  
Come, sit beside me on this sand, and take 715  
My head betwixt thy hands, and kiss my cheeks,  
And wash them with thy tears, and say, ' My Son !'  
Quick ! quick ! for number'd are my sands of life,  
And swift ; for like the lightning to this field  
I came, and like the wind I go away— 720  
Sudden, and swift, and like a passing wind.  
But it was writ in Heaven that this should be."

So said he : and his voice releas'd the heart  
Of Rustum, and his tears broke forth ; he cast  
His arms round his son's neck, and wept aloud, 725  
And kiss'd him. And awe fell on both the hosts  
When they saw Rustum's grief ; and Ruksh, the horse,  
With his head bowing to the ground, and mane  
Sweeping the dust, came near, and in mute woe  
First to the one then to the other moved 730  
His head, as if inquiring what their grief  
Might mean ; and from his dark, compassionate eyes,  
The big warm tears roll'd down, and caked the sand.  
But Rustum chid him with stern voice, and said :—

" Ruksh, now thou grieve'st ; but, O Ruksh, thy feet 735  
Should then have rotted on thy nimble joints,  
When first they bore thy Master to this field."

But Sohrab look'd upon the horse and said :—  
" Is this then Ruksh ? How often, in past days,  
My mother told me of thee, thou brave Steed ! 740  
My terrible father's terrible horse ; and said,  
That I should one day find thy lord and thee.  
Come, let me lay my hand upon thy mane.  
O Ruksh, thou art more fortunate than I ;

For thou hast gone where I shall never go, 745  
 And snuff'd the breezes of my father's home.  
 And thou hast trod the sands of Seistan,  
 And seen the River of Helmund, and the Lake  
 Of Zirrah ; and the aged Zal himself  
 Has often stroked thy neck, and given thee food, 750  
 Corn in a golden platter soak'd with wine,  
 And said—' O Ruksh ! bear Rustum well ! '—but I  
 Have never known my grandsire's furrow'd face,  
 Nor seen his lofty house in Seistan,  
 Nor slaked my thirst at the clear Helmund stream : 755  
 But lodg'd among my father's foes, and seen  
 Afrasiab's cities only, Samarcand,  
 Bokhara, and lone Khiva in the waste,  
 And the black Toorkmun tents ; and only drunk  
 The desert rivers, Moorghab and Tejend, 760  
 Kohik, and where the Kalmuks feed their sheep,  
 The northern Sir ; and this great Oxus stream—  
 The yellow Oxus, by whose brink I die."

And, with a heavy groan, Rustum replied :—  
 " Oh that its waves were flowing over me ! 765  
 Oh that I saw its grains of yellow silt  
 Roll tumbling in the current o'er my head ! "

And, with a grave mild voice, Sohrab replied :—  
 " Desire not that, my father ; thou must live.  
 For some are born to do great deeds, and live, 770  
 As some are born to be obscured, and die.  
 Do thou the deeds I die too young to do,  
 And reap a second glory in thine age.  
 Thou art my father, and thy gain is mine.  
 But come : thou seest this great host of men 775  
 Which follow me ; I pray thee, slay not these :  
 Let me entreat for them : what have they done ?  
 They follow'd me, my hope, my fame, my star.  
 Let them all cross the Oxus back in peace.  
 But me thou must bear hence, not send with them 780  
 But carry me with thee to Seistan,

And place me on a bed, and mourn for me,  
Thou, and the snow-hair'd Zal, and all thy friends.  
And thou must lay me in that lovely earth,  
And heap a stately mound above my bones, 785  
And plant a far-seen pillar over all :

That so the passing horseman on the waste  
May see my tomb a great way off, and say—  
*Sohrab, the mighty Rustum's son, lies there,*  
*Whom his great father did in ignorance kill—* 790  
And I be not forgotten in my grave."

And, with a mournful voice, Rustum replied :—  
" Fear not ; as thou hast said, Sohrab, my son,  
So shall it be : for I will burn my tents,  
And quit the host, and bear thee hence with me." 795

So, on the bloody sand, Sohrab lay dead.  
And the great Rustum drew his horseman's cloak  
Down o'er his face, and sate by his dead son.  
As those black granite pillars, once high-rear'd  
By Jemshid in Persepolis, to bear 800  
His house, now, mid their broken flights of steps,  
Lie prone, enormous, down the mountain side—  
So in the sand lay Rustum by his own son.

And night came down over the solemn waste,  
And the two gazing hosts, and that sole pair, 805  
And darken'd all ; and a cold fog, with night,  
Crept from the Oxus. Soon a hum arose,  
As of a great assembly loosed, and fires  
Began to twinkle through the fog : for now  
Both armies moved to camp, and took their meal 810  
The Persians took it on the open sands  
Southward ; the Tartars by the river marge :  
And Rustum and his son were left alone.

But the majestic River floated on,  
Out of the mist and hum of that low land, 815  
Into the frosty starlight, and there moved,  
Rejoicing, through the hush'd Chorasman waste,

Under the solitary moon : he flow'd  
Right for the Polar Star, past Orgunjé,  
Brimming, and bright, and large : then sands begin 820  
To hem his watery march, and dam his streams,  
And split his currents ; that for many a league  
The shorn and parcell'd Oxus strains along  
Through beds of sand and matted rushy isles—  
Oxus forgetting the bright speed he had 825  
In his high mountain cradle in Pamere,  
A foil'd circuitous wanderer :—till at last  
The long'd-for dash of waves is heard, and wide  
His luminous home of waters opens, bright  
And tranquil, from whose floor the new-bathed stars 830  
Emerge, and shine upon the Aral Sea.

Matthew Arnold.





## NOTES.

### ROBINSON CRUSOE.

#### CHAPTER I.

**inured** : accustomed ; especially used in reference to hardships, etc.

**roads**, or **roadstead** : a place where ships may "ride" at anchor at some distance from the shore.

**strike** : i.e. to lower so that the ship would be less exposed to the wind. Similarly, used of lowering, taking down a tent before marching.

**shipped** : had several waves wash right over the decks.

**anchor . . . home** : i.e. become loosened.

**sheet-anchor** : the largest anchor which is thrown out in great danger ; metaphorically used of the last resource, or means of safety.

**by the board** : over the side of the ship, i.e. had cut their masts quite away.

**foundered** : derived from a word meaning bottom, hence had filled with water and sunk to the bottom of the sea.

**mate** : one of the ship's officers below the rank of captain.

**boatswain** : an inferior officer who is in charge of the sails, anchors, etc., and calls the sailors to duty.

**main-mast** : i.e. chief mast.

**sprung a leak** : to have an opening or crack through which water runs in.

**hold** : the portion between the bottom and the lowest deck.

**pump** : i.e. out of the ship.

**colliers** : ships carrying coal.

**slip** : i.e. let go the cable attached to the anchor, and thus move away without weighing, i.e. pulling up, the anchor.

**drive** : drift.

**staved** : got a hole knocked in it.

**lighthouse** : a high tower on the seashore, containing a revolving light, which warns ships at sea.

**Cromer, Winterton**. Where are these places ?

**harden** : to make one callous or hardhearted.

## CHAPTER II.

**take an observation** : i.e. find out the position or bearings of a ship.

**told me . . . encouragement** : put into direct speech.

**ounce of gold** : now worth a little over £4.

**rover** : pirate.

**Sallee**. Where is this? It was a great nest of pirates.

**yards** : the pole slung crosswise to a mast and carrying the sail.

**crowded . . . canvas** : spread sail.

**pinnace** : a small boat belonging to a ship.

**Maresco** : sailor boy; derived from a word meaning "sea".

**league** : three miles.

**fresh**, and therefore strong.

**long-boat** : the largest boat belonging to a ship.

**stand farther off** : direct our course further away from the land.

**creek** : a narrow opening, or inlet, or bay.

**waded** : walked through the water.

**stood**. See previous note.

**make the river** : reach.

**Gambia, Cape de Verde**, etc. Where are these places?

**lay by** : stopped the ship.

**offing** : i.e. kept a long way out to sea, sailing straight for the head land instead of keeping close to the coast.

**doubling** : going round.

**to a little** : exactly, to the minutest degree.

**inventory** : list or catalogue.

**piece of eight** : an old Spanish coin worth about four shillings.

## CHAPTER III.

**musings** : pondering, silently meditating.

**rambling** : roving, wandering.

**came about** : came round.

**scudding** : running before a tempest with little or no sail spread.

**took in** : swallowed.

**fellows** : i.e. not a proper pair, either both right or both left.

**truncheon** : a small staff, like a policeman's.

## CHAPTER IV.

**forecastle** : a short raised deck in the front part of a ship, where the crew live.

**bulged** : i.e. staved (see notes on Chapter I.), burst in.

**quarter** : part of a vessel's side, from the main-mast to the stern.

**free** : i.e. from water.

- yards** : poles for carrying square sails which cross the mast.  
**spars** : long beams.  
**skipper** : captain.  
**cordial** : refreshing.  
**rummage** : search carefully, by poking amongst things and turning them over.  
**fowling-pieces** : shot-guns.  
**powder-horns** : horns were used for carrying powder before the invention of cartridges.  
**capful** : breath or gust.  
**cove** : creek, bay.  
**rigging** : ropes attached to masts and sails, etc.  
**hammock** : hanging bed made of cloth and suspended by ropes at both ends.  
**magazine** : store.  
**hogshead**. How much is this?  
**hawser** : small cable, or thick rope.  
**locker** : a cupboard or drawer fastened with a lock.

## CHAPTER V.

- piles** : beams driven into the ground, for supporting a wall or building.  
**tarpaulin** : tarred canvas to keep out the wet.  
**cellar** : a room for storage purposes, often underground.  
**perspectives** : telescopes (obsolete).  
**pale** : enclosure made by palings or pointed stakes.  
**adze** : a tool with a short blade at right angles to the handle.

## CHAPTER VI.

- sorry** : wretched, bad.  
**splintered** : to bind with splinters (thin pieces of wood) so as to keep a broken limb straight.  
**oakum** : substance of old ropes untwisted and pulled into loose fibres.  
**sink** : drain or sewer.  
**full of notches** : i.e. the edge was broken and uneven.  
**ague** : acute fever with fits of cold and shivering.

## CHAPTER VII.

- bower** : a shelter shaded by trees.  
**straitened** : in straits, difficulties, in want.  
**bought my experience**. What does this mean?  
**a peck**. How much is this?  
**pruned** : lopped off superfluous leaves or branches, so as to make the tree grow better.

**willows, osiers :** trees, the branches of which easily bend without breaking.

**penguin :** a water fowl, which dives but cannot fly.

#### CHAPTER VIII.

**put to it :** embarrassed, placed in a difficulty.

**slacked :** slackened, lessened.

#### CHAPTER IX.

**preposterous :** absurd, foolish ; it is preposterous to do first what should be done last, and vice versa, e.g. to put the cart before the horse.

**mallet :** wooden hammer.

**by dint of :** by the power of, by means of.

**a-botching :** botch means "mend clumsily".

**every jot :** in every respect, just.

**to hold :** to keep together.

#### CHAPTER X.

**victualled :** provisioned ; pronounce "vit-tled".

**shoal :** place where the water is shallow.

**grappling, or grappling iron :** by which one ship is fastened to another.

**make :** reac.

**pilot :** steersmanh.

**sluice :** as fast as the water that turns a mill-wheel flowing through the sluice-gates which regulate the flow.

**paddlers, or paddles :** a short broad oar for propelling a canoe.

**signified :** meant, amounted to, availed.

**spent :** tired, with all strength expended.

#### CHAPTER XI.

**Stoic.** The Stoics were a sect of Greek philosophers, noted for their severity of doctrine and strictness of life ; then used generally of stern or gloomy-minded persons.

**quarter :** divide the body into four parts—a barbarous form of punishment.

**frog, or hanger :** a loop hanging from the belt for carrying a dagger, or sword, or bayonet.

**equinox :** the celestial equator, so called because when the sun is on it the days and nights are equal all over the world.

## CHAPTER XII.

**apparition** : ghost, spectre; unearthly appearance.

**chimera** : a vain or idle fancy ; originally an imaginary monster with a lion's head, goat's body, and dragon's tail, hence, typical of anything unreal.

## CHAPTER XIII.

**cockpit** : a pit in which game-cocks fight.

## CHAPTER XIV.

**dress** : prepare.

**tawny** : tanned or burnt by the sun ; a yellowish-brown colour.

## CHAPTER XV.

**hankering** : longing desire, strong inclination.

**gall** : rub the skin off.

**piece** : i.e. fowling-piece or shot-gun.

**unfeigned** : unpretended, unaffected, sincere, genuine.

**told** : i.e. counted.

**victuals** : food, provisions.

**frigate** : properly, a moderate-sized ship of war. Applied humorously to his canoe.

**as fast again** : twice as fast.

**shoulder of mutton** : i.e. of triangular shape like a shoulder of mutton.

**jibbed** : moved backwards or sideways, according to the force of the wind.

## CHAPTER XVI.

**fetching a compass** : going a round-about way.

**lay about** : strike out on all sides.

**mere multitude** : by sheer force of numbers.

**put to it** : were in great difficulties.

**treat** : negotiate, discuss terms of agreement.

**victual** : to supply with provisions.

## CHAPTER XVII.

**cutlass** : a broad, curved sword used by seamen.

**oozy** : soft and slimy.

**quicksand** : a sandbank which changes position and is therefore dangerous.

**straggling** : separated from the main body.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

**it was all one** : it all amounted to the same thing ; it was with the same result.

**parley** : talk or conference.

**at discretion** : unconditionally, without making terms, leaving themselves entirely at the mercy of the conquerors.

**for reasons of state** : this phrase keeps up the notion of governor and official rank.

**quarter-deck** : the part of the upper deck behind the main-mast.

**hatches** : the opening in a ship's deck for going below.

**round-house** : a cabin in the hinder part of quarter-deck.

**forechains** : i.e. on the front part of the ship.

**forecastle** : *vide* notes on Chapter IV.

**hostages** : prisoners kept by an enemy as pledge for the performance of a treaty.

**refractory** : stubbornly disobedient.

## A FIGHT WITH A BEAR

**cross-bow** : an improvement on the ordinary long-bow.

**colossal** : very large, huge ; the word is derived from Colossus, the name of a gigantic statue in ancient times.

**tearing along** : describes very swift motion.

**hose** : trousers, breeches.

**fork** : the part where the branch separates from the trunk.

**fetid** : foul-smelling.

**Charles Reade** (1814-1884). "The Cloister and the Hearth," his masterpiece, is a great historical novel, describing very vividly and faithfully nearly every phase of life in the Middle Ages. The two companions in the scene in the text are Denys, a French mercenary soldier, and Gerard, a young Dutch scholar.

## THE SHOOTING MATCH.

**held himself obliged**, etc. Put into direct speech.

**baldric** : broad belt worn over the shoulder and under the opposite arm, for the suspension of sword or dagger.

**medallion** : circular or oval tablet bearing a figure represented in relief.

**syvan sport** : forest or woodland sport. Connected with hunting.

**yeoman** : a small landowner, as distinguished from the larger landowners. Unlike the knights who fought on horseback they fought on foot with bows and arrows. The class was noted for its sturdy independence, strength, and courage.

**patron** : the guardian or protector of a country, e.g. St. George of England and St. Andrew of Scotland, or of a profession, e.g. Saraswati of learning, or of an individual.

- sylvan fame** : reputation for forest accomplishments, e.g. archery.  
**resentment** : anger, indignation.  
**fellow** : used contemptuously.  
**babble** : idle, meaningless talk.  
**long-bow** : as distinguished from the cross-bow.  
**adventure** : run the risk of trying.  
**merry-men** : good fellows.  
**discomfiture** : defeat.  
**painful** : anxious ; the curiosity was so keen as to be painful.  
**marks** : i.e. targets to be shot or aimed at.  
**relish** : to regard with pleasure.  
**unwittingly** : unknowingly and therefore unwillingly.  
**coloured** : blushed with shame.  
**nobles** : the noble was an English coin worth about five rupees.  
**scourged** : whipped, beat.  
**lists** : limits or borders of the ground ; hence space set apart for sports or tournaments to take place in.  
**proffer** : offer.  
**Provost** : a person appointed to superintend or preside.  
**craven** : coward.  
**chance** : trial or opportunity.  
**peril** : i.e. imperil, endanger, jeopardize.  
**overshoot** here means "to shoot better than," rather than in its natural sense, "to shoot beyond".  
**men-at-arms** : regular soldiers.  
**butt** : large cask of more than 100 gallons.  
**delivered their shafts** : shot their arrows.  
**yeomanlike** : like a yeoman, as skilfully as a yeoman, who was famous for skill in archery.  
**try conclusions** : make a final trial, to prove conclusively which is best, to contend to a finish.  
**sith it be no better** : since it is no better.  
**braggart** : boaster, vaunter.  
**Hastings** : battle fought in 1066, when the Normans conquered England.  
**an thou** : if thou.  
**runagate** : runaway, vagabond, and so "worthless fellow".  
**gallows** : the frame for suspending the rope with which criminals are hanged.  
**foul fiend** : "the devil take".  
**in the clout** : the centre of the target or butt, at which archers shoot, corresponding to the modern "bull's-eye".  
**mend** : improve upon, make a better shot.  
**notch** : a notch is a hollow cut into anything ; hence, to notch means to "make a cut into".  
**shaft** : arrow. What other senses has the word ?



**shivers** : splinters or small pieces.

**dexterity**. The right hand is usually more skilful than the left ; dexterity means right-handedness and so "skill".

**plant** : set up, place in position.

**willow-bush** : a tree that grows beside streams, much used for making cricket bats.

**peel** : strip off the bark.

**King Arthur's Round Table**. King Arthur was a legendary King of Britain, famous for his goodness and bravery. He established an order of Knights who sat at the Round Table in Camelot, the king's capital. They were chosen for their valour and purity of character. Their exploits are described in Tennyson's "Idylls of the King". Among their duties were the following :

"To reverence the king as if he were  
Their conscience and their conscience as their king,

To ride abroad redressing human wrongs,  
To speak no slander, no, nor listen to it,  
To honour his own word as if his God's,  
To lead sweet lives in purest chastity".

**give the bucklers** : i.e. yield to him.

**bucklers** : shield.

**jerkin** : a short coat.

**whittle** : a short knife.

**sirrah** : a term of address implying the inferiority of the person addressed.

**crow** : used of the sound made by a cock ; then, to exult or triumph over a beaten antagonist.

**frayed** : fretted or rubbed, worn to shreds.

**vindicated** : maintained, upheld with success, proved to be right.

**jubilee** : originally a joyful festival held every fifty years—usually means a commemoration held in the fiftieth year ; here means general shouts of joy.

**wand** : a stick or rod.

**Prince John**. Afterwards became king, and was perhaps the worst ruler England has ever had.

**Locksley**. The assumed name of Robin Hood, the famous outlaw, celebrated for his skill in archery. He used to plunder the rich and powerful and befriend the poor ; hence he was the hero of many popular ballads.

**Sir Walter Scott** (1771-1832) : poet and novelist.

### THE RIDE THAT FAILED.

**Manor Farm** : the residence of Mr. Wardle, the gentleman who had invited Mr. Pickwick and his friends to visit him.

**post-chaise** : a two-wheeled carriage for two persons.

**the very thing** : just what we want.

**equestrian** : i.e. as a horseman or rider.

**hardihood** : boldness ; the ending "hood" expresses quality. Compare manhood.

**rushed on his fate** : i.e. deliberately and wilfully chose a disastrous course with his eyes open.

**coffee-room** : a public room in an inn in which meals and refreshments are served.

**blinds** : screens, which are pulled up and down to let in or keep out the light.

**vehicle** : a carriage ; that which carries. A conveyance.

**wine-bin** : a box for keeping wine bottles.

**perch** : high seat.

**symmetry of bone** : i.e. bones were equally visible on either side.

**ostler** : derived from hostel, and connected with hotel ; a servant at an inn who looks after horses.

**bless my soul** : an expression of surprise. Compare the slang expression "blowed" just below and put the vulgar into correct English.

**ribbons** : slang for reins.

**impetuosity** : eagerness, vehemence.

**principal**. Who is this ?

**post-boy** : driver of the post-chaise.

**man-of-war** : ship of war.

**presentiment** : fee beforehand, anticipation, or foreboding.

**innyard** : i.e. the people in the courtyard of the inn.

**jerking** : moving suddenly.

**propensity** : tendency.

**manceuvre** : movement.

**whedding** : coaxing or enticing by soft words.

**turnpike, toll-bar** : a gate set across a road to stop carriages, where toll was levied.

**personation** : personification, embodiment.

**hedge** : a row of small trees on the side of the road ; most trees in England are divided from the open country by hedges.

**rotatory** : circular, spinning.

**blank** : absolute, unmixed ; i.e. dismay and nothing else.

**tore off** : rushed off quickly, bolted.

**stock-still** : as still as the stump of a tree.

**quickset** : i.e. a hedge of living trees, as distinct from an artificial hedge of dead branches.

**Charles Dickens** (1812-1870). One of the most original and amusing of English novelists. "Pickwick," written in 1836, describes the adventures of Mr. Pickwick and his friends. Mr. Pickwick, a simple-minded, benevolent old gentleman, spectacled and corpulent, was the founder of the Pickwick Club, a harmless but useless society, for the reading of scientific papers. He and his friends mentioned in this extract undertook to travel in search of knowledge and forward the results of their

investigations to the club. The extract describes one of their adventures which, like most of the rest, had nothing to do with the progress of knowledge, but increases the gaiety of the reader.

### HOW ONE MAN SAVED A HOST.

**devotion** : the willingness to surrender one's life for an unselfish and noble purpose.

**Cocles** : pronounce Kok'-lēs ; it means "one-eyed".

**Etruscans** : the people of Etruria, north of the Tiber.

**Tarquinius Superbus** : i.e. Tarquin the proud, who had been driven from his throne for his cruelty.

**Senate** : the council which governed Rome ; originally it consisted of old men, hence called also "The Fathers".

**forthwith** : immediately.

**Consul** : the chief magistrate.

**hied them** : went hastily ; "them" is used reflexively after the verb, which is strictly intransitive.

**musings** : thought, consideration.

**roundly** : with round and therefore open mouth ; hence plainly, openly.

**van** : vanguard.

**odds** : overpowering numbers.

**holy maidens** : the Vestal Virgins, a sacred sisterhood, whose duty it was to feed the sacred fire of Rome.

**the deed of shame** : an outrage upon a Roman lady, which roused the Romans to expel the Tarquins.

**in play** : occupied.

**strait** : narrow.

**Ramnian, Titian** : names of Roman families of high rank.

**Tuscan** : the same as Etruscan. Etruria is now called Tuscany.

**dam** : a bank or mound to check the current of a river.

**athwart** : across.

**constant** : steadfast, firm, undaunted.

**Palatinus** : one of the seven hills on which Rome was built.

**spent** : fatigued, tired.

**changing blows** : i.e. exchanging, giving and receiving.

**ween** : think.

**public right** : i.e. which was the property of the community as a whole, not of any one private person.

**Comitium** : the place of public meeting, situated near the Palatine hill.

**harness** : armour.

### THE STORY OF MACBETH.

The events described in the text took place in the reign of Edward the Confessor, who was King of England from 1024 to 1066. Duncan was murdered in 1040. Malcolm, surnamed Canmore, the son of Duncan, became King of Scotland in 1056.

"Macbeth" is the title of one of Shakespeare's greatest plays, in which he portrays the ruin of a naturally noble character when subject to an overmastering passion. Macbeth's ruling passion was an evil and uncontrollable ambition, which drove him to murder his king and his friend. He achieved his ambition by becoming king, but his triumph and prosperity were short-lived, and he was tormented by the agony of remorse. The story illustrates the truth that wrongdoing works its own punishment.

**and away again** : understand the verb "sailed"; the omission of the verb suggests the speed with which the Danes disappeared after a plundering expedition.

**rage** : mad cruelty.

**Glamis** : pronounce Gläms.

**Lochaber** : pronounce Lohäber.

**witch** : a woman who practises magic and is supposed to be in league with the evil one, and capable of foretelling the future.

**gipsies** : these are a vagabond race who came into Europe in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries from the East, and are scattered over the various countries. They have no settled dwellings, and live by theft, fortune-telling, tinkering, etc.

**impose upon** : deceive, cheat.

**All hail** : hail etymologically means "sound," "healthy," the same as "hale"; a form of greeting expressive of good wishes.

**trudging** : connected with "tread"; travelling painfully and wearily.

**drawbridge** : a bridge that may be let down or drawn up to prevent entrance into a town or castle.

**yon** : yonder, that over there.

**incensed** : literally, burning hot, set on fire (with rage); hence "angry," "enraged".

## THE FIGHT IN THE DESERT.

The incident described in the text is supposed to have taken place towards the end of the twelfth century. During the eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth centuries a series of wars was waged by European volunteers (called Crusaders from the emblem of the cross which they wore) to recover the Holy Land or Palestine from the dominion of the Turks.

### I.

**Saracen** : name given to the Moslems of Syria and Arabia.

**inflexion** : turning, bending movement.

**buckler** : small shield.

**couched or levelled** : lowered from the vertical position in which it is carried to the position of attack, i.e. in a horizontal position parallel with the forearm.

**cavalier** : horseman.

**career** : speed.

**dead halt** : absolute halt.

**momentum** : impetus.

**mace** : a heavy club weighted with metal.

**missile** : a weapon that can be "sent," i.e. thrown ; used as an adjective farther on.

**harness** : armour worn on the body ; coat of mail.

**truce** : a word connected with truth and trust ; a temporary cessation of hostilities.

**Ameer** : an Arab chieftain.

**Nazarene** : name given to the Christian Crusaders by the Moslems.

## II.

**knot** : properly, a fastening together ; then, as here, a collection or cluster of things close together.

**welled out** : issued forth ; used of water of a well or fountain springing up.

**paradise** : originally a Persian word meaning a pleasure park, then used generally for heaven ; and so of "a very pleasant place".

**evil days of Palestine**. This refers to the evils of war.

**ruinous** : in a state of ruin ; frequently the word means "causing ruin".

**straggling** : straying, wandering by itself.

**stealing** : issuing so gently that "the current was scarce visible," as described below.

**station** : halting-place, resting-place.

**a carpet of velvet verdure**. A good instance of the metaphorical use of language. The meaning is that the effect of water on the ground was shown by a covering of grass, which was soft as a velvet carpet.

**vault** : arch.

**Frank** : properly, an inhabitant of France, then generally of the Crusaders.

**Gothic** : the Goths settled in Western Europe, when the Roman Empire declined. They were noted for their size and stature.

**cast of form** : style of figure.

**warrant** : guarantee ; the meaning is that blue eyes and a fair complexion and fair hair generally go together.

**Norman** : i.e. Northman ; the Northmen or Norsemen conquered Normandy in France.

**Grecian** : straight.

**brawny** : muscular.

**hardihood** : boldness.

## III.

**cumbersome** : not easily managed, heavy and embarrassing.

**minstrels** : wandering singers.

**a sister art**. What art is referred to ?

**Saracen's head** : this was a common device represented on the sign-board of an inn.

**sheeny** : shining.

**sabre** : curved sword.

**sod** : turf.

**choleric** : swift to anger, hasty.

**impetuosity** : hastiness of temper.

**blunt** : abrupt in manner, outspoken, unceremonious.

**genial** : cheering and pleasurable.

**false religion** : either disbelieved in the other's religion, and therefore thought it false.

**mutual respect**. Compare the lines of Kipling :—

“ But there is neither East nor West, Border, nor Breed, nor Birth,  
When two strong men stand face to face, though they come from the ends  
of the earth.”

#### EXERCISES.

1. Describe the combat between the two champions.
2. Contrast their appearance and equipment.

#### THE DESERT.

**charter** : hire or engage, usually applied to the hiring of ships ; hence appropriately used here in regard to a journey taken on a “ ship of the desert ”.

**diplomatic** : diplomacy is the art of conducting negotiations so as to secure advantages without appearing to do so.

**deuce** : the devil. Stronger than “ whatever ”.

**Parliamentary**. When one member of Parliament speaks offensively, “ uses unparliamentary language ” of another, he must either withdraw the offensive expression or leave the House. Such apologies are not always sincere like Dthemetri's.

**Vossignoria** : i.e. your honour.

**bullying** : threatening.

**dragoman** : interpreter : literally, translator.

**Moldavia** : a province in Roumania. Where is Roumania?

**wayworn** : weary with travelling.

**superbly** : proudly.

**stalk** : walking majestically.

**jetty** : jet-black.

**frock** : loose outer garment.

**sleek** : oily and fat.

**scribe** : writer ; “ scribble ” comes from the same word.

**comely** : suitable ; hence agreeable to the sight, handsome.

**pelisse** : loose outer garment.

**agent** is one who is authorized to act in place of another as distinct from a principal.

**stipulate** : make an agreement, bargain.

**of all things in the world** : i.e. most unlikely all things in the world.

**supple** : flexible, pliant, easily bending.

**exploded** : i.e. abandoned as useless, given up.

**flood** : i.e. in the earliest times. The reference is to the story of the flood in the Bible.

**near, off**. A driver of an animal, when on foot, goes on its left ; hence, its left foot is "near" the driver ; similarly, the right foot is away from, "off," the driver.

**lively** : living, fresh, and therefore refreshing.

**jewelled** : ornamented with flowers, as a person is with jewels ; a good instance of the metaphorical use of words.

**tract** : expanse.

**peeped** : properly applied to a person looking forth cautiously.

**stunted** : dwarfed, undergrown.

**came up with** : overtake.

**haggard** : thin and wasted.

**orbs** : eyes, so called because they are round.

**gait** : walk, manner of walking.

**wearing the purple**. A purple dress was the sign of the kingly or imperial power ; hence the meaning is "as majestically as if he were a king".

**deuce of it** : strong expression for "the worst of it".

**magnanimous** : large-hearted, high-minded.

**éclat** (pron. *äclä*) : striking effect.

**canteen** : vessel used for carrying water or liquor.

**whcy** : the thin part of milk as distinct from curd, the thick part.

**delicacy** : properly *quality* of being delicate or tasty ; then, as here, a *thing* which is pleasant especially to the taste or palate.

**odd** : uneven, irregular, strange.

**atom** : a thing so small that it cannot be cut into smaller pieces ; so generally, a very small part.

**awkward** : disagreeable, or unpleasant.

**bore** : unpleasantness, nuisance. A *bore* is a tiresome, tedious person.

**rations** : derived from ratio, meaning proportion ; hence proportion of food allowed for a day.

**strait** : a narrow pass or piece of water, and so generally "difficult position," as here.

**para** : a small piece of Turkish money, worth less than a pice.

**privation** : the hardship of having to go without, or of being *deprived* of anything, such as ordinary necessities or conveniences.

**softness** : soft-heartedness, the quality of easily yielding to persuasion or pity.

**managed** : induced to do as they liked.

**ancestral** : traditional, handed down from forefathers or ancestors.

**dough** : moistened flour.

**berth** : place to rest in ; e.g. berth in a ship's cabin or railway carriage.

**namely** : "absolutely the same" ; a word coined by Kinglake to represent the absolute monotony of the desert.

**taskmaster** : a master who assigns tasks ; hence generally associated with oppression.

**strike** : take down, lower. To strike one's flag in a naval battle is to lower it in token of surrender.

**Time labours on**. The time seems to progress slowly and laboriously as if tired with the heat. The expression represents the weariness of journeying in the desert under the scorching sun.

**lank** : thin and long.

**blushing**. The writer refers to the red glow of the sky at sunset.

**gurgling** : the noise of bubbling water, e.g. when poured from a bottle or down the throat.

**browse** : feed on ; used of animals feeding on tender branches of trees or shrubs.

**tethered** : tied.

**prim** : neat and tidy.

**starving** : because poor.

**sullen** : properly "bad-tempered looking". The early morning looks sullen as compared with the genial bright sunshine.

**speck** : black spot.

**portmanteau** : small leather trunk.

**encroaching** : trespassing.

**access** : fit, sudden feeling.

**oasis**. What is this ?

**make good** : keep up, sustain.

**respectability** : i.e. as robbers. Respectable means worthy of respect ; so respectable robber means first-rate robber.

**deserter** : fugitive from service without leave.

**scamp** : rascal, rogue, vagabond ; literally means "one who runs away".

**hover** : hang about ; moving to and fro ; properly used of a bird circling about just before settling.

**skirts** : outskirts, border, edge.

**devils** : used in pity ; "beggars" is similarly used.

**pretty** : fairly.

**accost** : address first.

**morning visitor**. The reference is to a formal, ceremonial call.

**distantly** : coldly, in a reserved manner without sign of recognition.

**Pall Mall** : a street in London.

**gallant** : brave, an epithet applied to soldiers.

**predicament** : awkward situation.

**statistics** : information consisting of facts and figures.

**poked** : to poke is to thrust with anything pointed.

**marshal** : arrange themselves.

**place-hunters** : people who seek office or advantage as diligently as a hunter seeks for game.

**matchlock** : an old-fashioned kind of musket or gun, in which the charge of powder is ignited by a match.



**inordinately** : out of order, excessively, beyond measure.

**spare** : thin and lean.

**shrivelled** : withered by exposure to heat.

**snipe**. The man is metaphorically called a snipe which has been made too thin by being roasted too much. "Cinder" is similarly used.

**turbid** : muddy-looking.

**decoction** : a liquid obtained by boiling anything in water.

**ineffable** : unspeakable, too great to be expressed.

**relish** : pleasure.

**creeks** : small inlets or bays.

**jutting** : projecting.

**shelving** : sloping gradually.

**inured** : hardened.

**tingling** : feeling a thrilling sensation.

**chime** : harmonious sound.

**intermittent** : taken up and abandoned at intervals.

**prim** : neatly and tidily dressed in their best clothes

**coincidence** : fact of happening at the same time.

**illusion** : unreal appearance.

**dead level** : monotonous evenness ; compare "a dead wall".

**confines** : limits or boundaries, in which the desert is confined.

**errand** : purpose.

**wavy . . . diver**. The writer compares the pleasure of passing from the arid desert into the green fertile country to that of a plunge into cool water after a hot, dusty march.

**verdure** : greenness. What is the corresponding adjective ?

### LOST IN THE DESERT.

**dromedary** : derived from a Greek word meaning "to run". It is the name given to the Arabian camel with one hump in distinction from the Bactrian camel with two humps.

**fellow-slave**. Whose slave ?

**racer** : a slender well-bred horse trained for racing, never for drawing carriages or loads.

**cart-horse** : a large heavily built horse used for drawing heavy loads.

**jog-trot** : a slow, regular, jolting movement.

**Dthemetri, Mysseri**. The names of interpreters accompanying the traveller.

**schooled** : trained or accustomed myself.

**annihilate** : means to reduce to nothing (nil), and hence here means to traverse or get over quickly.

**dislocation** : the putting of a joint out of its proper place.

**humouring** : yielding to, giving way to.

**due east** : i.e. exactly, directly east.

**swept** : "to sweep" is to pass anything lightly over the surface of anything : hence here the meaning is "to glance rapidly round".

**vacant** : i.e. not filled by any kind of growth or vegetation.

**arid** : dry, because sandy.

**tone and zest** : strength and relish.

**Tatar** : i.e. Tartar.

**Dragomen** : derived from the Greek, the same as *tarjuman*, "interpreter".

**office** : duty, function.

**pelisse** : outer garment.

**brace** : couple.

**Bedouin** : name of wandering Arab tribes who live in tents in Arabia, Syria, and North Africa; derived from a word meaning "desert"; distinguished from *fellahin*, peasants.

**stood fast** : stood still.

**ghastly** : literally, like a ghost; hence dreadful, horrible.

**demoniacal** : devilish.

**glassy** : like glass, i.e. without life or expression.

**decomposed from their petrification** : literally, "broken up from their stiff, stony state," i.e. had relaxed their fixed stony stare.

**remission** : slackening.

**compass**. What is this, and what are its uses?

**determined upon** : fixed upon, settled.

**she** : repetition of the subject—"dromedary".

**glutinous** : sticky.

**piteous sobs burst from her bosom in the tones**, etc. : i.e. she uttered sounds which expressed her wretchedness as clearly as the sobs of human beings proclaim their distress.

**calcined** : reduced to powder or crumbling by the action of heat.

**baffled my doubtful road** : i.e. he was not very certain of his road at any time, and amidst the hills of sand and rocks he was still more uncertain.

**Thalatta** : a Greek word meaning the sea : the repetition expresses the traveller's joy at the sight.

**threaded** : made way through or between obstacles; compare threading a needle.

**precincts** : boundaries.

**fires** : fiery thirst, which made his throat feel as if it were on fire.

**fitfully** : irregularly, by fits and starts.

**squalls** : sudden gusts of wind.

**very west** : i.e. due west, exactly from the west.

**leeward** : the side *towards* which the wind blows as opposed to windward.

**sped me** : helped me along quickly.

**quilts** : covering, a kind of *rezai*.

**crown** : top part of the head.

**whang** : i.e. with a whang, with a sound like that made by a leather thong.

**wadded** : padded or stuffed with some soft material.

**paradoxical** : contrary to what one might expect, contrary to common sense, and so here "absurd".

**gloomy looking** : with dark or threatening looks.

**swagger** : to put on a boastful air of importance.

**acceded** : agreed.

**Algerine** : from Algiers, which was the chief nest or stronghold of Barbary pirates, and therefore contained a population of scoundrels.

**sad** : properly causing sorrow ; hence "bad, wicked".

**imputation** : reproach.

**lag** : linger, loiter.

**bandit** : brigand, a robber with violence, as distinct from a thief who robs with stealth.

**tattered** : ragged.

**fair** : clean and white and comfortable.

**dally** : to pass the time pleasantly and idly.

**A. W. Kinglake** (1811-1891). In 1835 he travelled in the East and in 1844 published an account of his travels in "Eothen" (Greek for "from the East") which is one of the best books of its kind ever written. He subsequently wrote "The History of the Crimean War".

#### QUESTION.

Describe in your own words the writer's journey across the desert.

#### DAWN AMONG THE PINES.

Robert Louis Stevenson (1850-1894), one of the most brilliant and vigorous of modern English masters of prose, once made a tour in the Cevennes, a mountain district in the South of France, taking as his only companion a donkey, called Modestine, which carried his baggage. One night "he spent out of doors" and in the extract given in the text he gives a fine description of the dawn and his own impressions.

**strangers** : companions of the night. What is meant by this expression?

**glade** : an open space in a wood or forest.

**solemn glee** : this phrase is literally a contradiction in terms, but it well describes the twofold feelings in the writer's mind—wonder and awe at the magnificence of the sight, and pleasure in its beauty.

**breathing peace**. The peace and stillness of the scene were so absolute that it seemed to be a living and breathing presence.

**plumes**. The word is used metaphorically. Explain it.

**tackle** : grapple with, to set to work to climb.

**importunate** : pressing or urgent beyond measure, excessively solicitous, like a beggar.

**tapestries** : the pattern made by the trees against the sky are spoken of as if they were embroidered hangings or curtains of a room.

**inimitable ceiling** : i.e. the starry heavens, a masterpiece of nature, which no human skill can imitate.

**churlish** : rude, surly.

**drover** : a man who drives cattle to market.

## RIP VAN WINKLE.

## I.

**The Hudson** : i.e. the river on the mouth of which New York is founded. The town founded by the Dutch was originally called New Amsterdam and gained its modern name when ceded to the English in the seventeenth century. The river is called after its discoverer, Henry Hudson, an Englishman in the Dutch service in 1609. A glance at the map will show that the traveller will see the Kaatskill Mountains, a branch of the Appalachian or Alleghany Range on his left westward.

**swelling** : a picturesque word to describe mountains rising out of the plain.

**perfect barometers** : i.e. they could tell the weather as surely by the look of the mountains as anyone can by reading a barometer.

**bold** : indicates the sharp outline against a clear background.

**hood** : properly, a covering for the head, leaving only the face exposed.

**fairy** : the adjective describes their enchanting appearance, and their strange magical colours and shapes referred to above.

**shingle** : i.e. made of smooth stones or pebbles, such as are found on the seashore or the bed of a river.

**melt away into** : mingle with.

**landscape** : literally, land-shape, i.e. a portion of land comprehensible in a single view.

**Peter Stuyvesant** : the last Dutch Governor.

**within a few years** : till a few years ago.

**latticed** : with woodwork which forms a kind of network by its crossing laths.

**gable fronts** : a triangular end of a building from the level of the eaves to the top.

**weathercock** : a vane, i.e. a thin piece of metal often in the shape of a cock, which moves freely and is placed on the top of a building to show the direction of the wind.

**a province of Great Britain** : i.e. before the English colonies in America broke away from England and formed the United States in 1776.

**figured** : behaved, acted.

**gallantly** : bravely.

**chivalrous** here means warlike.

**Fort Christina**. When some Swedish settlers encroached on the land of the Dutch settlers, Peter Stuyvesant attacked them and seized this fort.

**martial** : warlike ; derived from Mars, the Roman god of war.

**henpecked** : this word explains itself, viz. that Rip was bullied by his wife.

**meekness** : mildness, gentleness.

**obsequious** : submissive, compliant.

**shrew** : a scolding, bad-tempered woman.

**those men are most apt** : the truth of this sentence is doubtful : it is frequently the domestic bully who is obsequious out of doors.

**malleable** : capable of being hammered into different shapes like heated metal ; hence " easily influenced ".

**a curtain lecture** : i.e. a scolding of a husband by his wife in private.

**sermons** : i.e. moral and religious discourses by a clergyman in the pulpit.

**termagant** : noisy and turbulent.

**squabble** : petty quarrels about trifles.

**gossiping** : indulging in idle conversation about one's neighbours.

**dodging about** : " to dodge " means to start suddenly aside so as to avoid a blow or get past a person ; here, to wander aimlessly about with no fixed purpose.

**skirts** : i.e. coat-tails.

**composition** : i.e. character, which is a combination of several qualities.

**aversion to** : " aversion from " is more correct.

**assiduity** : literally, the quality of sitting down to a thing and sticking to it.

**nibble** : cautious bite.

**fowling-piece** : a shot-gun for shooting birds.

**trudging** : walking laboriously.

**frolics** : gatherings of farmers at harvest time. Ordinarily, fun and merry-making, which, of course, accompanied such gatherings.

**run errands** : an errand is a message which has to be delivered or a business to be performed by a messenger or agent ; here, run to take messages or carry out purposes.

**odd jobs** : occasional, miscellaneous bits of work.

**pestilent** : annoying, troublesome (as the plague).

**patrimonial or paternal** : that which he had inherited from his fathers.

**made a point of** : Rip considered that the rain came at the wrong time *purposely* to annoy him.

**urchin** : properly means a mischievous creature ; then a common term for boys who are apt to be mischievous !

**promised to** : " seemed likely to ". A promise is a declaration which leads people to expect that the person making it will do something ; so the younger Rip behaved in such a way that people expected him to grow up into a man like his father.

**trooping like a colt** : following his mother closely, like a colt follows the mare.

**ado** : trouble, inconvenience.

**train** : the part of a dress which trails along the ground.

**well-oiled** : easy-going.

**whistled life away** : spent all his life in whistling ; whistling is a type of an unprofitable way of spending one's time.

**dinning** : i.e. shouting and speaking harshly.

**going** : moving.

**a torrent of household eloquence.** Express this in simpler English.

**volley** : i.e. of abuse or upbraiding.

**fain** : glad.

**draw off his forces.** Explain the metaphor in this sentence.

## II.

**astray** : for the formation compare "adrift," "afloat".

**crest** : i.e. head.

**sneaked about with a gallows air** : i.e. crept about as if he were ashamed to be seen, like a criminal afraid of being caught and hanged.

**sidelong** : suspicious, as if expecting he was going to be beaten.

**flourish** : brandishing or waving.

**tart** : bitter, sour.

**sages** : wise men ; used ironically, they *thought* they were sages, etc.

**sessions** : sittings ; again ironical.

**lazy summer's day** : the day is called lazy because the heat makes you feel lazy and even Nature seems tired.

**listlessly** : carelessly, languidly.

**statesman's money.** It would have been worth while for a statesman to have paid a fee for the privilege and benefit of hearing the wisdom of the village wiseacres.

**drawled** : read out slowly, as if the words came with difficulty. The village schoolmaster would probably find many words and sentences difficult to pronounce and understand. But being a *dapper*, i.e. smart little man, he pretended to know them all, and was not frightened by the longest word.

**deliberate.** You properly deliberate about what should be done in the future ; the village statesmen discussed what ought to be done when it was all over

**patriarch.** The title applied to the father and ruler of a family in ancient times ; hence a "venerable old man".

**vehemently** : vigorously.

**routed** : put to flight and chased away.

**call all to naught** : tell them they were all worthless fellows, good for nothing.

**virago** : a word used of a noisy, quarrelsome woman.

**stroll** : walk leisurely.

**wallet** : a small bag for provisions.

**a dog's life of it.** A dog's life means an unhappy life, because dogs are often badly treated. It is used in the same way as when it is an indefinite object of an intransitive verb, e.g. to foot *it*, to lord *it*, to fight *it* out. So here this sentence is equivalent to "thy mistress makes you live *it* like a dog".

## III.

**scrambled** : climbed with hands and knees.

**knoll** : a mound, small hill, hillock.

**brow** : edge.

**lagging** : moving slowly.

**glassy bosom**. Explain the metaphor implied.

**losing itself**. In what sense does the river get lost?

**shagged** : usually shaggy, i.e. rough.

**skulked** : sneaked up to, as if to hide himself behind him for protection.

**grizzled** : greyish, turning white.

**bunches at the knees** : i.e. swelling out at.

**keg** : small cask or barrel.

**amphitheatre** : a level circular space surrounded by rows of seats rising one above another : then any cup-shaped natural formation, e.g. an open space surrounded by hills.

**ninepins** : the object in this game is to bowl a wooden ball in such a manner as to knock down nine sticks (pins) set on end all together.

**outlandish** : foreign ; hence unfamiliar, strange.

**doublets** : a close-fitting garment coming down to the waist.

**jerkin** : a short coat.

**sugar-loaf** : i.e. tapering upwards.

**set off with** : ornamented with.

**hanger** : a strap attached to the belt for carrying a sword or dagger.

**withal** : also, besides.

**rumbling**. This word is applied to the low continuous sound of heavy wagon wheels or of the reverberation of thunder.

**lack lustre** : with eyes which have no brightness.

**knees smote together** : the effect of fear.

**Hollands** : i.e. gin made in Holland.

#### IV.

**firelock** : an old form of gun, in which the powder is ignited by a match ; compare flintlock, matchlock.

**stock** : wood to which the gun-barrel is attached.

**lock** : the part where the charge is exploded.

**grave roysterers** : royster or roisterer is a noisy merry-maker, and so the expression is really contradictory.

**dosed** : drugged.

**gambol** : frolic, prank.

**make shift to** : contrived to.

**hooting** : shouting derisively.

**haunts** : places to which he went constantly, habitual places of resort.

**misgave** : made him feel suspicious.

**bewitched** : under the spell or influence of an enchanter, so that things were topsy-turvy.

**Surely . . . been** : describes Rip's thoughts. What did he actually say to himself?

**addled** : muddled ; the word properly applies to a rotten egg.

**forlorn** : desolate, abandoned, forsaken.

## V.

**rickety** : tumble-down, ready to fall.

**gaping** : with broken panes.

**of yore** : connected with *year*, "of old".

**red nightcap**. Used in the French Revolution as a sign of liberty.

**stars and stripes** : the flag of the United States. While Rip had been sleeping the country had changed rulers and was now under the American Republic. Washington was leader in the War of Independence and first President.

**cocked hat** : three-cornered hat.

**uttering** : sending out.

**doling forth** : reading out in small portions.

**members of Congress** : corresponds to members of Parliament.

**Bunker's Hill** : the second battle in the war.

**seventy-six** : see first note.

**jargon** : meaningless talk.

**tavern** : inn.

**bustled up** : went briskly up to him.

**Federal or Democrat** : the names of the two political parties in the States.

**akimbo** : with hand resting on the hip and the elbow thrust out.

**austere** : severe, stern.

**Tory** : the name given to the Americans who fought for England.

**hustle him** : push roughly.

**culprit** : i.e. the supposed offender.

**piping** : shrill.

**Stony Point** : a fort round which fighting took place in the war.

**Antony's Nose** : north point of Newfoundland.

**militia** : citizen-soldiers, as distinct from regular troops.

## VI.

**tap their fingers** : implying that Rip's head was affected.

**comely** : pretty.

**faltering** : hesitating.

**pedlar** : a hawker who travels about selling small wares, "a box-wala".

**peering** : looking closely, because seeing with difficulty.

**put their tongues in their cheeks** : pretended not to be surprised at what they thought was the story of a madman.

**well-versed in** : knew well, familiar with.

**vigil** : watch.

**snug** : comfortable.

**ditto** : exact likeness.

**cronies** : intimate friends.

**vary** : give different accounts.

**flighty** : disordered in mind, eccentric.



## SUBJECTS FOR ESSAYS.

1. Describe the character and manner of life of Rip Van Winkle.
2. Compare the state of his village before and after his falling asleep.
3. Relate Rip Van Winkle's experiences on the mountains before he fell asleep.
4. If a person had fallen asleep a hundred years ago and woke up again now, what changes would he see?

**Washington Irving** (1783-1859) was an American diplomatist and man of letters. The story of Rip Van Winkle occurs in the "Sketch Book," one of his most popular works. Rip Van Winkle, the man who slept for twenty years, has become a household word.

## THE INVENTION OF MONEY.

**Division of labour.** The principle of this is that production will be largest, easiest, and best if the producer confines himself to one special work, does it as well as he can, and shares the results with others. It results in the separation of people into different occupations, trades and professions, the members of which exchange their productions with one another. Money is the most convenient medium of exchange, as Adam Smith shows.

**has occasion for :** has need of, has opportunity to use.

**clogged :** hindered, impeded : e.g. the motion of a wheel is impeded by being covered with mud.

**embarrassed :** hindered, obstructed ; "to embarrass" literally means to stop anything by putting a bar in the way of it, e.g. by putting a stick through the spokes of a wheel.

**commodity :** first, convenience in the abstract ; second, anything which affords convenience ; third, and generally, anything which is bought and sold.

**brewer.** The context of the passage shows the nature of his occupation.

**customer :** a person who is *accustomed* to buy at a certain shop, or regularly does business with a certain tradesman or merchant.

**situation :** literally, place ; here state or condition of things.

**Diomedes and Glaucus.** Two characters in the "Iliad," a poem written by the Greek poet about the siege of Troy. They fought in battle and parted in peace, after exchanging their armour. Diomedes got the best of the bargain.

**cod :** a salt-water fish found in large quantities off the coast of North America.

**circulation :** movement in a circle ; thus the blood circulates from the heart through the arteries and veins and back into the heart ; similarly a story circulates as it is told by one person after another : money also circulates as it passes from one person to another in commerce.

**to wit :** "namely," "that is". This infinitive is the only form of the verb, and is used to call special attention to anything. Etymologically connected with the Sanskrit root *vid*, which appears in "Vedas".

**Spartans :** a people of ancient Greece famous for their military prowess and the hard simplicity of their life.

**rude** : rough, because not carefully shaped, finished, or polished.

**Servius Tullius** : one of the kings of ancient Rome.

**function** : work, duty.

**assaying**. Assay is the same word as essay, which means to try or test; it is applied to the process of determining the proportion of a particular metal in ore or alloy.

**crucible** : a vessel of hard substance used for melting metals.

**dissolvent** : that which has the power of dissolving or melting other substances.

**imposition** : deceit, fraud; literally, a putting off on others of a sham instead of a reality; hence impostor means cheat.

**adulterated** : made corrupt or impure by the admixture of a foreign or baser substance.

**mint** : a place where money is coined by public authority; derived from an old word which means money.

**aulnagers and stampmasters** : officers in England whose duty was to measure cloth and put a seal on it in token of its size and value.

**a coin** is that which bears a stamp, and hence, a piece of metal on which certain characters are stamped, making it legally current.

**sterling** : of standard value or quality, especially applied to British money; the sterling mark on silver is a proof of purity and genuineness.

**ingot** : first, mould in which metal is cast or shaped; second, a bar of gold.

**ascertains**. Here used in the old sense of to determine; generally means to find out for oneself.

**Abraham** : the ancestor of the Jews.

**Ephron** : an inhabitant of Canaan (modern Palestine), from whom he bought a plot of land.

**shekel** : coin used by the ancient Jews.

**tale**, i.e. number, which can be counted off without the trouble of weighing.

**vituals** : food (for human beings); pronounce "vittles".

**exchequer** : originally a court of law, which judged revenue cases; then, department of state entrusted with the collection of revenue; hence, treasury, where money is kept.

**Adam Smith** (1723-1790) was an Oxford scholar and professor at Glasgow. By the publication of his famous work, "The Wealth of Nations," in 1776, he became the founder of the modern science of Political Economy, which investigates the nature of wealth and the laws of its production and distribution.

#### QUESTIONS.

1. What commodities have been used for money, and what are their defects?

2. What advantages does coined metals possess over other substances?

3. What else is used for money besides metals in civilized countries? What are its advantages and disadvantages?

## THE MAN OF BUSINESS.

**essential** : i.e. indispensably necessary.

**of a moral nature** : i.e. as distinct from those of an intellectual nature. It is more essential that he should have a good character, i.e. be honest, truthful, and industrious, than that he should be brilliant and clever.

**betimes** : early.

**charm** : it will be like an amulet with magical powers to protect him from misfortune.

**entanglements** : embarrassments and temptations. If he is not truthful he is liable to be found out.

**worldly sense** : i.e. as opposed to the spiritual sense. The meaning is that simply from the point of view of business, it is good policy to speak and act truthfully.

**simplicity** : i.e. straightforwardness, without saying one thing though he means another.

**conduces to** : tends to, makes for, aids.

**"The Statesman."** A book about the formation of character for public servants.

**correspondences** : the similarities or mutual connexions.

**faculties** : mental powers.

**charity** : i.e. in the wide sense of the tendency to think as favourably as possible of the motives and actions of others. In the narrow sense, it means almsgiving.

**girt about** : armed with.

**power** : there is a reference to Bacon's aphorism "knowledge is power".

**principles** : i.e. rules of action settled by reason. A man of principle is distinguished from the man who acts according to the impulse of the moment.

**political economy** : the science which investigates the laws of the production and distribution of wealth. The selection "Money" is an example of it.

**ethics** : science of conduct.

**law in the physical world** : e.g. the law of gravity, or the laws of motion.

**allow him to hold** : i.e. a sensible man will be ready to modify or abandon a principle which experience proves to be inadequate.

**temperament** : kind of mind, mental and moral disposition.

**folly**, etc., i.e. of others.

**lose his head** : be unable to form sound judgment.

**provide against**, etc. : i.e. the greatest safeguard against a weakness is to be aware of it. The maxim of Socrates was "know thyself".

**thinking, deciding** : notice the connexion between thought and will. So Shakespeare says, "Purpose is but the slave to memory".

**play at deciding** : It is possible to inform the mind with knowledge by diligence in study. But you cannot practice decision by mental study

or by imaginary acts of decision, but only by actually deciding on real occasions.

**within call** : readily available. The first kind of decision settles on a general plan of life and action in preference to others ; the second kind fixes upon particular acts which have to be done at once.

**thrown on their own resources** : compelled to make their own way in life without help from parents or friends.

**not technical** : i.e. not relating to some special trade or profession.

**closely** : carefully.

**universality** : i.e. he should learn truths of general knowledge, i.e. truths which apply always and everywhere such as geometrical truths.

**metaphysical** : philosophical.

**breadth** : a study of general truth opens and broadens the mind and gives a man a wide mental horizon.

**soften the transition** : make it easier to pass from the bookish studies of schools and colleges to the realities of life.

**remote from real life**. This probably refers to the study of the so-called "dead languages".

**Bacon**. Francis Bacon, Lord Verulam (1561-1626), a great lawyer and philosopher. He was a great advocate of *useful* knowledge, and as such was the prophet of modern science.

**lucid order** : clear and distinct arrangement.

**practical nature** : Bacon was fond of saying that knowledge should produce *fruit* as well as give *light*, i.e. be applied to useful ends as well as merely enlighten the mind.

**of studying it** : understand some such words as "that matters".

**not intended** : "not" would be better placed after "become". Such a slip should not be imitated.

**full ready**. In his essay on "Studies" Bacon says, "Reading maketh a full man ; conference (i.e. conversation) a ready man (i.e. he has his knowledge ready for use) ; writing an exact (i.e. accurate) man".

**digests** : a metaphor from physiology. Just as the stomach assimilates and distributes food over the body, so the mind by making summaries and analyses, etc., of any subject-matter assimilates it.

**dividing his subject** : by classifying it into heads, subdividing it further, and so on. So Bacon said "divide and command," in order to become master of any subject. The finding of the logical order or rational connexion between the parts of anything depends on common sense and practice.

**bring attention** : metaphor from banking or trading. People listen more to the man who informs their minds by putting things clearly and methodically, just as they bring their money to a bank which gives good interest, or a business which yields good profits.

**flow of words** : i.e. mere flow, viz. a multitude of words without much meaning or significance.

**to the purpose** : to the point, appropriate.

**brought to account** : blamed, called upon to explain.

**consummate** : perfect, extremely skilful.

**encumber** : cause him inconvenience.

**collect, arrange, build** : these words express the three different processes very vividly.

**stout** : brave, strong, as opposed to weak or faint.

**disciplined** : without the control of reason, imagination has been called "a forward, delusive faculty".

**with large extent of view** : i.e. he looks forward, far ahead, and also on all sides. In this paragraph the qualities of a good general are outlined.

**strength of repose** : sometimes it is better to sit still, be "masterly inactive," than to go in for restless, rash activity.

**responsibility** : i.e. he must realize that he is accountable for his actions.

**power and vitality of truth**. Compare the proverb, "Truth is great, and will prevail".

**commonplace** : diligence, accuracy, can be acquired by the ordinary average man, and are commonplace compared with higher qualities which are rare, such as brilliancy of intellect or cleverness; but the latter without the former may be useless.

**Sir Arthur Helps** (1817-1875): an author and experienced man of affairs, as his essays show. They combine a high moral tone and an intense practical spirit with keen powers of observation.

#### SUBJECTS FOR ESSAYS.

1. Show how the mind is affected by the character.

2. State in your own words the qualities most necessary for a man of business.

The essay should be analysed. It would also provide useful exercises in parsing and etymology.

#### ULYSSES AND THE SIREN.

This poem is based upon an incident described in the "Odyssey" of Homer, the great Greek poet. After the capture of Troy (a town on the N.W. of Asia Minor) Ulysses, one of the Greek chieftains, wandered for many years before he reached his home. Once he had to sail past the land of the Sirens, beautiful maidens, who lured men to their destruction, enchanting them with their song. But he had been forewarned. He filled the ears of his sailors with wax so that they should not hear the song, and made them bind him fast to the mast, and keep him bound there till the ship was safely past, even though he commanded them to set him loose. In this manner he escaped.

Compare with the dialogue in the poem the verses of Scott:—

"Sound, sound the clarion: fill the fife,  
To all the sensual world proclaim,  
One crowded hour of glorious life  
Is worth an age without a name."

4. **free** : i.e. from trouble and danger.

6. **travail** : toil painfully.

7. **mirth** : merriment.
  7. **the while** : i.e. while others labour.
  9. **nymph** : maiden.
  10. Fame and glory, Ulysses argues, are the reward of toil, and are not easily won. Toil and danger are the price that must be paid for honour.
  13. **here** : i.e. in the sea.
  14. **seek it forth** : seek to win it and bring it forth.
  - 15, 16. Ulysses is called by Homer "Steadfast, and much enduring". He was one of those who "scorn delights and live laborious days".
  18. **unreal name** : i.e. honour, which the Siren calls an empty thing.
  19. **a thing conceived** : i.e. existing only in the opinion of others.
  20. **rests on others' fame** : depends on what other people say, but has no real existence of its own.
  21. **begotten** : invented, created, brought into existence.
  22. **beguile** : cheat, lure, attract by false appearances.
  23. The Siren, on the other hand, thinks that rest, passive pleasure, is the best thing in life.
  27. **comfort**. Lord Nelson spoke of being "in the full tide of happiness" during a great battle.
  30. **recreated** : refreshed and strengthened.
  30. **still** : always.
  31. **touch** : impression, or effect left by touching.
  31. **at last**. Pleasure may be attractive at first, but is fatal at last, because it demoralizes and weakens the character. The man who is always hunting for pleasure, it is well known, never finds it.
- Samuel Daniel** (1562-1619).

### THE CHARACTER OF A HAPPY LIFE.

1. **How** happy by nature and education is the man who is not compelled to obey another's will, **that is**, is not servile either by natural disposition or acquired habit.
3. **armour**. His honesty of thought and purpose safeguard him from all attack, just as armour protects a soldier.
4. **skill**. He knows no better weapon of defence than the truth which he practises and trusts in : it is, as it were, his sword and shield. Lying and deception sometimes look like skill and cleverness, but they are not.
5. **passions**. He controls and is master of his passions and feelings instead of being mastered and carried away by them. He possesses the faculty of self-command.
6. **still** : always, ever.
7. **untied**. He is not bound like a slave or an animal to the chariot of public opinion by the desire to please the world in order to win honour from the public or the good esteem of private friends. Conscious of virtue he is satisfied with his own self-respect.
8. **fame** : reputation, "what is said by the public". It has been called "a fancied life in other's breath".
8. **breath**. This implies that the reputation or fame which depends

on what others say is not lasting, whereas the satisfaction of a good conscience endures.

9. **envies none.** Some men may rise to greatness by good luck or by evil means, i.e. without deserving it. But the good man does not envy such men.

11. **deepest wounds :** who has never learned to inflict the deepest injury by insincere praise or flattery.

12. **rules of state :** statecraft, or diplomacy, which is sometimes not straightforward but crafty.

13. **rumours :** does not mind what others say, but does what he thinks right through good and evil report.

14. **retreat :** place of refuge, where he is always safe, stronghold.

14. **conscience :** means "good conscience," consciousness of having done the right.

15. **state :** wealth, estate ; his means are not sufficient to feed and support flatterers.

16. His means are not large enough to attract oppressors, who, by spoiling him, could make themselves powerful. He is, in fact, a man of moderate fortune, whom it is not worth while to flatter or ruin.

17. **late and early :** night and morning.

18. **grace :** God's help, the Divine influence, which may strengthen and ennoble character.

18. **gifts :** what comes to man by the gift of nature or fortune, such as intellectual power, bodily strength, or riches.

18. **lend :** give, bestow.

19. **entertains :** spends pleasantly.

19. **harmless :** innocent, a day in which no harm is done.

21. **bands :** bondage, fetters fit for a slave.

22. **of hope . . . or fear.** If a man is always hoping to better his worldly position and increase his prosperity, or is in a continual dread of adversity, he is tied like a slave to the world, and is prevented from devoting his thoughts to higher things. All his thoughts are concentrated on material things, which do not produce happiness.

23. **lord of himself :** master of himself ; his higher nature controls the lower part (passions, desires, appetites).

24. **nothing :** i.e. comparatively nothing. Though he has little worldly wealth he has all things necessary for real happiness, viz. peace of mind, self-respect, and the approval of his conscience.

**Sir Henry Wotton (1568-1639) :** scholar, diplomatist, and poet.

### ODE ON SOLITUDE.

This poem teaches that happiness does not depend on wealth, but on a contented mind.

1. **Happy :** understand "is".

2. **bound :** i.e. who does not wish to have more than the small landed property which his father has bequeathed to him, and who has no cares or responsibilities beyond it.

3. **native** : in which he was born.
4. **ground** : estate.
6. **attire** : clothes.
9. **Blest** : understand "is he".
9. **unconcern'dly** : without anxiety or regret.
12. **quiet** : peace, tranquillity ; a noun governed by "in" in line 11 ; so also "sound sleep," etc., in the next stanza.
14. **recreation** : pleasurable exercise, refreshment.
15. **most does please** : an innocent heart, conscious of virtue, brings more pleasure and happiness than anything else.
16. **meditation** : serious thought.
17. **unknown** : without attracting the attention of the world. Enjoying his own self-respect, he does not crave for and is indifferent to the opinion of him held by other men.
18. **unlamented** : without causing grief to others.
19. **not a stone** : i.e. "let not a stone," e.g. a grave-stone or monument inscribed with his name. The contented man does not covet present reputation or future fame.

**Alexander Pope** (1688-1744) : an English poet celebrated for the smoothness and finish of his verse.

### THE TRUE KNIGHT.

1. **Priam** : the aged king of Troy and father of Hector.
1. **a true knight** : not merely by rank, but by nature. For the character of a knight see the passage quoted in notes on the "Shooting Match".
2. **mature** : full grown.
3. **deedless** : i.e. a man of action, not a man who exercises his tongue in much speech, and whose only deeds consist of talking.
5. A freehanded, openhanded man is a generous or liberal man, as explained in the next line.
8. **impair** : "imperfect," "not fully considered"; a word coined by Shakespeare.

### VERSES.

These verses are put in the mouth of Alexander Selkirk, a Scotchman, who quarrelled with his family and went to sea. His captain, to punish him for insubordination, "marooned" him, i.e. left him on the desert island of Juan Fernandez, where he lived in solitude for more than four years till he was brought home by Captain Rogers who published an account of his life. At the time of his rescue he had lost the use of speech, which it took him long to recover. His career probably suggested the idea of Robinson Crusoe to Daniel Defoe.

5. **Solitude**. His loneliness was so terrible that it is personified as an awful spirit or presence.
6. **sages** : wise people.
9. **humanity** : mankind, abstract for concrete.



10. **journey** : i.e. his life, which is often thought of as a pilgrimage.
16. **shocking**. He is shocked at being treated by the animals without fear and on a level with themselves.
20. **you**. To what does this refer ?
21. **assuage** : soothe, console, heal.
24. **sallies** : properly "leaping"; leaping and dancing are signs of joy : hence the word means bright, lively talk.
29. **church-going** : the bell, which is the signal for people to go to church : "a bell for going to church"; for the formation compare "smoking room," i.e. a room for smoking in; a riding horse, i.e. a horse for riding on. "Going" is a gerund not a participle.
31. **sighed** : i.e. for sorrow, because "knell" is the sound of a bell at a funeral.
32. **smiled** : i.e. with joy, when Sabbath, the day of peace and rest, came round.
33. **sport** : plaything.
35. **cordial** : cheering to the heart, encouraging.
41. **glance of the mind** : i.e. of the eye of thought ; compare the expression "quick as thought," which is not limited by time and space.
44. **arrows of light** : light travels 186,000 miles per second, and is therefore typical of speed. Similarly, the sun seems to dart rays or arrows of light.
47. **recollection** : i.e. the thought of where he really is soon drives out the fancy that he is in his native land.
47. **at hand** : which is always present, close by.
52. **cabin** : hut or hovel, humble dwelling.
52. **repair** : go, take my way.
- 53-56. The thought is that there is some consolation, something to be thankful for in the most discouraging surroundings : "every cloud has a silver lining".
54. **encouraging thought**. To what is this in apposition ?
- Describe in your own words the thoughts felt by a man left alone on a desert island.

## YUSSOUF.

2. **outcast** : expelled from society.
3. i.e. in danger of his life ; a fugitive from the law.
6. He regards the laws of hospitality as sacred.
9. **store** : goods.
12. Every one who seeks aid from God is never rejected.
13. **entertained** : gave food and shelter.
14. **ere** : before.
16. **prying** : has the notion of "looking inquisitively and closely".
- 17, 18. The kindness of Yussouf softens the heart of his guest ; his example of nobility is infectious.
19. **grand** : morally great and majestic.
20. **self-conquest** : i.e. conquest of the lower self by the higher.

22. **Sheik** : Chief.

27. **black thought** : evil thought, because blackness is typical of evil, just as whiteness is the symbol of purity and goodness. Yussouf had been tempted to break the laws of hospitality and revenge himself by slaying the murderer of his son, but had restrained himself.

28. **first-born** : and therefore "best beloved".

29. **balanced** : equally, justly balanced.

30. The murder of his son is avenged by the death of evil in the heart of his murderer.

**James Russell Lowell** : an eminent American man of letters in the nineteenth century.

The story should be related in prose.

### THE QUALITY OF MERCY.

The aim of these lines is to show that mercy is higher and nobler than strict, absolute justice, (especially legal justice.

1. **strained** : i.e. constrained, not under compulsion; the feeling of mercy does not arise as the result of an idea, "I must be merciful," but flows spontaneously into the heart.

3. **blest** : full of blessing, imparts happiness in two ways.

5. **mightiest** : the more powerful a man is, the greater the mercy he can show.

7. **sceptre** : the rod, which is the emblem of sovereign power.

7. **temporal** : earthly, material, belonging to time, as distinct from spiritual, eternal power.

8. **attribute** : in apposition to power, the essential mark of the awe and reverence which is due to kings and of the majesty of their rank. The meaning is that the great characteristic of kings is power: whereas mercy (line 11) is the attribute, the essential quality of God.

10. **sceptred** : sceptre-bearing.

11. Mercy in the heart of a king will make him loved; his power will make him feared. The quality which inspires love is higher.

13. **likest** : most like.

14. **seasons** : not only "tempers" justice and makes it less harsh, but ennobles it.

### ADAM TO HIS WIFE.

1. **breath of Morn** : the early morning air. Morning is personified, like Evening and Night.

2. **charm** : i.e. charming notes, singing.

4. **orient** : Eastern. The word literally means "rising". The East is called the Orient, because the sun rises there.

4. **herb, tree, etc.** Used collectively, singular for plural.

7. **grateful** : pleasing.

8. **solemn bird** : the nightingale.

9. **train** : band of followers or attendants.

16. **thee** : Eve, Adam's wife.

These lines, taken from that "treasury of poetic speech," the "Paradise Lost," are an excellent example of blank verse at its best. They deserve careful study and analysis and should be learnt by heart. It will be noticed that the rhythm is different from that of "The Quality of Mercy" though the metre is the same.

**John Milton** (1608-1674) : the greatest English poet after Shakespeare.

#### ODE TO CREATION.

1. **firmament** : literally, "that which is fixed," the fixed frame in which the clouds and stars appear to be placed, the expanse of sky above.

2. **ethereal** : celestial, heavenly. The upper air was supposed by the ancients to be clearer and purer than the lower atmosphere.

3. **spangled** : glittering with stars.

4. **Original** : originator, maker, i.e. God the author and source of all things.

4. **proclaim** : i.e. speak loudly of, reveal clearly ; the visible heavens reveal the invisible God. The same idea is expressed in the phrase "looking up from nature to nature's God".

7. **publishes** : makes widely known.

9. **prevail** : i.e. over the daylight.

10. **wondrous** : wonderful.

11. **listening** : the earth is represented as listening to the story of creation proclaimed by the heavens.

13, 14. **stars, planets**. What is the difference between these two kinds of bodies ?

16. **pole to pole** : i.e. over all the earth.

17. **what though** : "what matter is it, though," "it makes no difference that"; the phrase is equivalent to "although". Compare "what though the rose has prickles, yet 'tis plucked".

18. **move round**. The heavenly bodies only seem to move round.

18. **ball** : globe.

19. **real** : i.e. actual.

20. **orbs** : rolling spheres.

21. **In reason's ear**. The impression they make on the mind and reason of man is the joyful acknowledgment of the wisdom and power of the creator.

**Joseph Addison** (1672-1719) : the writer of the "Spectator," the forerunner of modern periodical literature and the newspaper.

#### THE SCHOLAR.

This poem describes the gratitude, admiration, and affection which a scholar feels for the great minds of the past. The same sentiments are expressed by Macaulay in a fine prose passage :—

"Just such is the feeling which a man of liberal education entertains towards the great minds of former ages. The debt which he owes to them is incalculable. They have guided him to truth. They have filled his

mind with noble and graceful images. They have stood by him in all vicissitudes, comforters in sorrow, nurses in sickness, companions in solitude. These friendships are exposed to no danger from the occurrences by which other attachments are weakened or dissolved. Time glides on; fortune is inconstant; tempers are soured; bonds which seemed indissoluble are daily sundered by interest, by emulation, or by caprice. But no such cause can affect the silent converse which we hold with the highest of human intellects. That placid intercourse is disturbed by no jealousies or resentments. These are the old friends who are never seen with new faces, who are the same in wealth and in poverty, in glory and in obscurity. With the dead there is no rivalry. In the dead there is no change. Plato<sup>1</sup> is never sullen. Cervantes<sup>2</sup> is never petulant. Demosthenes<sup>3</sup> never comes unseasonably. Dante<sup>4</sup> never stays too long. No difference of political opinion can alienate Cicero.<sup>5</sup> No heresy can excite the horror of Bossuet.<sup>6</sup>

3. **casual eyes** : i.e. wherever these eyes are casually cast ; the adjective is used instead of the adverb. The scholar is supposed to be soliloquizing in his library, which is lined on every side with the works of great authors.

7. **weal** : happiness, the same word as wealth, welfare.

11. **bedew'd** : metaphorically used. The word involves a condensed comparison, calling up the image of the dewdrop.

15. **love**, . . . **condemn** : What is the subject ?

19. **anon** : soon, presently.

23, 24. He hopes that his name will live in fame though his body dies.

**Robert Southey** (1774-1843) : a multifarious author, his best-known work being "The Life of Nelson".

## QUIET WORK.

Nature is here personified, that is, thought of as a living person, whose action and character may be taken for an example to follow. Nature or the external world has two principal aspects. She is, as it has been finely said, both "sleeping as a picture" and "labouring as a machine". It is this latter aspect of which the poet is thinking. The machinery of nature working regularly according to nature's laws is always going on, never ceasing like the continually interrupted work of man, and it goes on noiselessly, unlike the noisy labour of human beings. The poet thus learns a double lesson from the contemplation of nature : first, the duty of working quietly and steadily without regard for anything else than the proper accomplishment of his work ; secondly, the duty of concentrating himself disinterestedly on his work, without any desire to do it more quickly than another, or to gain more praise and attention than another

<sup>1</sup> Plato, a famous Greek philosopher.

<sup>2</sup> Cervantes, a great Spanish writer, author of "Don Quixote".

<sup>3</sup> Demosthenes, the greatest of Greek orators.

<sup>4</sup> Dante, the greatest Italian poet.

<sup>5</sup> Cicero, the most celebrated Roman orator.

<sup>6</sup> Bossuet, a great French preacher and theologian.

4. **loud world** : the noisy world of human beings, full of din and uproar.

4. **proclaim their enmity** : the world seems to suggest that quiet and work are inconsistent things.

6. **in lasting fruit** : produces greater and more permanent results than noisier schemes that attract more public attention. It may be observed that fussiness is often mistaken for quiet energy.

7. **accomplished**. What does this agree with ?

8. **too great**, etc. The work of nature is too grand and important to be in a hurry or to be inspired with a desire to surpass anything else. It is superior to competition and emulation.

9. **on earth** : among men.

9. **ring** : make themselves heard, resound.

10. **fitful** : coming at intervals, intermittent.

11. **sleepless ministers** : unresting servants, e.g. the ever-shining stars. The objects of nature are thought of as servants who obey her commands continually, for the processes of nature never stop, whereas the works of humanity are constantly stopping.

13. **blaming still** : always silently condemning by the contrast of their action the empty din and uproar of man.

14. **nature** : as nature preceded man, so it shall outlast him.

14. **shall not fail** : i.e. cease to work, lose their power.

This poem is called a sonnet. It consists of fourteen lines, divided into two unequal parts of eight lines and six lines respectively. In the first part there are two stanzas, in each of which the two outside lines rhyme together and the two middle lines rhyme together. Further the first, fourth, fifth, and eighth lines rhyme together. In the second part the first, second, and third lines rhyme respectively with the fourth, fifth, and sixth.

**Matthew Arnold (1822-1888)** : a distinguished poet and great literary critic.

### TO BLOSSOMS.

The poem expresses the transitoriness of beauty.

1. **pledges** : guarantee, sign of what is to come.

3. **your date**, etc. : your life is not so much over.

4. **but** : but that.

5. **blush** : applied to flowers in full bloom. Compare :—

“ Full many a flower is born to *blush* unseen  
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.”

10. The poet deplores the wastefulness of nature in producing such beauty only to let it die quickly.

13. **leaves** : like the pages of a book.

15. **brave** : beautiful, making a fine show.

**Robert Herrick (1591-1633)** : one of the best English writers of lyric poetry (i.e. poetry suitable for singing)

## CASABIANCA.

The poem describes an incident in the battle of the Nile, in which Nelson won one of his greatest victories over the French (1798). Its youthful hero was the son of the captain of the French ship, "L'Orient," which after being severely damaged in the fight at last took fire. The English rendered all possible assistance in saving the crew, but the boy refused to leave without his father's command, and thus showed an example of obedience unto death.

2. **all but he**. In this exceptional expression "but," though a preposition, is followed by "he".

3. **battle's wreck** : the wreck caused by the battle, i.e. the disabled and ruined ships.

6. **to rule the storm** : as if he were fitted by nature to command in such a stormy scene.

7. **heroic blood**. A hero is both brave and noble.

9. **would not** : i.e. refused to go, "was unwilling".

14. **if** : parse.

14. **yet** : now, by this time,

15. **chieftain** : poetical for "captain".

19. **but** : parse, cf. line 25.

19. **booming**. A word formed from the sound ; compare "cuckoo" ; the only sound he heard in answer was the sound of the cannon shots.

21. **breath** : i.e. hot breath.

22. **waving** : curly.

23. **lone** : lonely, solitary.

24. **still** : silent.

27. **shroud** : rigging, the ropes extending from the head of the mast to the sides of the ship to support the mast.

33. **thunder-sound** : because the powder magazine of the ship blew up with an explosion like thunder.

37. **pennon** : small flag.

37. **pennon fair**. Observe the order, which is not uncommon in poetry.

38. **borne their part** : played their part, fulfilled their task ; a metaphor from the stage, where actors play their parts.

Mrs. Hemans (1793-1855) : authoress of several well-known lyrical poems.

## DEATH THE LEVELLER.

This poem gives expression to the thought that all men of every kind, high and low, strong and weak, are made equal, because equally reduced to nothing, by death, which overtakes all alike.

1. **glories of our blood** : the distinctions of high birth and old descent.

1. **glories of our state** : the distinctions of high social position or official rank.

2. **shadows** have no substance, permanence, or solidity. A shadow is the type of that which vanishes quickly, leaving not a trace behind.

3. **armour** : the soldier can protect himself with armour against his enemy, but there is no kind of defence or protection which can ward off death, the ultimate destiny of all.

3. **fate** : death, which is here personified.

4. **death**. The body becomes cold and chill in death ; hence death is personified and thought of as laying an icy hand on men, which kills them.

5. **sceptre and crown**. These emblems of kingly power are thought of as being rolled in the dust with the crooked scythe and spade, the implements of the poor peasant. Hence the meaning is, kings and peasants are made equal by death and are equally laid in the grave. Compare Fidele :—

“ The sceptre, learning, physic must  
All follow this and come to dust.”

9. This stanza declares that great captains and conquerors can tame their fellow-men but cannot tame death.

9. **reap the field** : the killing of men on the field of battle is likened to the mowing of the harvest. Conquerors gain a harvest of honour by victory on the field of battle.

10. **plant fresh laurels** : a crown of laurel was, among the ancients, the emblem of victory ; hence the meaning is that they gain new honour and glory on the scene of their victory.

11. **nerves** : muscles, sinews.

12. i.e. they subdue each other, but not death.

12. **but** : only.

14. **stoop** : go down and fall like a defeated man before death's onset.

16. **pale captives** : the conqueror, though he captures everybody else, is at last made captive himself by death.

16. **pale** : because bloodless in death.

16. **creep** : they march to victory, but they *creep*, beaten and powerless, to the grave.

17, 18. These two lines are addressed to the conqueror.

17. **garlands wither** : as a crown of laurels quickly wither, so the fame of victory quickly fades and is forgotten.

19, 20. The image is of a sacrifice on the altar of death, which is red (purple) with the blood of the victims offered upon it.

20. **victor-victim** : even the earthly victor is a victim on death's altar. He who sacrificed the life of others yields his own life as a sacrifice to death.

21, 22. **Your heads**. Addressed to his readers in general, emphasizing the truth. They must remember that they too are not exempt from the general law of destiny.

23, 24. Power and glory fade away, but some things endure and bring lasting glory—the actions of the just.

24. **their dust** : i.e. of the just. The lives of good men are not forgotten after their deaths but leave a fragrant memory behind them, like sweet-smelling flowers growing on their graves.

**James Shirley** (1594-1666) : an English dramatist, and younger contemporary of Shakespeare.

## SOHRAB AND RUSTUM: AN EPISODE.

This poem was written in 1853 by Matthew Arnold, a great literary critic and real poet. It illustrates, as its author intended it to do, the classical style, and it has become classical. It tells the story of a single combat between a father and a son, who only become known to one another when it is too late. The style has the characteristics of good narrative poetry, being "plain in thought, plain in diction, and noble".

5. **he**: redundant, inserted for emphasis.

11. **Peran-Wisa**: see l. 105.

23. **laths**: thin narrow strips of wood.

25. **thick-piled**: i.e. with thick woolly surface.

27. **felts**: close-pressed woollen cloth.

38. **Afrasiab**; see ll. 756, 757.

42. **Ader-baijan**: the birthplace of Sohrab. See l. 587, and 605 and following lines.

44. **still**: always, ever.

56. **challenge forth**: i.e. challenge to come forth and meet me.

60. **common fight**: i.e. in the perils of a general engagement individual prowess is "lost in a crowd".

79. **Seistan**: compare l. 780.

79. **Zal**: see ll. 675-80 for the story of Zal's birth.

85. **fain**: gladly.

110. **Casbin, etc.** Find out on the map.

112. **frore**: frozen.

122. **acrid**: sharp and bitter, pungent.

124. **doubtful**: i.e. their fidelity was less reliable.

129. **unkemp'd**: literally, "uncombed"; hence rough, unpolished.

139. **threading**: properly of a thread going through the narrow eye of a needle, hence appropriately applied to a man passing through a crowd.

152. **pearled**: because an ear with a dewdrop glistening on it looks like a pearl.

153. The idea is that a thrill of delight seems to pass through the cornfield.

162. **choked by the air**: a reference to the rarefied air at great elevations which is hard to breathe.

179. **haply**: perhaps.

194. **charged**: laden.

207. **at gaze**: gazing.

211. See 675 and following lines.

241. **dares . . . forth**: compare "challenge forth," l. 56.

254. **plain arms**. It was the custom for champions to wear devices on their arms and shield, see l. 263.

264. **helm**: helmet; what else does the word mean?

265. **atop**: on the top.

269. **noised**: publicly talked about.

270. **foray**: a predatory expedition for the sake of plunder.



274. **dight** : old English word used only in poetry ; "arrayed".
285. **tale** : full number.
287. **pale**. Why pale?
290. **swathe** : a line of mown grass or corn.
293. **stubble** : stumps of corn left in the ground after it has been cut.
300. **drudge** : one who labours toilsomely in mean tasks.
301. **numb** : stiff with cold.
303. **frost flowers**. The action of frost on panes of glass is to produce flower-like patterns on it.
323. **tried** : well tried and proved.
342. **askance** : sideways, and suspiciously.
399. **plummet** : a piece of lead, used at the end of a line for sounding the depth of water.
411. **wrack** : ruin, destruction.
415. **glancing** : i.e. darting forth bright rays.
449. **baleful** : bringing mischief or destruction.
455. **minion** : unworthy favourite or dependent.
505. **curdled** : thickened ; the river is described as "curdling" with fear at the cry.
533. **glad** : i.e. gladden.
558. **anon** : presently, after a while.
562. **eyry** : nest of an eagle.
563. **chiding** : scolding.
565. **ken** : sight or knowledge.
567. **glass** : reflect.
574. **prate** : idle talk.
588. **old King** : see ll. 620-7.
593. **bruited up** : spread abroad.
661. **corslet** : breastplate.
669. **cunning** : skilful.
676. **Griffin** : an animal resembling an eagle in front and a lion behind.
693. **faltering** : trembling.
695. **oped** : old form for opened.
698. **smirch'd** : soiled.
718. **sands of life** : the reference is to the hour-glass, which measures time by the running of sand from one division to another.
747. **Seistan, Helmund**. Find out on the map.
766. **silt** : a deposit of mud or fine sand left by a river.
800. **Persepolis** : the ancient capital of Persia, famous for its ruined palaces.
821. **hem** : hem in, contract.
823. **shorn and parcell'd** : these words sum up the two preceding lines.
830. **floor** : so Milton speaks of the "watery floor" of the sea.





